

THE DRAMATIC  
WORKS

OF

COLLEY CIBBER, Esq.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME the THIRD.

CONTAINING,

The DOUBLE GALLANT, a Comedy.

XIMENA, a Tragedy.

The COMICAL LOVERS, a Comedy.

The NON-JUROR, a Comedy.

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L O N D O N :

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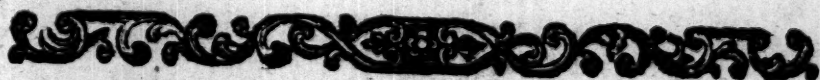
VOLUME OF THE

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THE  
DOUBLE GALLANT:  
OR, THE  
SICK LADY'S CURE.  
A  
COMEDY.



THE HISTORY OF THE

THE

THE BLUE GALLANT

OR THE

SIX LADY'S COURT

A

COMEDY

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

AND



# PROLOGUE.

**C**OULD those, who never try'd, conceive the Sweat,  
The Toil requir'd, to make a Play compleat;  
They'd pardon, or encourage all that cou'd  
Pretend to be but tolerably good.

Plot, Wit, and Humour's hard to meet in one,  
And yet without 'em all—all's lamely done:  
One Wit, perhaps, another Humour paints;  
A third designs you well, but Genius wants;  
A fourth begins with Fire—but, ah! to weak to hold  
it, faints.

A Modern Bard, who late adorn'd the Bays,  
Whose Muse advanc'd his Fame to envy'd Praise,  
Was still observ'd to want his Judgment most in Plays.

These, he too often found, required the Pain,  
And stronger Forces of a vig'rous Brain:  
Nay, even alter'd Plays, like old Houses mended,  
Cost little less than new, before they're ended;  
At least, our Author finds the Experience true,  
For equal Pains had made this wholly new:

And tho' the Name seems old, the Scenes will show  
That 'tis, in Fact, no more the same, than now  
Fam'd Chatsworth is, what 'twas some Years ago.

Pardon the Boldness, that a Play shou'd dare,  
With Works of so much Wonder to compare:

But as that Fabrick's antient Walls or Wood  
Were little worth, to make this new one good;  
So of this Play, we hope, 'tis understood.

For tho' from former Scenes some Hints he draws,  
The Ground-Plot's wholly chang'd from what it was:

Not but he hopes you'll find enough that's new,  
In Plot, in Persons, Wit, and Humour too:

Yet what's not his, he owns in other's right,  
Nor toils he now for Fame, but your Delight.

If that's attain'd, what's matter whose the Play's;  
Applaud the Scenes, and strip him of the Praise.



**Dramatis Personæ.**

**M E N.**

*Sir Solomon Sadlife,*  
*Clerimont,*  
*Careless,*  
*Atall,*  
*Captain Strut,*  
*Sir Squabble Splitkair,*  
*Saunter,*  
*Old Mr. Wilfull,*  
*Sir Harry Atall,*  
*Supple,*  
*Dr. Blister,*  
*Rhubarb,*  
*Finder,*

*Mr. Johnson.*  
*Mr. Boosh.*  
*Mr. Wilks.*  
*Mr. Gibber.*  
*Mr. Bowen.*  
*Mr. Norris.*  
*Mr. Pack.*  
*Mr. Bullock.*  
*Mr. Cross.*  
*Mr. Fairbank.*

**W O M E N.**

*Lady Dainty,*  
*Lady Sadlife,*  
*Clarinda,*  
*Sylvia,*  
*Wiskwell,*  
*Situp,*

*Mrs. Oldfield.*  
*Mrs. Cross.*  
*Mrs. Rogers.*  
*Mrs. Bradshaw.*  
*Mrs. Saunders.*  
*Mrs. Brown.*



**T H E**



THE  
DOUBLE GALLANT:  
OR, THE  
SICK LADY'S CURE.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*The PARK.*

*Enter Clerimont and Atall.*

CLERIMONT.

**M**R. *Atall*, your very humble Servant.

*At.* O *Clerimont*, such an Adventure, (I was just going to your Lodgings) such a transporting Accident! in short, I am now positively fix'd in Love for altogether.

*Cler.* All the Sex together, I believe.

*At.* Nay, if thou dost not believe me, and stand my Friend, I am ruin'd past Redemption.

*Cler.* Dear, Sir, if I stand your Friend without believing you, won't that do as well? But why shou'd you think I don't believe you? I have seen you twice in



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Love within this Fortnight; and it wou'd be hard indeed to suppose a Heart of so much Mettle could not hold out a third Engagement.

*At.* Then to be serious in one Word, I am honourably in love; and if she proves the Woman I am sure she must, will positively marry her.

*Cler.* Marry! O degenerate Virtue!

*At.* Now will you help me?

*Cler.* Sir, you may depend upon me: But that I may be the better able to serve you—all Things in order—pray give me Leave first to ask a Question or two: What is this honourable Lady's Name?

*At.* Faith, I don't know.

*Cler.* What are her Parents?

*At.* I can't tell.

*Cler.* What Fortune has she?

*At.* I don't know.

*Cler.* Where does she live?

*At.* I can't tell.

*Cler.* A very concise Account of the Person you design to marry. Pray, Sir, what is't you do know of her?

*At.* That I'll tell you! Coming yesterday from Greenwich by Water, I overtook a Pair of Oars, whose lovely Freight was one single Lady, and a Fellow in a handsome Livery in the Stern. When I came up, I had at first resolv'd to use the Privilege of the Element, and bait her with Waterman's Wit, till I came to the Bridge: But as soon as she saw me, instead of turning her Head aside, or cramming her Hoods in her Mouth to raise my Curiosity, she very prudently prevented my Design; and as I pass'd, bow'd to me with an humble Blush, that spoke at once such Sense, so just a Fear, and Modesty, as put the loosest of my Thoughts to rout. And when she found her Fears had mov'd into me Manners, the cautious Gloom that sat upon her Beauties, disappear'd; her sparkling Eyes resum'd their native Fire; she look'd, she smil'd, she talk'd, while her diffusive Charms new fir'd my Heart, and gave my Soul a Softness it never felt before——To be brief, her Conversation

tion was as charming as her Person, both easy, unconstrain'd, and sprightly: But then her Limbs! O rapturous Thought! The snowy Down upon the Wings of unfledg'd Love, had never half that Softness.

*Cler.* Raptures indeed. Pray, Sir, how came you so well acquainted with her Limbs?

*At.* By the most fortunate Misfortune sure that ever was: For as we were shooting the Bridge, her Boat, by the Negligence of the Waterman, running against the Piles, was over-set; out jumps the Footman to take care of a single Rogue, and down went the poor Lady to the Bottom. My Boat being before her, the Stream drove her, by the Help of her Clothes, towards me; at Sight of her I plung'd in, caught her in my Arms, and with much ado supported her till my Waterman pull'd in to save us. But the charming Difficulty of her getting into the Boat, gave me a Transport that all the wide Water in the *Thames* had not Power to cool: For, Sir, while I was giving her a Lift into the Boat, I found the floating of her Clothes had left her lovely Limbs beneath as bare as new-born *Venus* rising from the Sea.

*Cler.* What an impudent Happiness art thou capable of!

*At.* When she was a little recover'd from her Fright, she began to enquire my Name, Abode, and Circumstances, that she might know to whom she ow'd her Life and Preservation. Now, to tell you the Truth, I durst not trust her with my real Name, lest she should from thence have discover'd that my Father was now actually under Bonds to marry me to another Woman; so faith I ev'n told her my Name was *Freeman*, a *Gloucestershire* Gentleman, of a good Estate, just come to Town about a *Chancery* Suit. Besides, I was unwilling any Accident should let my Father know of my being yet in *England*, lest he should find me out, and force me to marry the Woman I never saw (for which, you know he commanded me home) before I have Time to prevent it.

*Cler.* Well, but cou'd not you learn the Lady's Name all this while?

*At.*

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*At.* No 'Faith, she was inexorable to all Intreaties; only told me in general Terms, that if what I vow'd to her was sincere, she wou'd give me a Proof in a few Days what Hazards she would run to requite my Services; so, after having told her where she might hear of me, I saw her into a Chair, press'd her by the cold Rosy Fingers, kiss'd 'em warm, and parted.

*Cler.* What! Then you are quite off of the Lady, I suppose, that you made an Acquaintance with in the *Park* last Week.

*At.* No, no; not so neither: One's my *Juno*, all Pride and Beauty: but this my *Venus*, all Life, Love, and Softness. Now, what I beg of thee, dear *Clerimont*, is this: Mrs. *Juno*, as I told you, having done me the Honour of a civil Visit or two at my own Lodgings, I must needs borrow thine to entertain Mrs. *Venus* in; for if the Rival Goddesses should meet, and Clash, you know there wou'd be the Devil to do between them.

*Cler.* Well, Sir, my Lodgings are at your Service: But you must be very private and sober, I can tell you; for my Landlady's a *Presbyterian*; if she suspects your Design, you're blown up, depend upon't.

*At.* Don't fear, I'll be as careful as a guilty Conscience: But I wan't immediate Possession; for I expect to hear from her every Moment, and have already directed her to send thither. Pr'ythee come with me.

*Cler.* 'Faith, you must excuse me; I expect some Ladies in the *Park* that I would not miss of for an Empire: But yonder's my Servant, he shall conduct you.

*At.* Very good! that will do as well then: I'll send my Man along with him to expect her Commands, and call me if she sends: And in the mean time I'll e'en go home to my own Lodgings: for to tell you the Truth, I expect a small Message there from my Goddess Imperial. And I am not so much in love with my new Bird in the Bush, as to let t'other fly out of my Hand for her.

*Cler.* And pray, Sir, what Name does your Goddess Imperial, as you call her, know you by?

*At.* O, Sir, with her I pass for a Man of Arms, and  
am



am call'd Col. *Standfast*; with my new Face, *John Freeman* of *Flatland Hall*, Esq; But Time flies; I must leave you.

*Cler.* Well, dear *Atall*, I'm yours——Good Luck to you, [*Exit At.*] What a happy Fellow is this, that owes his Success with the Women purely to his Inconstancy? What a Blockhead am I, to taint my Inclinations with Virtue, when I have so many daily Examples before my Eyes, of People's being ill us'd for their Sincerity? Here comes another too almost as happy as he, a Fellow that's wise enough to be but half in Love, and make his whole Life a studied Idleness.

*Enter Careless.*

*Cler.* So, *Careless*! you're constant, I see, to your Morning's Saunter. Well! how stand Matters? I hear strange Things of thee; that after having rail'd at Marriage all thy Life, thou hast resolv'd to fall into the Noose at last.

*Care.* I don't see any great Terror in the Noose, (as you call it) when a Man's weary of Liberty: The Liberty of playing the Fool, when one's turn'd of thirty, is not of much Value.

*Cler.* Hey-day! Then you begin to have nothing in your Head now; but Settlements, Children, and the main Chance?

*Care.* Ev'n so faith; but in hopes to come at 'em too, I am forc'd very often to make my Way thro' Pills, Elixirs, Bolus's, Ptizans, and Gallipots.

*Cler.* What, is your Mistress an Apothecary's Widow?

*Care.* No, but she is an Apothecary's Shop, and keeps as many Drugs in her Bed-chamber; she has her Physick for every Hour of the Day and Night—for 'tis vulgar, she says, to be a Moment in rude and perfect Health. Her Bed lin'd with Poppies; the black Boys at the Feet, that the Healthy employ to bear Flowers in their Arms, she loads with *Diascordium*, and other sleepy Portions; her Sweet-bags, instead of the common and offensive

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five Smells of Musk and Amber, breathe nothing but the more modish and salubrious Scents of Hart's-horn, Rue, and Assafoetida.

*Cler.* Why, at this Rate, she's only fit to be the Consort of *Hippocrates*. But pray what other Charms has this extraordinary Lady?

*Care.* She has one, *Tom*, that a Man may relish without being so deep a Physician.

*Cler.* What's that?

*Care.* Why, two thousand Pound a Year.

*Cler.* No vulgar Beauty, I confess, Sir; But can't thou for any Consideration throw thyself into this Hospital, this Box of Physick, and lie all Night like Leaf-Gold upon a Pill.

*Care.* O, dear Sir, this is not half the Evil; her Humour is as fantastic as her Diet; nothing that is *English* must come near her; all her Delight is in foreign Impertinences: Her Rooms are all of *Japan* or *Persia*, her Dress *Indian*, and her Equipage are all Monsters: The Coachman came over with his Horses, both from *Russia*, (*Flanders* are too common) the rest of her Trim are a mottly Crowd of Blacks, Tawny, Oliyes, Feulamots, and pale Blues: In short, she's for any thing that comes from beyond Sea; her greatest Monsters are those of her own Country; and she's in love with nothing o'this Side the Line, but the Apothecaries.

*Cler.* Apothecaries quotha! why your fine Lady, for aught I see, is a perfect Dose of Folly and Physick; in a Month's time she'll grow like an Antimonial Cup, and a Kiss will be able to work with you.

*Care.* But to prevent that, *Tom*, I design upon the Wedding-Day to break all her Gallipots, kick the Doctor down Stairs, and force her, instead of Physick, to take a hearty Meal of a swinging Rump of boil'd Beef and Carrots, and so 'faith I have told her.

*Cler.* That's something familiar: Are you so near Man and Wife?

*Care.* O nearer, for I sometimes plague her till she hates the very Sight of me.

*Cler.*

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*Cler.* Ha! ha! very good! So being a very troublesome Lover, you pretend to cure her of her Physick by a Counter Poison.

*Care.* Right; I intend to see a Doctor to prescribe her an Hour of my Conversation to be taken every Night and Morning; and this to be continued till her Fever of Aversion's over.

*Cler.* An admirable Recipe!

*Care.* Well, *Tom*, but how stand thy own Affairs? Is *Clarinda* kind yet?

*Cler.* Faith I can't say she's absolutely kind, but she's pretty near it; for she's grown so ridiculously ill-humour'd to me of late, that if she keeps the same Airs a Week longer, I am in hopes to find as much Ease from her Folly, as my Constancy would from her Good-nature—But to be plain, I'm afraid I have some secret Rival in the Case; for Women's Vanity seldom gives them Courage enough to use an old Lover heartily ill, till they are first sure of a new one, that they intend to use better.

*Care.* What says Sir *Solomon*? He is your Friend I presume.

*Cler.* Yes, at least I can make him so when I please: There is an odd five hundred Pound in her Fortune, that he has a great mind shou'd stick to his Fingers, when he pays in the rest on't; which I am afraid I must comply with, for she can't easily marry without his Consent. And yet she's so alter'd in her Behaviour of late, that I scarce know what to do—Pr'ythee take a turn and advise me.

*Care.* With all my Heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The SCENE changes to Sir Solomon Sadlife's House.*

*Enter Sir Solomon, and Supple his Man.*

*Sir Sol. Supple*, dost not thou perceive I put a great Confidence in thee? I trust thee with my Bosom Secrets.

*Sup.* Yes, Sir.

*Sir Sol.* Ah, *Supple*! I begin to hate my Wife—but be secret.

*Sup.*



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*Sup.* I'll never tell while I live, Sir,

*Sir Sol.* Nay then I'll trust thee further: Between thee and I, *Supple*, I have reason to believe my Wife hates me too.

*Sup.* Ah! Dear Sir, I doubt that's no Secret; for to say the Truth, my Lady's bitter young and gamesome.

*Sir Sol.* But can she have the Impudence, think'st thou, to make a Cuckold of a Knight, one that was dubb'd by the Royal Sword?

*Sup.* Alas! Sir, I warrant she's as the Courage of a Countess, if she's once provok'd, she cares not what she does in her Passion; if you were ten times a Knight, she'd give you Dub for Dub, Sir.

*Sir Sol.* Ah! *Supple*, when her Blood's up, I confess she's the Devil; and I question if the whole Conclave of Cardinals could lay her. But suppose she shou'd resolve to give me a Sample of her Sex, and make me a Cuckold in cool Blood?

*Sup.* Why if she shou'd, Sir, don't take it so to Heart, Cuckolds are no such Monsters now-a-days: In the City you know, Sir, it's so many honest Men's Fortune, that no body minds it there; and at this End of the Town a Cuckold has as much Respect as his Wife, for aught I see; for Gentlemen don't know but it may be their own Case another Day, and so People are willing to do as they would be done by.

*Sir Sol.* And yet I do not think but my Spouse is honest—and think she is not—wou'd I were satisfy'd.

*Sup.* Troth, Sir, I don't know what to think, but in my Conscience I believe good looking after her can do her no Harm.

*Sir Sol.* Right, *Supple*; and in order to it, I'll first demolish her visiting Days: For how do I know but they may be so many private Clubs for Cuckoldom.

*Sup.* Ah! Sir, your Worship knows I was always against your coming to this End of the Town.

*Sir Sol.* Thou wert indeed, my honest *Supple*: But Woman! fair and faithless Woman, worm'd and work'd me to her Wilhes; like fond *Mark Anthony* I let my Empire

pire moulder from my Hands, and gave up all for Love. O Fool, to trust thy Honour with a Woman! A Race of Vipers! They were Deceivers, *Supple*, from the Beginning. I'll have no Visitors, that's determin'd.

*Sup.* Truly, Sir, I begin to think there's nothing fav'd by them in the Year's End.

*Sir Sol.* O *Supple*, I run mad when I think on't; every powder'd Wig I meet is a piece of Ordnance planted against my Honour; the rattling of a fine Chariot gives me the Spleen, and my very Soul's set on Edge at the Squeak of a Fiddle.

*Sup.* And what's more provoking, Sir, the abominable Rogues always pitch upon this Side the Park for their Music and Intrigues.

*Sir Sol.* Dogs! Villains! Monsters! Zbud! I've been in a Sweat ever since I liv'd here—twice or thrice a Week all the Cuckold-makers in Town rendezvous under my Window. Insupportable—I must have a young Wife with a Murrain to me—I hate her too—and yet the Devil on't is, I'm still jealous of her—Stay! let me reckon up all the fashionable Virtues she has that can make a Man happy. In the first Place—I think her very ugly—

*Sup.* Ah! that's because you are marry'd to her, Sir.

*Sir Sol.* As for her Expences, no Arithmetic can reach 'em; she's always longing for something dear and useless; she will certainly ruin me in China, Silks, Ribbands, Fans, Laces, Perfumes, Washes, Powder, Patches, Jessamine-Gloves, and Ratifia.

*Sup.* Ah! Sir, that's a cruel Liquor with 'em.

*Sir Sol.* To sum up all wou'd run me mad—The only way to put a stop to her Career, must be to put off my Coach, turn away her Chairmen, lock out her *Swiss* Porter, bar up the Doors, keep out all Visitors, and then she'll be less expensive.

*Sup.* Ay, Sir, for few Women think it worth their while to dress for their Husbands.

*Sir Sol.* Then we sha'n't be plagu'd with my old Lady *Little Turtle's* Howd'ye's in a Morning, nor my Lady *Dainty's*

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*Dainty's Spleen, or the sudden Indisposition of that grim Beast her horrible Dutch Mastiff.*

*Sup.* No, Sir, nor the Impertinence of that great fat Creature, my Lady *Swill-Tea*.

*Sir Sol.* And her squinting Daughter. No, no: Let the Tide run somewhere else; I am resolv'd to know the Happiness of living in Silence, without the Din of a Visiting-Day, spent in a continual Jargon of Impertinence, of this pretty Lace, and that pretty Ribband; this News of the Ring, and that of the Circle; this Party for *Plays*, and t'other for *Eunuchs* and *Opera's*; one laughs in *Gamut*, another sneezes in *Elami Alt*; and Hey! all their Clacks go together with a *Babel* of Sounds, till their Scandal and Fashions are all run over; and then to the Peace of the Neighbourhood, they part with the same Impertinence they enter'd——No, *Supple*, after this Night, nothing in Petticoats shall come within ten Yards of my Doors.

*Sup.* Nor in Breeches neither?

*Sir Sol.* Only Mr. *Clerimont*; for I expect him to sign Articles with me for the five hundred Pound he is to give me, for that ungovernable Jade my Niece *Clarinda*.  
[*Aside*] Ha! see, who's that? [Knocking.]

*Sup.* O, Sir, 'tis the three strange Suitors that wou'd marry Madam *Clarinda*.

*Sir Sol.* Let 'em come in: I'll divert myself by laughing at them a little, and then send 'em about their Business like Fools as they came.

*Re-enter Supple, with Capt. Strut, Sir Squabble Splithair, and Saunter.*

*Sir Sol.* Well, Gentlemen your Business with me, I understand is much the same; my Consent to your marrying my Kinswoman; I should be glad if any of you bring Pretences that I like; and so if you please, Gentlemen,——one after another; and when I have heard you all, I'll give you my Answer:——And in the first place, what are you, Sir?

*Capt.*



*Capt.* I, Sir, am—a Man of Honour.

*Sir Sol.* Pray, Sir, what's that, a Lord?

*Capt.* No, Sir, one that scorns to take the Lye, or pay Debts.

*Sir Sol.* Humh! that's pretty near the matter,——an extraordinary Person. Where do you live, Sir?

*Capt.* Why, here,——and there, Sir: I'm a Man of a frank Nature, and am always at home.

*Sir Sol.* Where do you sleep a-nights?

*Capt.* No where! I sit up every Night at the Tavern: and in the Morning,—lie rough in the *Round-house*.

*Sir Sol.* Pray, Sir, how do you spend your Time when you are out of a Tavern?

*Capt.* I play at *Crimp*, *Matches* at *Tennis*, *Bowls* and *Picquet*; and get in desparate Debts for young Fellows, that dare not fight for themselves.

*Sir Sol.* Are you never run through the Body?

*Capt.* Often Sir; yet I fear nothing but a *Balliff*, or a *Court-Martial*.—Sir, I kiss every Woman that smiles, and kick every Man that frowns upon me: for I take both to myself, whether they meant me, or not.

*Sir Sol.* How, Sir! strike before you know whether you are affronted, or not? I thought you were a Man of Honour.

*Capt.* So I am, Sir, and wou'd not have it stain'd—in quarrelling. Delays look scurvily: First Blows are best. When a Man looks angry upon me, and says any thing I don't understand, I knock him down; and then 'tis no matter whether I understand him or no—Shall a Rascal, because he has read Books, talk pertly to me?

*Sir Sol.* Why, Sir, are not your Men of Honour given to Learning?

*Capt.* Those that think it worth their while, are; but we generally leave that to the Chaplain, and the Chaplain sometimes leaves it to the Agent—Our Disputes need but little Reading; Blows, Blood, and Wounds, re Soldiers Arguments, Sir.

*Sir Sol.* Nay, Sir, I shan't dispute with you—But pray, Sir, what can you settle upon my Kinswoman?

*Capt.*

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*Capt.* My Glory, and my Sword.

*Sir Sol.* A Jointure of vast Honour, I must confess, Pray, Sir, where may your Glory lie?

*Capt.* In the *Gazette*.

*Sir Sol.* And your Sword——the Silver-hilted one I mean.

*Capt.* At the *Pawn-broker's*.

*Sir Sol.* And pray, Sir, why wou'd you marry?

*Capt.* Sir, I owe about fifteen hundred Pound; beside I have a mind to leave off Whoring, and keep a fresh Girl to myself.

*Sir Sol.* Hah! a very sober Principle, truly. Well, Sir, since I know your Pretences, will you give me Leave to talk with the other Gentlemen——Pray, Sir, what are you?

*Sir Squab.* I, Sir, am none of your Skip-jacks, no Spend-thrift Courtier, nor beggarly Soldier, but a solid substantial Man, with a thinking Head, and a prudent Conscience; that have liv'd these twenty Years in St. Magnus Parish, have lent my Money to the Government, and owe none of my Neighbours a Shilling.

*Sir Sol.* Pray, Sir, what may be your Name?

*Sir Squab.* My Name, Sir, is *Sir Squabble Splitbair*, Knt. and Citizen of London,

*Sir Sol.* And what may be your Profession, Sir.

*Sir Squab.* Sir, I profess:——Troth I can hardly tell you what I profess; but turning of Money is my chief Business. Sir, I'll make a Bargain with any Man in the City, and defy him to out-wit me.——I have been too sharp for every body I have dealt with, and have got a plentiful Estate by other People's Folly and my own Industry. Beside, I am a Member of the Old *East-India* Company, and no Man alive will ever be able to tell what I'm worth.

*Sir Sol.* Very likely, Sir.

*Sir Squab.* Sir, I live soberly, and mind the main Chance: I never spend an idle Penny out of *Robin's* or *Garraway's* Coffee-house: I dine for a Groat at the Chop-house: I sell by a short Yard, and bring in a long Bill.

Sir

*Sir Sol.* Hah ! you are rich, no doubt, Sir.

*Sir Squab.* Then, Sir, I am a severe Persecutor of ill Women, and never let any of them 'scape the Beadle's Correction, without a valuable Consideration.

*Sir Sol.* Ay, ay, you're much in the right, Sir; make 'em pay for their Wickedness.

*Sir Squab.* Then I discountenance the Enemies of the Government, by encouraging them first to run prohibited Goods; and then I discover 'em to shew my Loyalty.

*Sir Sol.* You'll be a great Man, Sir.

*Sir Squab.* Then, Sir, I am Guardian to my only Sister; and tho' she is six Years above Age, I still keep her Fortune carefully in my own Hands, for fear she shou'd idly throw it away upon some beggarly young Fellow: Not but I give her a good Gentlewomanly Education; for I have taught her several Tunes myself, upon the *Dulcimer*; and to save the Charge of a Singing-Master, I let her go once a Week with her Maid, in the Gallery, to learn the Songs out of the *Opera*.

*Sir Sol.* Good again, Sir; why this will certainly carry my Niece: These are Qualities not to be resisted. But now, Sir, what are you willing to settle upon her?

*Sir Squab.* Settle, Sir! why I'll—look you, Sir, I don't understand your Law-Terms, and hard Words:—But I'll make her a happy Woman. She shall want for nothing: I'll settle a good Husband upon her; she shall have Money in her Pocket, and good Clothes upon her Back; she shall have her youngest 'Prentice in a *Blue Livery*, carry her *Gilt Bible* before her to Church every *Sunday*; she shall wear a Gold Chain upon her Neck, and sit in the great Pew next the Pulpit.

*Sir Sol.* Ay!

*Sir Squab.* Nay, Sir, if she pleases my Humour, she shall wear her Sunday Clothes every Day; go abroad once a Month in a Sedan; go to a Gossipping once a Quarter: and once a Year she shall constantly Lie in.

*Sir Sol.* Hold! hold! Sir, that I'm afraid, is more than you can promise.

Sir



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*Sir Squab.* Sir, what I say I'll stand to; and if you doubt my Word, I'll give you City-Security for the Performance of it.

*Sir Sol.* Nay, Sir, what you can't perform, there's no doubt but your Security will.——Well, Sir! now I have heard what you can do.——I have but a Word or two with this Gentleman, and then——

*Sir Squab.* Sir, with all my heart; if you can get a better Bargain, take it.

*Sir Sol.* Well, Sir! now, pray what are you?

*Saun.* I, Sir!—ha, hah! I'm nothing at all, Sir.

*Sir Sol.* Ha! that is not much indeed, Sir.——But pray, Sir, have you no Employment?

*Saun.* Employment! what do you mean, old Gentleman, Joiner's Work?——Sir, I'm a Gentleman.

*Sir Sol.* Very good, Sir:——And pray, what Estate have you.

*Saun.* I can't tell, Sir:——I never mind Accounts; I don't understand 'em.

*Sir Sol.* Pray, Sir, what is't you do understand?

*Saun.* Bite, Bam, and the best of the Lay, old Boy.

*Sir Sol.* Hah; that's every Word more than I understand, I must confess. Do you know nothing of the Law, Sir?

*Saun.* Um!—just as much as I got from being often arrested.

*Sir Sol.* Do you follow no Business, Sir?

*Saun.* No, Sir, I hate it—I avoid it.—I'll make Business follow me; a Gentleman's above it.

*Sir Sol.* Hah! you seem to lead a pleasant Life, Sir.

*Saun.* Yes, Sir, Pleasure's my Principle, and I'll stick to 'it as long as I live.

*Sir Sol.* Pray, what's your chief Diversions?

*Saun.* Sauntering!——As thus, Sir, from my Lodging to the *Smyrna*, thence to *White's*; then to the *Smyrna* again, then to *White's* again; and all the while, my Chair follows me empty. Then I dine, drink a Bottle, go to *Will's*, go behind the Scenes, make love in the *Green-Room*, take a Benefit-Ticket, ferret the  
Boxes.

Boxes, straddle into the Pit; *Green-Room* again; do the same at both Houses, and stay at neither.

*Sir Sol.* Hah! a pretty Life: do you never study, Sir?

*Saun.* Um—in a Morning a little, while my Man draws on my Shoes, I hum over a Preface, or so: Then turn to the Conclusion, and give my Judgment accordingly.——I hate Fatigue; a Gentleman shou'd only have a Taste of every Thing.

*Sir Sol.* But do you never study yourself neither?

*Saun.* O yes, Sir, that I never fail to do, at least three Hours in a Glass every Morning.

*Sir Sol.* Provoking Dog! [*Aside.*] Well, Sir, and what other powerful Reasons have you, to encourage my Niece's coming into your Family?

*Saun.* Why, none so great, Sir, as my Family itself; 'tis as ancient as any in *England*. The Saunterers, Sir, came in with King *Stephen* the Conqueror. And a Man of Honour, Sir, always values a good Family beyond Fortune.

*Sir Sol.* Ay, but some Fools don't, Sir; and I shall not blush to tell you, I am one of those. And let me tell you, Sir, he that out-lives his Fortune, will have much ado sometimes to make his Family own him. Poverty at Court, Sir, is like Wit in the City, always counted illegitimate.—Well, Gentlemen, I have heard you all: And I won't marry my Kinswoman to this Gentleman, because his prudent Conscience, as he calls it, will let him spend but a Penny a Day: Nor to this Gentleman, because, as far as I find, he has not that to spend: Nor to the noble Captain here, because he spends more than he has.

*Capt.* Why then, Sir, I'll stick to my Punk, and a Pipe of Mundungus.

*Sir Squab.* And as for Sir *Squabble Splithair*,—know, Sir, that now I won't take under a Thousand Pound more with your Niece; and so your Friend, and Servant.

*Saun.* And for me, Sir.——

*Sir Sol.* O sweet Mr. *Nothing to do!*

*Saun.*

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*Saun.* Know, Sir, that the Noble Family of the Saunterers shall never be stain'd with the base Blood of a Put, Sir; and so your Servant again, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

*Sir Sol.* Ha! ha! ha! Well, I see there are other Monsters in the World beside Cuckolds, and full as ridiculous. But now to my own Affairs. I'll step into the *Park*, and see if I can meet with my hopeful Spouse there! I warrant, engag'd in some innocent Freedom, (as she calls it,) as walking in a Mask, to laugh at the Impertinence of Fops that don't know her; but 'tis more likely, I'm afraid, a Plot to Intrigue with those that do. Oh! how many Torments lie in the small Circle of a Wedding-Ring! [*Exit.*]



ACT





ACT II. SCENE I.

Clarinda's Apartment.

Enter Clarinda and Sylvia.

Clar. HA! ha! poor *Sylvia*!

Syl. Nay, pr'ythee, don't laugh at me. There's no accounting for Inclination: For if there were, you know, why shou'd it be a greater Folly in me, to fall in love with a Man I never saw but once in my Life, than it is in you to resist an honest Gentleman, whose Fidelity has deserv'd your Heart an hundred times over.

Clar. Ah! but an utter Stranger, Cousin, and one that, for aught you know, may be no Gentleman.

Syl. That's impossible; his Conversation cou'd not be counterfeit. An elevated Wit, and good Breeding, have a natural Lustre that's inimitable. Beside, he sav'd my Life at the hazard of his own; so that Part of what I give him, is but Gratitude.

Clar. Well! you are the first Woman that ever took fire in the middle of the *Thames*, sure. But suppose now he is marry'd, and has three or four Children!

Syl. Psha! Pr'ythee don't tease me with so many ill-natur'd Objections: I tell you he is not marry'd, I am sure he is not: for I never saw a Face look more in humour in my Life.—Beside, he told me himself, he was a Country Gentleman, just come to Town upon Business: And I'm resolv'd to believe him.

Clar. Well! well! I'll suppose you both as fit for one another then as a couple of Tallies. But, still, my Dear, you know there's a surly old Father's Command against you; he is in Articles to marry you to another: And

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tho' I know, Love is a notable Contriver, I can't see how you'll get over that Difficulty.

*Syl.* 'Tis a terrible one, I own; but with a little of your Assistance, dear *Clarinda*, I am still in hopes to bring it to an even Wager, I prove as wise as my Father.

*Clar.* Nay, you may be sure of me: You may see by the Management of my own Amours, I have so natural a Compassion for Disobedience, I sha'n't be able to refuse you any thing in Distress.—There's my Hand; —tell me how I can serve you.

*Syl.* Why thus;—Because I wou'd not wholly discover myself to him at once, I have sent him a Note to visit me here, as if these Lodgings were my own.

*Clar.* Hither! to my Lodgings! 'Twas well I sent *Col. Standfast* Word I shou'd not be at home. [*Aside.*

*Syl.* I hope you'll pardon my Freedom, since one end of my taking it too, was to have your Opinion of him before I engage any farther.

*Clar.* O! it needs no Apology; any thing of mine is at your Service.—I am only afraid, my troublesome Lover *Mr. Clerimont*, shou'd happen to see him, who is, of late, so impertinently jealous of a Rival, tho' from what Cause I know not——not but I lye too. [*Aside.* I say, shou'd he see him, your Country Gentleman wou'd be in Danger, I can tell you.

*Syl.* O! there's no Fear of that; for I have order'd him to be brought in the back-way: When I have talk'd with him a little alone, I'll find an Occasion to leave him with you; and then we'll compare our Opinions of him.

*Enter Servant to Clarinda.*

*Serv.* Madam, my Lady *Sadlife*.

*Syl.* Pishah! she here!

*Clar.* Don't be uneasy; she shan't disturb you: I'll take care of her.

*Enter*

*Enter Lady Sadlife.*

*Lady Sad.* O my Dears you have lost the sweetest Morning sure, that ever peep'd out of the Firmament The Park never was in such Perfection.

*Clar.* 'Tis always so when your Ladyship's there.

*Lady Sad.* 'Tis never so without my dear *Clarinda*.

*Syl.* How civilly we Women hate one another. [*Aside.* Was there a good deal of Company, Madam?

*Lady Sad.* Abundance! and the best I have seen this Season: for 'twas between Twelve and One, the very Hour you know, when the Mob are violently hungry. O! the Air was so inspiring! so amorous! And to compleat the Pleasure, I was attack'd in Conversation, by the most charming, modest, agreeably insinuating young Fellow, sure, that ever Woman play'd the fool with.

*Clar.* Who was it?

*Lady Sad.* Nay, Heav'n knows; his Face is as entirely new, as his Conversation. What Wretches our young Fellows are to him?

*Syl.* What Sort of a Person?

*Lady Sad.* Tall, straight, well-limb'd, walk'd firm; and a Look as chearful as a *May-day* Morning.

*Syl.* The Picture's very like: Pray Heav'n it is not my Gentleman's. [*Aside.*

*Clar.* I wish this don't prove my Colonel. [*Aside.*

*Syl.* How came you to part with him so soon.

*Lady Sad.* O name it not! that eternal Damper of all Pleasure, my Husband Sir *Solomon*, came into the Mall in the very Crisis of our Conversation—I saw him at a Distance, and complain'd that the Air grew tainted, that I was sick o'th' sudden, and left him in such Abruptness and Confusion, as if he had been himself my Husband.

*Clar.* A melancholy Disappointment indeed!

*Lady Sad.* Oh? 'tis a Husband's Nature to give 'em.



*A Servant whispers Sylvia.*

*Syl.* Desire him to walk in——Cousin, you'll be at hand.

*Clar.* In the next Room——Come, Madam, *Sylvia* has a little Business. I'll shew you some of the sweetest, prettiest-figur'd China.

*Lady Sad.* My Dear, I wait on you,

[*Exeunt Lady Sad. and Clar.*]

*Enter Atall, as Mr. Freeman.*

*Syl.* You find, Sir, I have kept my Word in seeing you; 'tis all you yet have ask'd of me; and when I know 'tis in my power to be more obliging, there's nothing you can command in Honour, I shall refuse you.

*At.* This generous Offer, Madam, is so high an Obligation, that it were almost mean in me to ask a farther Favour. [*Aside.*] Death! what a Neck she has! But 'tis a Lover's Merit to be a Miser in his Wishes, and grasp at all Occasions to enrich 'em—I own I feel your Charms too sensibly prevail, but dare not give a Loose to my ambitious Thoughts, 'till I have pass'd one dreadful Doubt that shakes 'em.

*Syl.* If 'tis in my power to clear it, ask me freely.

*At.* I tremble at the Trial; and yet methinks my Fears are vain: But yet to kill or cure 'em once for ever, be just and tell me; are you married?

*Syl.* If that can make you easy, No.

*At.* 'Tis Ease indeed——nor are you promis'd, nor your Heart engag'd?

*Syl.* That's hard to tell you: But to be just, I own my Father has engag'd my Person to one I never saw, and my Heart I fear's inclining to one he never saw.

*At.* O yet be merciful, and ease my Doubt; tell me the happy Man that has deserv'd so exquisite a Blessing.

*Syl.* That, Sir, requires some Pause; 'tis the only

Secret

Secret yet I can refuse you: First tell me why you're so inquisitive, without letting me know the Condition of your own Heart.

*At.* In every Circumstance my Heart's the same with yours; 'tis promis'd to one I never saw, by a commanding Father, who by my firm Hopes of Happiness I am resolv'd to disobey, unless your Cruelty prevents it.

*Syl.* But my Disobedience would beggar me.

*At.* Banish that Fear. I'm Heir to a Fortune will support you like yourself—May I not know your Family?

*Syl.* Yet you must not.

*At.* Why that Nicety? Is not it in my power to enquire whose House this is when I am gone?

*Syl.* And be never the wiser: These Lodgings are a Friend's, and are only borrowed on this Occasion: But to save you the trouble of any farther needless Questions, I will make you one Proposal. I have a young Lady here within, who is the only Confident of my Engagements to you: On her Opinion I rely; nor can you take it ill, if I make no farther Steps without it: 'Twould be miserable indeed shou'd we both meet Beggars. I own your Actions and Appearance merit all you can desire; let her be as well satisfy'd of your Pretensions and Condition, and you shall find it sha'n't be a little Fortune shall make me ungrateful.

*At.* So generous an Offer exceeds my Hopes.

*Syl.* Who's there?

*Enter Servant.*

Desire my Cousin *Clarinda* to walk in.

*At.* Ha! *Clarinda*! if it shou'd be my *Clarinda* now, I'm in a sweet Condition—by all that's terrible the very she; this was finely contriv'd of Fortune.

*Enter Clarinda.*

*Clar.* Defend me! Col. *Standfast*! she has certainly discover'd my Affairs with him, and has a mind to insult

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me by an affected Resignation of her Pretensions to him—l'll disappoint her, I won't know him.

*Syl.* Cousin, pray, come forward; this is the Gentleman I am so much oblig'd to—Sir, this Lady is a Relation of mine, and the Person we are speaking of.

*At.* I shall be proud to be better known among any of your Friends. [Salutes her.]

*Clar.* Soh! he takes the Hint, I see, and seems not to know me neither: I know not what to think—perhaps she's only jealous of him, and had a mind that my seeing her Engagement with him, shou'd Occasion a Breach between him and me—I am confounded! I hate both him and her. How unconcern'd he looks! Confusion! he addresses her before my Face. [Aside.]

*Lady Sadlife peeping in.*

*Lady Sad.* What do I see? The pleasant young Fellow that talk'd with me in the *Park* just now! This is the luckiest Accident! I must know a little more of him.

[Retires.]

*Syl.* Cousin, and Mr. *Freeman*———I think I need not make any Apology———you both know the occasion of my leaving you together———in a Quarter of an Hour I'll wait on you again. [Exit Syl.]

*At.* So, I'm in a hopeful way now, Faith; but Buff's the word: I'll stand it.

*Clar.* Mr. *Freeman*! So, my Gentleman has chang'd his Name too! How harmless he looks———I have my Senses sure, and yet the Demureness of that Face looks as if he had a mind to persuade me out of 'em. I cou'd find in my heart to humour his Assurance, and see how far he'll carry it——won't you please to fit, Sir?

[They fit.]

*At.* What the Devil can this mean?—sure she has a mind to counterface me, and not know me too—with all my Heart: If her Ladyship won't know me, I'm sure 'tis not my Business at this time to know her.

*Clar.*



*Clar.* Certainly that Face is Cannon Proof. [*Aside.*

*At.* Now for a formal Speech, as if I had never seen her in my Life before.—Madam—a hem! Madam, I—a hem!

*Clar.* Curse of that steady Face. [*Aside.*

*At.* I say, Madam, since I am an utter Stranger to you, I am afraid it will be very difficult for me to offer you more Arguments than one to do me a Friendship with your Cousin; but if you are, as she seems to own you, her real Friend, I presume you can't give her a better Proof of your being so, than pleading the Cause of a sincere and humble Lover, whose tender Wishes never can propose to taste of Peace in Life without her.

*Clar.* Umph!—I'm choak'd. [*Aside.*

*At.* She gave me Hopes, that when I had satisfied you of my Birth and Fortune, you wou'd do me the Honour to let me know her Name and Family.

*Clar.* Sir, I must own you are the most perfect Master of your Art, that ever enter'd the Lists of Assurance.

*At.* Madam!

*Clar.* And I don't doubt but you'll find it a much easier Task to impose upon my Cousin, than me.

*At.* Impose, Madam! I shou'd be sorry any thing I have said cou'd disoblige you into such hard Thoughts of me: Sure, Madam, you are under some Misinformation.

*Clar.* I was indeed, but now my Eyes are open—fer'till this Minute I never knew that the gay Col. *Standfast*, was the demure Mr. *Freeman*.

*At.* Col. *Standfast*! This is extremely dark, Madam.

*Clar.* This Jest is tedious, Sir—Impudence grows dull, when 'tis so very extravagant.

*At.* Madam, I am a Gentleman—but not yet wise enough, I find, to account for the Humours of a fine Lady.

*Clar.* Troth, Sir, on second Thoughts I begin to be a little better reconcil'd to your Assurance; 'tis in some sort Modesty to deny yourself; for to own your Perjuries to my Face, had been an Insolence transcendently provoking.

*At.* Really, Madam, my not being able to apprehend one Word of all this is a great Inconvenience to my Af-

fair with your Cousin : But if you will first do me the Honour to make me acquainted with her Name and Family, I don't much care if I do take a little Pains afterwards to come to a right Understanding with you.

*Clar.* Come ! come ! since you see this Assurance will do you no Good, you had better put on a simple honest Look, and generously confess your Frailties : The same Slyness that deceiv'd me first, will still find me Woman enough to pardon you.

*At.* That Bite won't do. [*Afide.*] Sure, Madam, you mistake me for some other Person !

*Clar.* Insolent ! audacious Villain ! I am not to have my Senses then ! [*Afide.*]

*At.* No.

*Clar.* And you are resolv'd to stand it to the last !

*At.* The last Extremity. [*Afide.*]

*Clar.* Well, Sir, since you won't know yourself, 'tis possible at least you may have some small Acquaintance with the Person I take you for : It can do you no Harm, I presume, to own you know Colonel *Standfast*.

*At.* By all that's binding, I know no more of him than you know of me.

*Clar.* If you know as much, 'tis enough.

*At.* Never saw or heard of any such Person, since I was born.

*Clar.* Nay ! that's hard ! And I must tell you, Sir, since you will own nothing to me, I'll own something to my Cousin for you : I'll take care she shall know you perfectly.

*At.* Be not so barbarous, Madam, without a Cause to misrepresent me, where my Soul most languishes to be clearly known : Upon my Knees I beg you do not in a rash Error of my Person so apparent, blindly ruin me with the only Creature in whom my humble Heart has treasur'd up its future Hopes of Happiness.

*Clar.* Poor little Malice, you think this stings me now ; but you shall find—I'm not so little Mistress of my Heart, but I can still recall it—and since you are so much a Stranger to Colonel *Standfast*, I'll tell you where  
to

to find him, and tell him this from me; I hate him, scorn, detest, and loath him: I never meant him but at best for my Diversion, and should he ever renew his dull Addresses to me, I'll have him used as his vain Insolence deserves. Now, Sir, I have no more to say, and I desire you would leave the House immediately.

*At.* I would not willingly disoblige you, Madam, but 'tis impossible to stir 'till I have seen your Cousin, and clear'd myself of these strange Aspersions.

*Clar.* Don't flatter yourself, Sir, with so vain a Hope, for I must tell you once for all, you've seen the last of her: And if you won't be gone, you'll oblige me to have you forc'd away.

*At.* I'll be even with you. [*Aside.*] Well, Madam, since I find nothing can prevail upon your Cruelty, I'll take my Leave: But as you hope for Justice on the Man that wrongs you, at least be faithful to your lovely Friend, And when you have nam'd to her my utmost Guilt, yet paint my Passion as it is, sincere. Tell her what Tortures I endur'd in this severe Exclusion from her Sight, that 'till my Innocence is clear to her, and she again receives me into Mercy,

*A Madman's Frenzy's Heav'n to what I feel;*

*The Wounds you give, 'tis she alone can heal.* [Exit.

*Clar.* Most abandon'd Impudence! And yet I know not which vexes me most, his out-facing my Senses, or his insolent owning his Passion for my Cousin to my Face: 'Tis impossible she cou'd put him upon this, it must be all his own; but be it as it will, by all that's Woman I'll have Revenge. [Exit.

*Re-enter Atall and Lady Sadlife at the other Side.*

*At.* Hey-dey! is there no way down Stairs here? Death! I can't find my way out! This is the oddest House.

*Lady Sad.* Here he is—I'll venture to pass by him.

*At.* Pray, Madam, which is the nearest way out?

*Lady Sad.* Sir! out—a——



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*At.* O my Stars ! is't you, Madam, this is fortunate indeed—I beg you tell me, do you live here, Madam ?

*Lady Sad.* Not very far off, Sir : But this is no Place to talk with you alone—indeed I must beg your pardon.

*At.* By all those kindling Charms that fire my Soul, no Consequence on Earth shall make me quit my hold, 'till you've given me some kind Assurance that I shall see you again, and speedily : I'gad I'll have one out of the Family at least.

*Lady Sad.* O good, here's Company !

*At.* O do not rack me with Delays, but quick, before this dear short liv'd Opportunity's lost, inform me where you live, or kill me : To part with this soft white Hand is ten thousand Daggers to my Heart. [*Kissing'it eagerly.*]

*Lady Sad.* O lud ! I am going home this Minute : And if you shou'd offer to dog my Chair, I protest I——was ever such Usage——Lord——sure ! oh——Follow me down then. [*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Clarinda, and Sylvia.*

*Syl.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Clar.* Nay, you may laugh, Madam, but what I tell you is true.

*Syl.* Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Clar.* You don't believe me then.

*Syl.* I do believe, that when some Women are inclin'd to like a Man, nothing more palpably discovers it, than their railing at him ; ha ! ha !——Your Pardon, Cousin ; you know you laugh'd at me just now upon the same Occasion.

*Clar.* The Occasion's quite different, Madam ; I hate him. And, once more I tell you, he's a Villain ; you're impos'd on. He's a Colonel of Foot, his Regiment's now in *Spain*, and his Name's *Standfast*.

*Syl.* But pray, good Cousin, whence had you this Intelligence of him ?

*Clar.* From the same Place that you had your false Account, Madam, his own Mouth.

Syl. Ay! pray when!

Clar. This Day seven-night.

Syl. Where?

Clar. In the next Room.

Syl. How came you to see him there?

Clar. Because there was Company in this.

Syl. What was his Business with you?

Clar. Much about the same, as his Business with you

Love.

Syl. Love! to you!

Clar. Me, Madam! Lord! What am I? Old! or a Monster! Is it so prodigious that a Man should like me?

Syl. No! but I'm amaz'd to think, if he had lik'd you, he should leave you so soon, for me!

Clar. For you! Leave me for you! No, Madam, I did not tell you that neither! Ha! ha!

Syl. No! What made you so violently angry with him then? Indeed, Cousin, you had better take some other fairer way; this Artifice is much too weak to make me break with him. But, however, to let you see I can be still a Friend; prove him to be what you say he is, and my Engagements with him shall soon be over.

Clar. Look you, Madam, not but I slight the tenderness of his Addresses; but to convince you that my Vanity was not mistaken in him, I'll write to him by the Name of Col. Standfast, and do you the same by that of Freeman; and let's each appoint him to meet us at my Lady Sadlife's at the same time: If these appear two different Men, I think our Dispute's easily at an end; if but one, and he does not own all I've said of him to your Face; I'll make you a very humble Curt'sy, and beg your Pardon.

Syl. And if he does own it, I'll make your Ladyship the same Reverence, and beg yours.

Enter Clerimont.

Clar. Pishah! he here!

Cler.

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*Cler.* I am glad to find you in such good Company, Madam.

*Clar.* One's seldom long in good Company, Sir.

*Cler.* I am sorry mine has been so troublesome of late; but I value your Esteem at too high a rate, to disturb it.

*Syl.* Nay, Mr. *Clerimont*, upon my word, you shan't stir. Hark you—*[Whispers.]* Your Pardon, Cousin.

*Clar.* I must not lose him neither.—Mr. *Clerimont's* way is, to be severe in his Construction of People's Meaning.

*Syl.* I'll write my Letter, and be with you, Cousin. *[Exit.]*

*Cler.* It was always my Principle, Madam, to have an humble Opinion of my Merit; when a Woman of Sense frowns upon me, I ought to think I deserve it.

*Clar.* But to expect to be always receiv'd with a Smile, I think, is having a very extraordinary Opinion of one's Merit.

*Cler.* We differ a little as to Fact, Madam: For these ten Days past, I have had no Distinction, but a severe Reservedness. You did not use to be so sparing of your Good-humour; and while I see you gay to all the World but me, I can't but be a little concern'd at the Change.

*Clar.* If he has discover'd the Colonel now, I'm undone! he cou'd not meet him, sure.—I must humour him a little. *[Aside.]* Men, of your sincere Temper, Mr. *Clerimont*, I own, don't always meet with the Usage they deserve: but Women are giddy things, and had we no Errors to answer for, the Use of Good-nature in a Lover wou'd be lost. Vanity is our inherent Weakness: You must not chide, if we are sometimes fonder of your Passions than your Prudence.

*Cler.* This friendly Condescension makes me more your Slave than ever. O! yet be kind, and tell me, have I been tortur'd with a groundless Jealousy?

*Clar.* Let your own Heart be Judge———But don't take it ill if I leave you now:—I have some earnest Business with my Cousin *Sylvia*—But to-night at my Lady *Dainty's* I'll make you amends; you'll be there.

*Cler.*



*Cler.* I need not promise you.

*Clar.* Your Servant.—Ah! How easily is poor Sincerity impos'd on! Now for the Colonel.

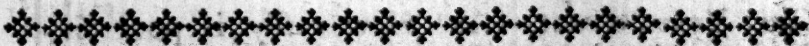
[*Afide.*

[*Exit.*

*Cler.* This unexpected Change of Humour more stirs my Jealousy than all her late Severity.—I'll watch her close.

*For she that from a just Reproach is kind,  
Gives more Suspicion of her guilty Mind,  
And throws her Smiles, like Dust, to strike the Lover* } [*blind.*





## A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Lady Dainty's Apartment: A Table, with Phials, Gallipots, Glasses, &c.*

*Lady Dainty, and Situp her Woman.*

*Lady D.* *Situp! Situp!*  
*Sit.* Madam!

*Lady D.* Thou art strangely flow; I told thee the *Harts-born!* I have the Vapours to that degree.—

*Sit.* If your Ladyship would take my Advice, you shou'd e'en fling your Phylick out of the Window; if you were not in perfect Health in three Days, I'd be bound to be sick for you.

*Lady D.* Peace, Goody Impertinence! I tell thee, no Woman of Quality is, or shou'd be in perfect Health—Huh! huh! [*Coughs faintly.*] To be always in Health, is as vulgar as to be always in Humour, and wou'd equally betray one's want of Wit and Breeding; 'tis only fit for the clumsy State of a Citizen.—I am ready to faint under the very Idea of such a barbarous Life.—Where are the Fellows?

*Sit.* Here, Madam——

[*Enter two Footmen.*

*Lady D.* *Cæsar!*—run to my Lady *Roundfides*; desire to know how she rested; and tell her the Violence of my Cold is abated: Huh! huh! *Pompey*, step you to my Lady *Killchairman's*; give my Service; say, I have been so embarrass'd with the Spleen all this Morning, that I am under the greatest Uncertainty in the World, whether I shall be able to stir out, or no—And d'ye hear! desire to know how my Lord does, and the new Monkey——

[*Exeunt Footmen.*

*Sit.* In my Conscience, these great Ladies make themselves sick to make themselves Business; and are well or ill, only in Ceremony to one another.

[*Aside.*

*Lady D.*

Lady D. Where's t'other Fellow?

Sit. He is not return'd yet, Madam.

Lady D. 'Tis indeed a strange Lump, not fit to carry a Disease to any body: I sent him t'other day to the Dutcheſs of *Diet-Drink* with the *Cholick*, and the Brute put it into his own *Tramontane* Language, and call'd it the *Belly-Ach*:—Never was Creature under ſuch Confuſion, ſure! At my next Viſit, half the Company ſaluted me upon it.—I was forc'd to explain the Booby's Meaning: leſt they ſhould have ſuppos'd the Delicacy of my Conſtitution capable of ſo vulgar a Diſeaſe: A huh! huh!

Sit. I wiſh your Ladyſhip had not Occaſion to ſend for any, for my part——

Lady D. Thy part?—Pr'ythee! thou wert made of the rough Maſculine kind;—'tis betraying our Sex not to be ſikly, and tender.—All the Families I viſit, have ſomething deriv'd to 'em from the elegant nice State of Indispoſition; you ſee, even in the Men, a genteel (as it were) Stagger, or Twine of the Bodies; as if they were not yet confirm'd enough for the rough laborious Exerciſe of Walking, a lazy Saunter in their Motion, ſomething ſo Quality! and their Voices ſo ſoft and low, you'd think they were falling aſleep, they are ſo very delicate.

Sit. But methinks, Madam, it wou'd be better if the Men were not altogether ſo tender.

Lady D. Indeed, I have ſometimes wiſh'd the Creatures were not, but that the Niceneſs of their Frame ſo much diſtinguiſhes 'em from the Herd of common People: Nay, ev'n moſt of their Diſeaſes, you ſee, are not prophan'd by the Crowd: The *Apoplexy*, the *Gout*, and *Vapours*, are all peculiar to the Nobility.—Huh! huh! and I could almoſt wiſh, that *Colds* were only ours;—there's ſomething in 'em ſo genteel,——ſo agreeably diſordering—Huh! huh!

Sit. That, I hope, I ſhall never be fit for 'em—Your Ladyſhip forgot the *Spleen*.

Lady D. Oh!—my dear *Spleen*,——I grudge That ev'n to ſome of Us.

Sit. I knew an Ironmonger's Wife in this City that was mightily troubled with it.

Lady D.



40 *The DOUBLE GALLANT: Or,*

*Lady D.* Foh! What a Creature hast thou nam'd! An Ironmonger's Wife have the *Spleen*! Thou might'st as well have said, her Husband was a fine Gentleman; not but those Wretches give themselves the Air of following us in every thing; they dress, game, visit, hate their Husbands, keep Chaplains, and go on as far as simple Nature can: But then the Creatures are so fond of Noise, and Merry-making, that the Delicacy of the *Spleen* can't bear their Barbarity; and, therefore, never does 'em the Honour to visit 'em. I profess—I feel it, while I commend it——Give me something.

*Sit.* Will your Ladyship please to take any of the *Steel-Drops*? or the *Bolus*? or the *Electuary*? or——

*Lady D.* This Wench will smother me with Questions,—huh! huh! Bring any of 'em—These healthy Sluts are so boisterous, they split one's Brains: I fancy myself in an Inn, while she talks to me—I must have some decay'd Person of Quality about me: For the Commons of *England* are the strangest Creatures,——huh! huh!

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Mrs. *Sylvia*, Madam, is come to wait upon your Ladyship.

*Lady D.* Desire her to walk in;—let the Physic alone:—I'll take a little of her Company; she's mighty good for the *Spleen*.

*Enter Sylvia.*

*Syl.* Dear Lady Dainty!

*Lady D.* My good Creature, I'm over-joy'd to see you  
——Huh! huh!

*Syl.* I am sorry to see your Ladyship wrapt up thus; I was in hopes to have had your Company to the *Indian House*.

*Lady D.* If any thing could tempt me abroad, 'twou'd be that Place, and such agreeable Company: but how came you, dear *Sylvia*, to be reconcil'd to any thing in an *Indian House*?—You us'd to have a most barbarous inclination for our own odious Manufactures.

*Syl.*

*Syl.* Nay, Madam, I am only going to recruit my *Tea-Table*: As to the rest of their Trumpery, I am as much out of Humour with it as ever.

*Lady D.* How can a Woman of Taste, as you are, be pleas'd with any thing that's common? There is a peculiar Air in every thing that's foreign.

*Syl.* I fancy your Ladyship hates your own Country, as some Women do their Husbands, only for being too near 'em.

*Lady D.* And is not that a very good Reason? For don't you find, it holds from most Husbands to their Wives too: I hate any thing that's to be had like a Pound of Sugar at every Grocer's: I am ready to swoon at the fulsom Shops upon *Ludgate-hill*; and wou'd no more have my Equipage in an *English* Dress, than of an *English* Birth or Education.

*Syl.* Now, I think, our own Habits and Servants are as proper and useful as any.

*Lady D.* Useful! O deplorable! What a Trade's-man's Reason, my Dear, do you give? How insipid wou'd Life be, if we had nothing about us but what was necessary? Can you suppose so many Women of Quality wou'd run mad after Monkeys, Squirrels, Parroquets; *Dutch* Dogs, and Eunuchs, but that they are of no manner of use in the World!

*Syl.* Now for that Reason, I like none of 'em all.

*Lady D.* How! Why, are not you struck with the Magnificence of a foreign Equipage? as *Swiss* Porters, *French* Cooks and Footmen, *Italian* Singers, *Turkish* Coach-men, and *Indian* Pages?

*Syl.* Very Geographical indeed?

*Lady D.* Does not my Lord *Outside's* touch you?

*Syl.* It did surprise me at first, I own: For his frightful *Blackmoor* Coach-man, with his flat Nose, and great Silver Collar, made me fancy they had dress'd up a *Dutch* Mastiff, and I expected every Minute to hear him bark at his Horses.

*Lady D.* Well, thou art a pleasant Creature, thy Distaste is so diverting.

*Syl.*

*Syl.* And your Ladyship is so expensive, that really I am not able to come into it.

*Lady D.* Now it is to me prodigious! how some Women can muddle away their Money upon Housewifery, Children, Books, and Charities, when there are so many well-bred Ways, and foreign Curiosities, that more elegantly require it—I have every Morning the Rarities of all Countries brought to me, and am in love with every new thing I see—Are the People come yet, *Situp*?

*Sit.* They have been below, Madam, this half Hour.

*Lady D.* Dispose 'em in the Parlour, and we'll be there presently. [Exit *Sit.*

*Syl.* How can your Ladyship take such pleasure in being cheated with the Bawbles of other Countries?

*Lady D.* Thou art a very Infidel to all Finery.

*Syl.* And you are a very Bigot——

*Lady D.* A Person of all Reason, and no Complaisance.

*Syl.* And your Ladyship all Complaisance, and no Reason.

*Lady D.* Follow me, and be converted. [Exit.

*Re enter Situp, a Woman with China Ware; an Indian Man with Screens, Tea, &c. a Birdman with a Paroquet, Monkey, &c.*

*Sit.* Come! come into this Room.

*Chin. W.* I hope your Ladyship's Lady won't be long coming.

*Sit.* I don't care if she never comes to you.—It seems you trade with the Ladies for old Cloaths, and give 'em *China* for their Gowns and Petticoats I'm like to have a fine time on't with such Cleatures as you indeed.

*Chi.* Alas! Madam, I'm but a poor Woman, and am forc'd to do any thing to live: Will your Ladyship be pleas'd to accept of a Piece of *China*?

*Sit.* Puh! no;—I don't care.—Tho' I must needs say, you look like an honest Woman. [Looks on it.

*Chi.* Thank you, good Madam.

*Sit.*



*Sit.* Our Places are like to come to a fine pass indeed, if our Ladies must buy their *China* with our Perquisites: At this rate, my Lady sha'n't have an old Fan, or a Glove; but——

*Chi.* Pray, Madam, take it.

*Sit.* No, not I; I won't have it, especially without a Saucer to't. Here, take it again.

*Chi.* Indeed you shall accept of it.

*Sit.* Not I, truly——Come, give it me, give it me; here's my Lady.

*Enter Lady Dainty and Sylvia.*

*Lady D.* Well, my Dear, is not this a pretty Sight now?

*Syl.* It's better than so many Doctors and Apothecaries, indeed.

*Lady D.* All Trades must live you know; and those no more than these could subsist, if the World were all wise, or healthy.

*Syl.* I'm afraid our real Diseases are but few to our imaginary, and Doctors get more by the Sound than the Sickly.

*Lady D.* My Dear, you're allow'd to say any thing—but now I must talk with the People.——Have you got any thing new there?

*Chi.*

*Ind.*

*Arm.*

*Bird.*

} Yes, an't please your Ladyship.

*Lady D.* One at once.——

*Bird.* I have brought your Ladyship the finest Monkey——

*Syl.* What a filthy thing it is!

*Lady D.* I now think he looks very humourous and agreeable—I vow in a white Periwig he might do Mischief; cou'd he but talk, and take Snuff, there's ne'er a Fop in Town wou'd go beyond him.

*Syl.* Most Fops would go farther if they did not speak; but talking, indeed, makes 'em very often worse Company than Monkeys.

*Lady D.* Thou pretty little Picture of Man——how very *Indian* he looks! I cou'd kiss the dear Creature.

*Syl.*

44 *The DOUBLE GALLANT: Or,*

*Syl.* Ah! don't touch him, he'll bite

*Bird.* No, Madam, he is the tameſt you ever ſaw, and the leaſt miſchievous.

*Lady D.* Then take him away, I won't have him, for Miſchief is the Wit of a Monkey, and I wou'd not give a Farthing for one that wou'd not break me three or four Pounds worth of China in a Morning. O! I am in love with theſe *Indian Figures*—do but obſerve what an innocent natural Simplicity there is in all the Actions of 'em.

*Chi.* Theſe are Pagods, Madam, that the *Indians* worſhip.

*Lady D.* So far I am an *Indian*.

*Syl.* Now to me they are all Monſters.

*Lady D.* Profane Creature—I wou'd fain buy ſomething of the *Armenians*; but Amber Necklaces are ſuch odd Things; they are the only People that come ſo far, and bring no Rarities with 'em——Oh! Here *Situp* ſhall wear one.

*Sit.* Lord! Dear Madam, I ſhall make ſuch a Figure, People will think I am going to dine with my Lady Mayoreſs.

*Chi.* Is your Ladyſhip for a Piece of right *Flanders* Lace?

*Lady D.* Um——no, I don't care for it now it is not prohibited.

*Ind.* Will your Ladyſhip be pleas'd to have a Pound of fine Tea?

*Lady D.* What filthy odious *Bohea*, I ſuppoſe.

*Ind.* No, Madam, right *Kappakawawa*.

*Lady D.* Well, there's ſomething in the very Sound of that Name, that makes it irrefiſtible——What is't a Pound?

*Ind.* But ſix Guineas, Madam.

*Lady D.* How infinitely cheap! I'll buy it all. *Situp* take the Man in and pay him, and let the reſt call again To-morrow.

*Omnes.* Bleſs your Ladyſhip.

[*Exeunt Chi. Ind. Arm. and Bird.*]

*Lady D.* Lord! how feveriſh I am——the leaſt Motion does ſo diſorder me——do but feel me.

*Syl.*

*The SICK LADY'S Cure.* 45

*Syl.* No really, I think you are in very good Temper.  
*Lady D.* Burning indeed, Child.

*Enter* Servant, Doctor and Apothecary.

*Serv.* Madam, here's *Doctor Bolus* and the *Apothecary*.

*Lady D.* Oh! Doctor, I'm glad you're come, one is not sure of a Moment's Life without you.

*Dr.* How did your Ladyship rest, Madam?

[*Feels her Pulse.*]

*Lady D.* Never worse, indeed Doctor: I once fell into a little slumber indeed, but then was disturb'd by the most odious frightful Dream: I dreamt there was an impudent Fellow that came into my Chamber with his Sword drawn, and swore he would marry me whether I wou'd or no; and so methought I flew out of the Room, and the horrid Creature pursu'd me to a vast great thorny Wood, and the Briars did so stick in my Cloaths, and I pull'd and was so out of Breath; and then methought upon a sudden he chang'd into a great roaring mad Bull, and then methought I ran, and ran, and ran, and my Legs did so ach, that if the Fright had not waken'd me, I had certainly perish'd in my Sleep with the Apprehension.

*Dr.* A certain Sign of a disorder'd Brain, Madam, but I'll order something that shall compose your Ladyship.

*Lady D.* Mr. *Rhubarb*, I must quarrel with you—you don't disguise your Medicines enough, they taste all Physic; in a little time you'll bring me to take plain Jallap. Huh! huh!

*Rhub.* To alter it more might offend the Operation, Madam.

*Lady D.* I don't care what is offended, so my taste is not.

*Dr.* Hark you, Mr. *Rhubarb*, withdraw the Medicine rather than not make it pleasant; I'll find a Reason for the want of its Operation.

*Rhub.* But, Sir, if we don't look about us she'll grow well upon our Hands.

*Dr.*



46 *The DOUBLE GALLANT: Or,*

*Dr.* Never fear that, she's too much a Woman of Quality to dare to be well without her Doctor's Opinion.

*Rhub.* Sir, we have drain'd the whole Catalogue of Diseases already, there is not another left to put in her Head.

*Dr.* Then I'll make her go 'em over again.

*Enter Careless.*

*Care.* So! here's the old Levee! *Doctor* and *Apothecary* in close Consultation: Now will I demolish the Quack and his Medicines before her Face——*Mr. Rhubarb*, your Servant, pray what have you got in your Hand there?

*Rhu.* Only a Julep and composing Draught for my Lady, Sir.

*Care.* Have you so, Sir——pray let me see——I'll prescribe to day——*Doctor* you may go——the Lady shall take no Physic at present but me.

*Dr.* Sir——

*Care.* Nay, if you won't believe me——

[*Breaks the Phial.*

*Lady D.* Ah!——— [Frighted and leaning upon Syl].

*Dr.* Come away, *Mr. Rhubarb*——he'll certainly put her out of Order, and then she'll send for us again.

[*Ex. Doctor and Apoth.*

*Care.* You see, Madam, what Pains I take to come into your Favour.

*Lady D.* You take a very preposterous Way I can tell you, Sir.

*Care.* I can't tell how I succeed, but I am sure I endeavour right, for I study every Morning new Impertinence to entertain you; for since I find nothing but Dogs, Doctors and Monkeys are your Favourites, it's very hard if your Ladyship won't admit me as one of the Number.

*Lady D.* When I find you of an equal Merit with my Monkey, you shall be in the same State of Favour: I confess, as a Proof of your Wit, you have done me as  
much

much Mischief here : But you have not half Pug's Judgment, nor his Spirit ; for that Creature will do a World of pleasant Things, without caring whether one likes 'em or not.

*Care.* Why truly, Madam, the little Gentleman my Rival, I believe is much in the right on't ; and if you observe, I have taken as much Pains of late to disoblige, as to please you.

*Lady D.* You succeed better in one than t'other, I can tell you, Sir.

*Care.* I am glad on't—for if you had not me now and then to plague you, what wou'd you do for a Pre- tence to be chagreen, to faint, have the Spleen, the Vapours, and all those modish Disorders that so nicely distinguish a Woman of Quality ?

*Lady D.* I am perfectly confounded ! Certainly there are some People too impudent for our Resentment.

*Care.* Modesty's a starving Virtue, Madam, an old threadbare Fashion of the last Age, and wou'd fit as oddly upon a Lover now as a picked Beard and Mustachoes.

*Lady D.* Most astonishing !

*Care.* I have try'd fighting and looking silly a great while, but 'twou'd not do—nay, had you had as little Wit as Good-nature, shou'd have proceeded to dance and sing—Tell me but how, what Face or Form can wor- ship you, and behold your Votary.

*Lady D.* Not, Sir, as the *Persians* do the Sun, with your Face towards me : The best Proof you can give me of your horrid Devotion, is never to see me more. Come, my Dear.

[*Ex. with Sylvia.*]

*Syl.* I'm amaz'd so much Assurance shou'd not suc- ceed.

[*Exit.*]

*Care.* All this shan't make me out of love with my Virtue—Impudence has ever been a successful Quality—and 'twou'd be hard indeed if I shou'd be the first that did not thrive by it.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE,

48 *The DOUBLE GALLANT: Or,*

SCENE, Clerimont's Lodgings.

*Enter Atall, and Finder his Man.*

*At.* You are sure you know the House again?

*Fin.* Ah! as well as I do the Upper Gallery, Sir: 'Tis Sir Solomon Sadlife's, at the two Glass Lanthorns, within three Doors of my Lord Duke's

*At.* Very well, Sir, then take this Letter, enquire for my Lady Sadlife's Woman, and stay for an Answer.

*Fin.* Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*At.* Well, I find 'tis as ridiculous, to propose Pleasure in Love without Variety of Mistresses, as to pretend to be a keen Sportsman without a good Stable of Horses: We may talk what we will, but I say we love as we hunt, for Pleasure; and he's likeliest to see most of the Sport I'm sure that has a good led Nag in the Field: How this Lady may prove I can't tell, but if she is not a Deedy Tit at the Bottom, I'm no Jockey.

*Re-enter Finder.*

*Fin.* Sir, here are two Letters for you.

*At.* Who brought 'em?

*Fin.* A Couple of Footmen, and they both desire an Answer.

*At.* Bid 'em stay, and do you make haste where I order'd you.

*Fin.* Yes, Sir.

[*Exit.*

*At.* To Col. Standfast—that's Clarinda's Hand——  
To Mr. Freeman——that must be my Incognita. Ah! I have most mind to open this first: But if 't'other malicious Creature shou'd have perverted her growing Inclinations to me, 'twou'd put my whole Frame in a Trembling. Hold, I'll guess my Fate by Degrees—this may give me a Glimpse of it. [*Reads Clar. Letter.*] Um—um—um—ha! to meet her at my Lady Sadlife's at Seven o'Clock to-night, and takes no manner of Notice of my late disowning



owning myself to her——something's at the Bottom of all this——now to solve the Riddle. [*Reads t'other Letter.*] My Cousin Clarinda has told some Things of you that very much alarm me; but I am willing to suspend my Belief of them 'till I see you, which I desire may be at my Lady Sadlife's at Seven this Evening.

The Devil! the same Place!

*As you value the real Friendship of your Incognita.*

So now the Riddle's out, the Rival Queens are fairly come to a Reference, and one or both of 'em I must lose, that's positive!——Hard!

*Euter Clerimont.*

Hard Fortune! Now poor Impudence what will become of thee? O *Clerimont*! such a Complication of Adventures since I saw thee, such sweet Hopes, Fears and unaccountable Difficulties, sure never poor Dog was surrounded with.

*Cler.* O! you are an industrious Person, you'll get over 'em. But pray let's hear.

*At.* To begin then in the Climax of my Misfortunes: in the first Place, the private Lodgings that my *Incognita* appointed to receive me in, prove to be the very individual Habitation of my other Mistress, whom (to compleat the Blunder of my ill Luck) she civilly introduced in Person to recommend me to her better Acquaintance.

*Cler.* Ha! ha! Death! how cou'd you stand 'em both together?

*At.* The old Way——Buff——I stuck like a Burr to my Name of *Freeman*, address'd my *Incognita* before the other's Face, and with a most unmov'd good Breeding, harmlessly faced her down I had never seen her in my Life before.

*Cler.* The prettiest Modesty I ever heard of. Well, but how did they discover you at last?

*At.* Why faith, the Matter's yet in Suspense, and I find by both their Letters that they don't yet well know what to think; (but to go on with my Luck) you must know

they have since both appointed me, by several Names, to meet 'em at one and the same Place at Seven o'Clock this Evening.

*Cler.* Ah!

*At.* And lastly to crown my Fortune, (as if the Devil himself most triumphantly rode a straddle upon my Ruin) the fatal Place of their Appointment happens to be the very House of a third Lady, with whom I made an Acquaintance since Morning, and had just before sent Word I wou'd visit near the same Hour this Evening.

*Cler.* O! Murder! Poor *Atall*! thou art really fallen under the last Degree of Compassion.

*At.* And yet, with a little of thy Assistance, in the middle of their small Shot, I don't still despair of holding my Head above Water.

*Cler.* You must think me barbarous indeed, if in such Distress I shou'd not throw out a Rope to save you——not that I can imagine what you propose; for I dare swear thou dost not design to marry any one of 'em.

*At.* Shou'd my *Incognita's* Birth prove equal to her Beauty, I tremble to tell thee what might become of me.

*Cler.* Why then you had as good quit her Friend, now.

*At.* No, no, that is not safe neither——and if I don't keep in with her, Intimacy will certainly give her Opportunities of spoiling my Market with her Rival.

*Cler.* Death! but you can't meet 'em both, you must lose one of 'em, unless you can split yourself.

*At.* Pr'ythee don't suspect my Courage or my Modesty, for I'm resolv'd to go on, if you will stand by me.

*Cler.* Faith, my very Curiosity would make me do that——but what can I do?

*At.* You must appear for me upon Occasion in Person.

*Cler.* With all my Heart——What else?

*At.* I shall want a Queen's Messenger in my Interest, or rather one that can personate one.

*Cler.* That's easily found——but what to do?

*At.* Come along, and I'll tell you——for first I must answer their Letters.

*Cler.* Thou art an Original, faith.

[*Exeunt.*  
*The*

The SCENE changes to Sir Solomon's.

*Enter Sir Solomon leading Lady Sadlife; and Withwell her Woman.*

Sir Sol. There, Madam, let me have no more of these Airings——no Good, I'm sure, can keep a Woman five or six Hours abroad in a Morning.

Lady Sad. You deny me all the innocent Freedoms of Life.

Sir Sol. Hah! you have the modish Cant of this End of the Town, I see: Intriguing, Gaming, Gadding, and Party-Quarries with a Pox to 'em, are innocent Freedoms, forsooth.

Lady Sad. I don't know what you mean, I'm sure I have not one Acquaintance in the World that does an ill Thing.

Sir Sol. They must be better look'd after than your Ladyship then; but I'll mend my Hand as fast as I can: Do you look to your Reputation henceforward, and I'll take care of your Person.

Lady Sad. You wrong my Virtue with these unjust Suspitions.

Sir Sol. Ay, it's no Matter for that; better I wrong it than you. I'll secure my Doors for this Day at least. [*Ex.*]

Lady Sad. O! Withwell! what shall I do?

With. What's the Matter, Madam?

Lady Sad. I expect a Letter from a Gentleman every Minute, and if it shou'd fall into Sir Solomon's Hands, I'm Ruin'd past Redemption.

With. He won't suspect it, Madam, sure, if they are directed to me, as they used to be.

Lady Sad. But his Jealousy's grown so violent of late, there's no trusting to it now; if he meets it I shall be lock'd up for ever.

With. O dear, Madam! I vow your Ladyship frights me——Why, he'll kill me for keeping Counsel.

Lady Sad. Run to the Window, quick, and watch the Messenger. [*Exit With.*] Ah! there's my Ruin near.——I feel it——[*A knocking at the Door.*] What shall I



do?—Be very insolent, or very humble, and cry. I have known some Women, upon these Occasions, out-strut their Husband's Jealousy, and make 'em ask Pardon for finding 'em out—O Lud! here he comes—I can't do't, my Courage fails me—I must ev'n stick to my Handkerchief, and trust to Nature.

*Re-enter Sir Solomon, taking a Letter from Finder.*

*Sir Sol.* Sir, I shall make bold to read this Letter; and if you have a mind to save your Bones, there's your Way out.

*Find.* O terrible! I shan't have a whole one in my Skin when I come home to my Master—[*Exit Finder.*

*Lady Sad.* [*Afide.*] I'm lost for ever.

*Sir Sol.* [*Reads.*] "Pardon, most Divine Creature,  
"the Impatience of my Heart;  
Very well! these are her innocent Freedoms! ah!  
Cockatrice! "which languishes for an Oppor-  
"tunity to convince you of its Sin-  
"cerity—"

O the tender—Son of a Whore!

"which nothing cou'd relieve but  
"the sweet hope of seeing you this  
"Evening.

Poor Lady! whose Virtue I have wrong'd with unjust Suspicions!

*Lady Sad.* I'm ready to sink with Apprehension!

*Sir Sol.* ——— "To-night, at Seven, expect your  
"dying Strepson.

Die, and be damn'd; for I'll remove your Comforter, by cutting her Throat—I cou'd find in my Heart to ram his impudent Letter into her Windpipe—  
——Ha! what's this!

"To Mrs. Wisbwell, my Lady  
"Sadlife's Woman.

Ad, I'm glad of it with all my Heart———What a happy Thing 'tis to have one's Jealousy disappointed!  
——Now have I been cursing my poor Wife for the  
mistaken

mistaken Wickedness of that Trollop——'Tis well I kept my Thoughts to myself: For the Virtue of a Wife, when wrongfully accus'd, is most unmercifully insolent——Come, I'll do a great Thing——I'll kiss her, and make her amends——What's the Matter, my Dear? Has any Thing frighted you?

Lady Sad. Nothing but your hard Usage.

Sir Sol. Come! come! dry thy Tears, it shall be so no more——But, hark ye! I have made a Discovery here——Your *Wish-well* I'm afraid is a Slut——She has an Intrigue.

Lady Sad. An Intrigue! Heavens, in our Family!

Sir Sol. Read there——I wish she be honest——

Lady Sad. How!——if there be the least Ground to think it, Sir *Solomon*, positively she shan't stay a Minute in the House——Impudent Creature——have an Affair with a Man!

Sir Sol. But hold, my Dear——don't let your Virtue censure too severely neither.

Lady Sad. I shudder at the Thoughts of her.

Sir Sol. Patience, I say, how do we know but his Courtship may be honourable?

Lady Sad. That, indeed, requires some Pause.

*Wish.*——[*Peeping in.*] So! all's safe I see——He thinks the Letter's to me——O good Madam——that Letter was to me the Fellow says——I wonder, Sir, how you cou'd serve one so; if my Sweet-heart shou'd hear you had open'd it, I know he wou'd not have me; so he wou'd not.

Sir Sol. Never fear that, for if he is in love with you, he's too much a Fool to value being laugh'd at.

Lady Sad. If it be yours, here take your Stuff; and next time bid him take better Care, than to send his Letters so publickly,

*Wish.* Yes, Madam; but now your Ladyship has read it, I'd feign beg the Honour of Sir *Solomon* to answer it for me; for I can't write.

Lady Sad. Not write!

Sir Sol. Nay, he thinks she's above that I suppose;

for he calls her divine Creature—A pretty Piece of Divinity truly—But come, my Dear—Egad, we'll answer it for her. Here's Paper—you shall do it.

Lady Sad. I, Sir Solomon! Lard, I won't write to Fellows, not I—I hope he won't take me at my Word. [*Aside.*]

Sir Sol. Nay, you shall do it—come, 'twill get her a good Husband.

Wifb. Ay! Pray, good Madam, do—

Sir Sol. Ah! how eager the Jade is!—

Lady Sad. I can't tell how to write to any body but you, my Dear.

Sir Sol. Well! well! I'll dictate then—Come, begin—

Lady Sad. Lard! this is the oddest Fancy!

[*Sits to write.*]

Sir Sol. Come! come! Dear Sir; (for we'll be as loving as he for his Ears.)

Wifb. No, pray, Madam, begin Dear Honey, or My dearest Angel.

Lady Sad. Out! you Fool! you must not be so fond—Dear Sir is very well. [*Writes.*]

Sir Sol. Ay! ay! so 'tis; but these young Fillies are for setting out at the Top of their Speed—But pr'ythee, Wifbwell, what is thy Lover? for the Style of his Letter may serve for a Countess.

Wifb. Sir, he's but a Butler at present; but he's a good Schollard, as you may see by his Hand-writing; and in time may come to be a Steward; and then we shan't be long without a Coach, Sir.

Lady Sad. Dear Sir—what must I write next?

Sir Sol. Why— [*Musing.*]

Wifb. Hoping you are in good Health, as I am at this present Writing.

Sir Sol. You Puppy, he'll laugh at you.

Wifb. I'm sure my Mother us'd to begin all her Letters so.

Sir Sol. And thou art every Inch of thee her own Daughter, that I'll say for thee.

Lady Sad. Come, I have done't [*Reads.*] “ Dear Sir, she must have very little Merit that is insensible of yours.”

Sir



Sir Sol. Very well, 'faith! write all yourself.

Wish. Ay! good Madam, do; that's better than mine.

——But pray, dear Madam, let it end with, *So I rest your dearest loving Friend, 'till Death us do part.*

Lady Sad. [*Aside.*] This absurd Slut will make me laugh out.

Sir Sol. But heark you, Hussy; suppose now you shou'd be a little scornful and insolent to shew your Breeding, and a little ill-natur'd in it to shew your Wit.

Wish. Ay, Sir! that is, if I design'd him for my Gallant: But since he is to be but my Husband, I must be very good-natur'd and civil before I have him; and huff him, and shew my Wit after.

Sir Sol. Here's a Jade for you! [*Aside.*] But why must you huff your Husband, Hussy?

Wish. O Sir! that's to give him a good Opinion of my Virtue; for you know, Sir, a Husband can't think one cou'd be so very domineering, if one were not very honest.

Sir Sol. 'Sbud! this Fool on my Conscience, speaks the Sense of the whole Sex. [*Aside.*]

Wish. Then, Sir, I have been told, that a Husband loves one the better, the more one hectors him, as a Spaniel does the more one beats him.

Sir Sol. Hah! thy Husband will have a blessed Time on't.

Lady Sad. So! I have done.

Wish. O pray, Madam, read it.

Lady Sad. [*Reads.*] "Dear Sir——She must have very  
" little Merit that is insensible of yours; and while  
" you continue to love, and tell me so, expect what-  
" ever you can hope from so much Wit, and such  
" unfeign'd Sincerity——At the Hour you mention,  
" you will be truly welcome to your passionate——

Wish. Oh! Madam! it is not half kind enough; pray put in some more Dears.

Sir Sol. Ay! ay! sweeten it well——let it be all Syrup——with a Pox to her.

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*Wish.* Every line shou'd have a dear sweet Sir in it; so it shou'd——He'll think I don't love him else.

*Sir Sol.* Poor Moppet!—

*Lady Sad.* No! no! 'tis better now——Well, what must be at the Bottom to answer *Strephon*?

*Sir Sol.* Pray let her divine Ladyship sign——*Abigail.*

*Wish.* No; pray, Madam, put down *Lispamintha.*

*Sir Sol.* *Lispamintha!*

*Lady Sad.* No, come——I'll write *Cælia.* Here, go in and seal it.

*Sir Sol.* Ay, come! I'll lend you a Wafer, that he may'nt wait for your Divinityship.

*Wish.* Pshah! you always flout one so.

[*Exe. Sir Sol. and Wish.*

*Lady Sad.* So! this is luckily over——Well! I see a Woman shou'd never be discourag'd from coming off at the greatest Plunge: For tho' I was half dead with the Fright, yet now I'm a little recovered, I find——

*That Apprehension does the Bliss endear;*

*The real Danger's nothing to the Fear.*

[*Exit.*



ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Sir Solomon's.*

*Enter Lady Sadlife, Atall, and Wishwell with Lights.*

*Lady Sad.* **T**HIS Room, I think, is pleasanter ; if you please, we'll sit here, Sir—*Wishwell!* Shut the Door, and take the Key o'th' inside, and set Chairs.

*Wish.* Yes, Madam.

*Lady Sad.* Lard ! Sir, what a strange Opinion you must have of me, for receiving your Visits upon so slender an Acquaintance.

*At.* I have a much stranger Opinion, Madam, of your ordering your Servant to lock herself in with us.

*Lady Sad.* O ! you would not have us wait upon ourselves.

*At.* Really, Madam, I can't conceive that two Lovers alone have much Occasion for Attendance. [*They sit.*]

*Lady Sad.* Lovers ! Lard ! how you talk ! Can't People converse without that Stuff !

*At.* Um !—yes, Madam, People may ; but without a little of that Stuff, Conversation is generally very apt to be insipid.

*Lady Sad.* Pooh ! why, we can say any thing without her hearing, you see.

*At.* Ay ! but if we should talk ourselves up to an Occasion of being without her, it wou'd look worse to send her out, than to have let her wait without when she was out.

*Lady Sad.* You are pretty hard to please, I find, Sir : some Men, I believe, wou'd think themselves well us'd, in so free a Reception as yours.

*At.* Hah ! I see, this is like to come to nothing this Time ; so I'll e'en put her out of Humour, that I may



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get off in Time to my *Incognita*. [*Aside.*] Really, Madam, I can never think myself free, where my Hand and my Tongue are ty'd. [*Pointing to Withwell.*]

*Lady Sad.* Your Conversation, I find, is very different from what it was, Sir.

*At.* With Submission, Madam, I think it very proper for the Place we are in. If you had sent for me, only to sip Tea, to sit still, and be civil, with my Hat under my Arm, like a strange Relation from *Ireland*, or so, why was I brought hither with so much Caution and Privacy?

*Lady Sad.* Suppose I had a favourable Thought of you; does that give you a Title to treat me as if it was not in my power to refuse you any Thing?

*At.* Come, Madam, I'll be plain with you—I wou'd not have you to think me ignorant of all the tenderest Forms that ought to approach a Lady's Favours; but when a Woman breaks the seeming Promise of her Eyes, with me she loses all Pretence to 'em. (Your Woman's being with us is ridiculous;) I had a Lover's honest Reason, to expect you hear alone; but she that thinks to make me dance Attendance to her Pride, to sit at a distance, and tamely talk myself to a submissive Flame for her; while she with Eyes insensible receives it, and e'en swells her sated Vanity, to a despising of her easy Conquest, before she enjoys it; let me tell you, Madam, in very concise Terms, that Woman—is most consumedly mistaken.

*Lady Sad.* You have a very odd way of treating People; you Men are the strangest Creatures! Is there no such Thing as Patience in your Composition?

*At.* O yes, Madam, abundance; for if you please but to order Mademoiselle to get the Tea ready, to boil it a great while, and stay 'till it's done, you shall find I can yet change the Air of my Approaches.

*Lady Sad.* I don't know how to make her do any such Thing, not I, Lard! She knows, I have had Tea just now.

*At.* I have not; and so your humble Servant, Madam.

*Lady Sad.* Hold!

*At.* Really, Madam, my Stomach won't stay; and if

if your Ladyship's Tea is not ready, I must beg leave to take a Dish at the Coffee-house.

[*As he is going, Sir Solomon knocks at the Door.*]

*Wish.* O Heav'ns! my Master, Madam.

*Sir Sol.* Open the Door, there, (within.)

*Lady Sad.* What shall we do?

*At.* Nothing now, I'm sure.

*Lady Sad.* Open the Door, and say, the Gentleman came to you.

*Wish.* O lud! Madam, I shall never be able to manage it at so short a Warning—We had better shut the Gentleman into the Closet, and say, he came to no body at all.

*Lady Sad.* In! in then, for Mercy's sake, quickly, Sir!

*At.* Soh; this is like to be a very pretty Business! Oh! Success! and Impudence! thou hast quite forsaken me.

[*Enters the Closet.*]

*Wish.* Do you step into your Bed-Chamber, Madam, and leave my Master to me. [Exit Lady Sadlife.]

[*Wishwell opens the Door, &c.*]

*Enter Sir Solomon.*

*Sir Sol.* What's the Reason, Mistress, I am to be lock'd out of my Wife's Apartment?

*Wish.* Sir, my Lady was washing her——her——Neck, Sir, and I cou'd not come any sooner.

*Sir Sol.* I'm sure I heard a Man's Voice. [*Aside.*] Bid your Lady come hither.—He must be hereabouts; 'tis so! all's out, all's over now: The Devil has done his worst, and I am a Cuckold in spite of my Wisdom. 'Sbud! now an *Italian* would poison his Wife for this, a *Spaniard* would stab her, and a *Turk* would cut off her Head with a Scimitar; but a poor Dog of an *English* Cuckold now, can only squabble and call Names.—Hold! here she comes.—I must smother my Jealousy that her Guilt mayn't be upon its Guard.

*Enter Lady Sadlife, and Wishwell.*

*Sir Sol.* My Dear! how do you do? Come hither, and kiss me.

Lady

*Lady Sad.* I did not expect you home so soon, my Dear.

*Sir Sol.* Poor Rogue——I don't believe you did——with a Pox to you. [*Afide.*] *Wishwell*, go down, I have Business with your Lady.

*Wish.* Yes, Sir——but I'll watch you: For I'm afraid this Good-humour has Mischief at the Bottom of it—— [*Retires.*]

*Lady Sad.* I scarce know whether he's jealous, or not.

*Sir Sol.* Now dare not I go near that Closet door, lest the murderous Dog should poke a Hole in my Guts thro' the Key-hole.——Um—I have an old Thought in my Head—ay! and that will discover the whole bottom of her Affair—'Tis better to seem not to know one's Dishonour, when one has not Courage enough to revenge it.

*Lady Sad.* I don't like his Looks, methinks.

*Sir Sol.* Odsso! what have I forgot now—Pry'thee, my Dear, step into my Study, (for I am so weary!) and in the uppermost Parcel of Letters, you'll find one that I receiv'd from *Yorksire* to-day, in the Scrutore; bring it down, and some Paper; I will answer it while I think on't.

*Lady Sad.* If you please to lend me your Key—but had not you better write in your Study, my Dear?

*Sir Sol.* No! no! I tell you, I'm so tir'd, I am not able to walk.—There! make haste.

*Lady Sad.* Wou'd all were well over. [*Exit Lady Sad.*]

*Sir Sol.* 'Tis so by her Eagerness to be rid of me. Well, since I find I dare not behave myself like a Man of Honour in this Business, I'll at least act like a Person of Prudence, and Penetration: For say, I shou'd clap a Brace of Slugs now in the very Bowels of this Rascal, it may hang me; but if it does not, it can't divorce me:——no, I'll e'en put out the Candles, and in a soft, gentle Whore's Voice, desire the Gentleman to walk about his Business; and if I can get him out before my Wife returns, I'll fairly post myself in his room; and so, when she comes to set him at liberty, in the dark, I'll humour the Cheat, 'till I draw her into some casual Confession of  
the



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the Fact; and then this injur'd Front shall bounce upon her, like a Thunderbolt. *[Puts out the Candle.]*

*Wife.* *[Behind.]* Say you so, Sir? I'll take care my Lady shall be provided for you. *Exit.*

*Sir Sol.* Hift! Hift! Sir! Sir!

*Enter Atall from the Closet.*

*At.* Is all clear? may I venture, Madam?

*Sir Sol.* Ay! ay! quick! quick!! make haste before *Sir Solomon* returns. A strait-back'd Dog, I warrant him. *[Aside.]* But when shall I see you again?

*At.* Whenever you'll promise me to make a better use of an Opportunity.

*Sir Sol.* Ha! then 'tis possible he mayn't yet have put the finishing Stroke to me.

*At.* Is this the Door?

*Sir Sol.* Ay! ay! away! *[Exit Atall.]* Soh! now the Danger of being murder'd is over; I find, my Courage returns: And if I catch my Wife but inclining to be no better than she shou'd be, I'm not sure that Blood wo'n't be the Consequence.

*[He goes into the Closet, and Withwell enters.]*

*Wife.* Soh! my Lady has her Cue; and, if my wife Master can give her no better Proofs of his Penetration than this, she'd be a greater Fool than he, if she shou'd not do what she has a mind to. Sir! Sir! Come! you may come out now. *Sir Solomon's* gone.

*Enter Sir Solomon from the Closet.*

*Sir Sol.* So! now for a soft Speech, to set her impudent Blood in a Ferment, and then let it out with my Penknife. *[Aside.]* Come, dear Creature, now let's make the kindest use of our Opportunity.

*Wife.* Not for the World! if *Sir Solomon* shou'd come again, I shou'd be ruin'd——Pray be gone——I'll send to you to-morrow.

*Sir Sol.* Nay, now you love me not——You would not let me part else thus unsatisfied.

*Wife.*

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*Wish.* Now you're unkind. You know I love you, or I should not run such Hazards for you.

*Sir Sol.* Fond Whore! [*Aside.*] But I'm afraid you love *Sir Solomon*, and lay up all your Tenderness for him.

*Wish.* O ridiculous! How can so sad a Wretch give you the least uneasy Thought! I loath the very Sight of him.

*Sir Sol.* Damn'd infernal Strumpet—I can bear no longer—Lights! Lights! within there. [*Seizes her.*

*Wish.* Ah! [*Shrieks.*] Who's this, help! Murder!

*Sir Sol.* No, Traytress, don't think to 'scape me; for now I've trapp'd thee in thy Guilt, I cou'd find in my heart to have thee flea'd alive, thy skin stuff'd, and hung up in the middle of *Guild-hall*, as a terrible Consequence of Cuckoldom to the whole City—Lights there!

*Enter Lady Sadlife with a Light.*

*Lady Sad.* O Heav'ns! what's the matter!

[*Sir Solomon looks astonish'd.*

Ha! what do I see! my Servant on the Floor, and *Sir Solomon* offering Rudeness to her! O! I can't bear it! oh!

[*Falls into a Chair.*

*Sir Sol.* What has the Devil been doing here?

*Lady Sad.* This the Reward of all my Virtue! O Revenge! Revenge!

*Sir Sol.* My Dear! my good Virtuous injur'd Dear, be patient; for here has been such wicked Doings.—

*Lady Sad.* O Torture! do you own it too! 'tis well my Love protects you—but for this Wretch! this Monster! this Sword shall do me Justice on her.

[*Runs at Wishwell with Sir Solomon's Sword.*

*Sir Sol.* O hold! my poor mistaken Dear!—This horrid Jade, the Gods can tell, is innocent for me; but she has had, it seems, a strong Dog in the Closet here: which I suspecting, put myself into his Place, and had almost trapp'd her in the very Impudence of her Iniquity.

*Lady Sad.* How!—I'm glad to find he dares not own 'twas his Jealousy of me——

[*Aside.*

*Wish.* [*Kneeling.*] Dear Madam, I hope your Ladyship will pardon the Liberty I took in your Absence, in bringing my Lover into your Ladyship's Chamber; but I did not think

think you wou'd come home from Prayers so soon, and so I was forc'd to hide him in that Closet: but my Master suspecting the Business, it seems, turn'd him out unknown to me, and then put himself there, and so had a mind to discover whether there was any Harm between us ; and so because he fancy'd I had been naught with him.—

Sir Sol. Ay, my Dear ; and the Jade was so confoundedly fond of me, that I grew out of all Patience, and fell upon her like a Fury.

Lady Sad. Horrid Creature, and does she think to stay a Minute in the Family, after such Impudence !

Sir Sol. Hold, my Dear—for if this should be the Man that is to marry her—you know there may be no Harm done yet.

Wish. Yes, it was he indeed, Madam.

Sir Sol. [*Afide.*] I must not let the Jade be turn'd away, for fear she should put it in my Wife's Head, that I hid myself to discover her Ladyship, and then the Devil wou'd not be able to live in the House with her.

Wish. Now, Sir, you know what I can tell of you.

[*Afide to Sir Solomon.*]

Sir Sol. Mum ! that's a good Girl ! there's a Guinea for you.

Lady Sad. Well, upon your Intercession, my Dear, I'll pardon her this Fault ; but pray, Mistress, let me hear of no more such Doings. I am so disorder'd with this Fright——fetch my Prayer-book, I'll endeavour to compose myself.

[*Exit Lady Sadlife.*]

Sir Sol. Ay, do so ! that's my good Dear—What two blessed Escapes I have had ! to find myself no Cuckold at last, and, which had been equally terrible, my Wife not know I wrongfully suspected her.—Well ! at length I am fully convinc'd of her Virtue---and now if I can but cut off the abominable Expence, that attends some of her impertinent Acquaintance, I shall shew myself a *Machiavel*.

*Re-enter Wishwell.*

Wish. Sir, here's my Lady Dainty come to wait upon my Lady.

Sir



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*Sir Sol.* I'm sorry for't with all my heart — why did you say she was within?

*Wish.* Sir, she did not ask if she was; but she's never deny'd to her.

*Sir Sol.* Gad so! why then if you please to leave her Ladyship to me, I'll begin with her now.

*Wishwell brings in Lady Dainty.*

*Lady D.* *Sir Solomon*, your very humble Servant.

*Sir Sol.* Yours, yours, Madam.

*Lady D.* Where's my Lady!

*Sir Sol.* Where your Ladyship very seldom is—at Prayers.

*Lady D.* Huh! huh! you keep your old Humour still I see of endeavouring to speak home Truths; but I think you commonly guess wrong: For you must know that I have bought me the prettiest Atlas Cushions with Gold Tassels on purpose to kneel upon.

*Sir Sol.* Not unlikely, Madam; you fine Ladies have a great many fine things, that you never use—for I don't remember I have seen you, or your Cushions, at Church these three Weeks.

*Lady D.* Never miss, never miss, if I am in any sort of Condition to, huh, huh, endure the Air: Tho' indeed a Sunday is very apt to give one the Spleen, or the Vapours.—but if I am not there myself, I constantly send my Woman to see how the Fashions alter.

*Sir Sol.* I cry your Mercy, Madam, I did not know that was your Mode-Market Day before.

*Lady D.* Sir, the greatest Distinction of People of Quality is, that they make every thing easy to 'em.

*Sir Sol.* Yes, yes, being in the Mode, I see, will let one into notable Privileges.

*Enter Lady Sadlife.*

*Lady Sad.* My dear Lady Dainty!

*Lady D.* Dear Madam, I am the happiest Person alive in finding your Ladyship at home.

Sir

*Sir Sol.* So! now for a Torrent of Impertinence.

*Lady Sad.* Your Ladyship does me a great deal of honour.

*Lady D.* I am sure I do myself a great deal of Pleasure: I have made at least twenty Visits to-day, and not above five of them were at home: and meeting with a reasonable Creature at last, is like the Pleasure of Unlacing, after being squeez'd up in a strait pair of Stays at a Birth-day.

*Lady Sad.* Some Visits are indeed strangely Fatiguing.

*Lady D.* O! I'm quite dead! not but my Coach is very easy—yet so much perpetual Motion—you know.

*Sir Sol.* Ah, Pox of your Disorder——if I had the providing your Equipage, ods-zooks you should rumble to your Visits in a Wheel-barrow. [*Aside.*]

*Lady Sad.* Was you at my Lady Dutchess's.

*Lady D.* A little while.

*Lady Sad.* Had she a great Circle?

*Lady D.* Extream—I was not able to bear the Breath of so much Company.

*Lady Sad.* Pray who had you?

*Lady D.* Every body—my Lady Toilet, Lady Patcbit, Mrs. Peepers, Lady Whitewash, Mrs. Layton, Lady Steinkirk, both the Mistress Favourites, Lady Jumps, and the Dutchess of Falbala.

*Lady Sad.* You did not dine there?

*Lady D.* Oh! I can't touch any body's Dinner but my own—and I have almost kill'd myself this Week for want of my usual Glas of Tokay after my Ortalans, and Muscovy Duck Eggs.

*Sir Sol.* 'Sbud if I had the feeding of you, I'd bring you in a Fortnight to Neck-Beef, and a Pot of plain Bub. [*Aside.*]

*Lady D.* Then I have been so surfeited with the sight of a hideous City Entertainment to-day at my Lady *Cor-morant's*, who knows no other happiness, or way of making one welcome, than Eating, or Drinking; I was ready to swoon at the sight of her table, being just come out of the fresh Air.

*Lady Sad.* Pray how was it fill'd, Madam?

*Lady D.*

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Lady D. At the upper end sat her Ladyship, and at each Elbow a Daughter, with Arms like Ploughmen, freckled like Turkey-Eggs, and Cheeks like Catherine Pears—they were enough to beat one down with the coarse Pores of their Skin! Huh! huh!

Lady Sad. O! Frightful!—but pray go on.

Sir Sol. On my Conscience, their daily Conversation is made up of nothing but impudent Fleering at honest People, that don't know as many ways of being Foppishly vicious as themselves. [*Aside.*]

Lady D. At the lower end was an unlick'd thing, she call'd Son—I suppose by her first Venter; that sat all the while with his Mouth gaping wide, not having from Nature Wit enough to fetch his Breath through his Nose.

Lady Sad. Ha! ha.

Lady D. The Table, or rather Larder, was fill'd with Hams, roasted Pullets, and Turkey-Pyes, with a great *Cheshire* Cheese in the middle, that rivall'd every one in bulk but her Ladyship; and a large Tankard of strong Beer, Nutmeg and Sugar, enough to fuddle a grand Jury, or carry an Interest at an Election.

Lady Sad. A true *English* Home-bred Family.

Lady D. In every Circumstance: for tho' she saw I was just fainting at her vast Limbs of Butchers Meat—yet the civil Savage forc'd me to sit down, and heap'd enough upon my Plate to victual a Fleet for an *East-India* Voyage.

Lady Sad. How cou'd you bear it? Ha! ha!

Sir Sol. 'Sbud! I han't Patience pray, Madam, is it among the Rules of your this End of the Town Breeding, to laugh at your Friends for making you heartily welcome?

Lady D. Sir *Solomon*! 'tis impossible to see the Titles of Quality join'd with such Mob Dispositions, without easing one's Spleen a little: And nothing distinguishes the Commons so much as their gross Feeding: I never knew a true *Plebeian*, that had not an odious vast Stomach—huh! huh!

Sir Sol. Your Ladyship knows the Elegance of Life.

Lady Sad.



*Lady Sad.* Does your Ladyship never go to the Play?

*Lady D.* Never but when I bespeak it myself, and then not to mind the Actors; for it's common to love Sights: My great Diversion is in a repos'd Posture to turn my Eyes upon the Galleries, and bless myself to hear the happy Savages laugh—or when an awkward Citizen crouds herself in among us—'tis an unspeakable Pleasure to contemplate her Airs and Dress—And they never 'scape me—for I am as apprehensive of such a Creature's coming near me, as some People are when a Cat is in the Room—but the Play is begun, I believe, and if your Ladyship has an Inclination, I'll wait upon you.

*Lady Sad.* I think, Madam, we can't do better; and here comes Mr. *Careless*, most opportunely to Squire us—

*Sir Sol.* *Careless*! I don't know him; but my Wife does, and that's as well!

*Enter Careless.*

*Care.* Ladies your Servant—seeing your Coach at the Door, Madam, made me not able to resist this Opportunity to—to—you know Madam, there's no time to be lost in Love. *Sir Solomon*, your Servant—

*Sir Sol.* O yours! yours Sir! A very impudent Fellow, and I'm in hopes will marry her. [*Aside.*]

*Lady D.* The Assurance of this Creature almost grows diverting; all one can do, can't make him the least sensible of a Discouragement.

*Lady Sad.* Try what Compliance will do; perhaps, that may fright him.

*Lady D.* If it were not too dear a Remedy—one wou'd almost do any thing to get rid of his Company.

*Care.* Which you never will, Madam, till you marry me, depend upon't: Do that, and I'll trouble you no more.

*Sir Sol.* This Fellow's abominable! He'll certainly have her. [*Aside.*]

*Lady D.* There's no depending upon your Word, or else I might: for the last time I saw you, you told me then you would trouble me no more.

*Care.*

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*Care.* Ay, that's true, Madam; but to keep one's Word, you know, looks like a Tradesman.

*Sir Sol.* Impudent Rogue! but he'll have her—[*Aside.*

*Care.* And is as much below a Gentleman, as paying one's Debts.

*Sir Sol.* If he is not hang'd first.—— [ *Aside.*

*Care.* Besides, Madam; I consider'd that my Absence might endanger your Constitution, which is so very tender, that nothing but Love can save it, and so I wou'd e'en advise you to throw away your Juleps, your Cordials, and Slops, and take me all at once.

*Lady D.* No, Sir, bitter Portions are not to be taken so suddenly.

*Care.* Oh! to chuse, Madam; for if you stand making of Faces, and kecking against it, you'll but encrease your Aversion, and delay the Cure. Come, come, you must be advis'd. [ *Pressing her.*

*Lady D.* What mean you, Sir?

*Care.* To banish all your Ails, and be myself your Universal Medicine.

*Sir Sol.* Well said! he'll have her.

*Lady D.* Impudent robust Man; I protest did not I know his Family, I shou'd think his Parents had not liv'd in Chairs and Coaches, but had us'd their Limbs all their Lives! Huh! huh! but I begin to be persuaded Health is a great Blessing. [ *Aside.*

*Care.* My Limbs, Madam, were convey'd to me from before the Use of Chairs and Coaches, and it might lessen the Dignity of my Ancestors, not to Use them as they did.

*Lady D.* Was ever such a rude Understanding? to value himself upon the Barbarism of his Fore-fathers— Indeed I have heard of Kings that were bred to the Plough, and I fancy you might descend from such a Race; for you court as if you were behind one— Huh! huh! huh! To treat a Woman of Quality like an Exchange-Wench, and express your Passion with your Arms; unpolish'd Man!

*Care.* I was willing, Madam, to take from the vulgar

the only desirable thing among 'em, and shew you—how they live so healthy—for they have no other Remedy.

Lady D. A very rough Medicine! huh! huh!

Care. To those that never took it, it may seem so—

Lady D. Abandon'd Ravisher! Oh! [Struggling.

Sir Sol. He has her, he has her. [Aside.

Lady D. Leave the Room, and see my Face no more.

Care. [Bows and is going.]

Lady D. And, hark ye, Sir, no Bribe, no Mediations to my Woman.

Care. [Bows and sighs.]

Lady D. Thou Profligate! to hug! to clasp! to embrace and throw your robust Arms about me like a Vulgar, and Indelicate! Oh! I faint with Apprehension of so gross an Address. [She faints, and Care. catches her.

Care. O my offended Fair.

Lady D. Inhuman! Ravisher! Oh!

[Care. carries her off.

Sir Sol. He has her! she's undone! He has her.

[Exit after them,

Lady Sad. This is one of the most extraordinary Love-Scenes I ever saw: I never cou'd find a Woman's Fantask wou'd run high enough to oppose her secret Inclination before: But I fancy by this Time her Ladyship's Delicacy wou'd be glad to compound for a little of the Vulgar. [Exit.

*Enter Clarinda and Sylvia.*

Clar. Well, Cousin, what do you think of your Gentleman now?

Syl. I fancy, Madam, that wou'd be as proper a Question to ask you: for really I don't see any great Reason to alter my Opinion of him yet—

Clar. Now I cou'd dash her at once, and shew it her under his own Hand that his Name's *Standfast*, and he'll be here in a Quarter of an Hour—but let her go on a little. [Aside.

Syl. Pray, Cousin, have you any particular Reason to be so chearful?

Clar.



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*Clar.* You'll pardon me if I own a little of my Sex's Malice, my Dear; for a Woman that won't be convinc'd of the Infidelity of her Lover, when her Friend assures her of it from her own Knowledge, is to me the most unfortunat Figure in Nature! Ha! ha! ha!

*Syl.* I have two or three Lines in my Pocket that wou'd strangely damp this Pertness; but I rather think it affected, and won't shew it 'till I'm sure——[*Afide.*] Methinks, Cousin, we need not either of us give ourselves any of these violent Airs; for I fancy the Gentleman's next Appearance will extremely take down the Vanity of one of us.

*Clar.* Ha! ha! Ay! ay! that it will, I'm positive.

*Syl.* You must certainly be deceiv'd into some secret Reason for your being so very positive.

*Clar.* Deceiv'd, Madam! If I had no Reason but what's writ in my Face, I fancy, with Submission to your Ladyship's Beauty, that alone might justify my Confidence.

*Syl.* Your Face——And have you really no better Security?

*Clar.* Better! ha! ha! Yes, yes: I have a better, Madam, I have your Face——Look but in the honest Glass, and tell me what I shou'd be afraid on? Ha! ha! ha!

*Syl.* No, Madam, I need not do that; I remember enough of my Face to know it is not in any one Charm like yours——Thanks to indulgent Nature.

[*Lifting up her Hands and Eyes.*]

*Clar.* Really, Cousin, you have one Quality I envy you for: For to be extravagantly vain, is certainly the first State of Happiness.

*Syl.* Really I think so too, and therefore won't deceive your Vanity, because 'twou'd be giving my Friend too barbarous a Mortification.

*Clar.* Well! we are strangely good-natur'd: for let me die, Child, if I have not just the same Tenderness for you.

*Syl.*

*Syl.* Lard ! how shall we do to requite one another ?

*Clar.* I vow I don't think I ought to refuse you any Service in my Power ; therefore if you think it worth your while not to be out of Countenance when the Colonel comes, I would advise you to withdraw now ; for if you dare take his own Word for it, he will be here in three Minutes, as this may convince you.

[Gives a Letter.

*Syl.* What's here ? a Letter from Colonel Standfast ?  
—Really, Cousin, I have nothing to say to him—  
Mr. Freeman's the Person I'm concern'd for, and I expect to see him here in a Quarter of an Hour.

*Clar.* Then you don't believe them both the same Person ?

*Syl.* Not by their Hands or Style, I can assure you, as this may convince you.

[Gives a Letter.

*Clar.* Ha ! The Hand is different indeed—  
I scarce know what to think, and yet I'm sure my Eyes were not deceiv'd.

*Syl.* Come, Cousin, let's be a little cooler ; 'tis not impossible but we may have both laugh'd at one another to no Purpose—for I am confident they are two Persons.

*Clar.* I can't tell that, but I'm sure here comes one of 'em.

*Enter Atall as Colonel Standfast.*

*Syl.* Ha !

*At.* Hey ! Bombard, (there they are, faith !) bid the Chariot set up, and call again about One or Two in the Morning—You see, Madam, what 'tis to give an impudent Fellow the least Encouragement : I'm resolv'd now to make a Night on't with you.

*Clar.* I am afraid, Colonel, we shall have much ado to be good Company, for we are two Women to one Man, you see ; and if we shou'd both have a Fancy to have you particular, I doubt you'd make but bungling Work on't.

*At.* I warrant you we will pass our Time like Gods :  
Two Ladies and one Man ; the prettiest Set for Ombre  
in

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in the Universe——Come! come! Cards! Cards! Cards! and Tea, that I insist upon.

*Clar.* Well, Sir, if my Cousin will make one, I won't balk your Good-humour. [*Turning Syl. to face him.*]

*At.* Is the Lady your Relation, Madam?——I beg the Honour to be known to her.

*Clar.* O, Sir! that I'm sure she can't refuse you——Cousin, this is Colonel *Standfast*. [*Laughs Aside.*] I hope now she's convinc'd.

*At.* Your Pardon, Madam, if I am a little particular in my Desire to be known to any of this Lady's Relations. [*Salutes.*]

*Syl.* You'll certainly deserve mine, Sir, by being always particular to that Lady——

*At.* Oh, Madam! Tall, lall. [*Turns away, and sings.*]

*Syl.* This Assurance is beyond Example. [*Aside.*]

*Clar.* How do you do, Cousin?

*Syl.* Beyond bearing—but not incurable. [*Aside.*]

*Clar.* [*Aside.*] Now can't I find in my Heart to give him one angry Word for his Impudence to me this Morning; the Pleasure of seeing my Rival mortified makes me strangely good-natur'd.

*At.* [*Turning familiarly to Clar.*] Upon my Soul you are provokingly handsome to-day. Ay Gad! why is not it High Treason for any beautiful Woman to marry?

*Clar.* What, wou'd you have us lead Apes?

*At.* Not one of you by all that's lovely——Do you think we cou'd not find you better Employment? Death! what a Hand is here?——Gad! I shall grow foolish!

*Clar.* Stick to your Assurance, and you are in no Danger.

*At.* Why then, in Obedience to your Commands, pry'thee answer me sincerely one Question? How long do you really design to make me dangle thus?

*Clar.* Why really I can't just set you a Time; but when you are weary of your Service, come to me with a Six-pence and Modesty, and I'll give you a Discharge.

*At.* Thou insolent, provoking handsome Tyrant.

*Clar.*



Clar. Come! let me go——this is not a very civil Way of entertaining my Cousin; methinks.

At. I beg her Pardon indeed. [*Bowing to Sylv.*] But Lovers you know, Madam, may plead a sort of Excuse for being singular when the favourite Fair's in Company.——But we were talking of Cards, Ladies.

Clar. Cousin, what say you?

Syl. I had rather you would excuse me, I am a little unfit for Play at this time.

At. What a valuable Virtue is Assurance! Now am I as intrepid as a Lawyer at the Bar. [*Aside.*]

Clar. Bless me! you are not well?

Syl. I shall be presently——Pray, Sir, give me Leave to ask you a Question.

At. So! Now it's a coming. [*Aside.*] Freely, Madam.

Syl. Look on me well: Have you never seen my Face before?

At. Upon my Word, Madam, I can't recollect that I have.

Syl. I am satisfied.

At. But pray, Madam, why may you ask?

Syl. I'm too much disorder'd now to tell you——But if I'm not deceiv'd, I'm miserable. [*Weeps.*]

At. This is strange——How her Concern transports me?

Clar. Her Fears have touch'd me, and half persuade me to revenge 'em——Come, Cousin, be easy; I see you are convinc'd he is the same, and now I'll prove myself a Friend.

Syl. I know not what to think——my Senses are confounded: Their Features are indeed the same; and yet there's something in their Air, their Dress and Manner, strangely different: But be it as it will, all right to him in Presence I disclaim, and yield to you for ever.

At. O charming! Joyful Grief! [*Aside.*]

Clar. No, Cousin, believe it, both our Senses cannot be deceiv'd, he's individually the same; and since he dares be base to you, he's miserable indeed, if flatter'd with a distant Hope of me; I know his Person and his

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Falshood both too well ; and you shall see will, as becomes your Friend, resent it.

*At.* What means this Strangeness, Madam ?

*Clar.* I'll tell you, Sir ; and to use few Words, Know then, this Lady and myself have borne your faithless Insolence and Artifice too long : But that you may not think to impose on me, at least, I desire you would leave the House, and from this Moment never see me more.

*At.* Madam ! What ! what is all this ? Riddle me Riddle me Re,

*For the Devil take me,*

*For ever from thee,*

*If I can divine what this Riddle can be !*

*Syl.* Not mov'd ! I'm more amaz'd.

*At.* Pray, Madam, in the name of common Sense, let me know in two Words what the real meaning of your last terrible Speech was ; and if I don't make you a plain, honest, reasonable answer to it, be pleas'd the next Minute to blot my Name out of your Table-book, never more to be inroll'd in the senseless Catalogue of those vain Coxcombs, that impudently hope to come into your Favour.

*Clar.* This Insolence grows tedious : What End can you propose by this Assurance ?——

*At.* Hey-dey !

*Syl.* Hold, Cousin——one Moment's Patience : I'll send this Minute again to Mr. Freeman, and if he does not immediately appear, the Dispute will need no farther Argument.

*At.* Mr. Freeman ! Who the Devil's he ! What have I to do with him ?

*Syl.* I'll soon inform you, Sir,

*[Going, meets Wishwell entering.]*

*Wish.* Madam, here's a Footman mightily out of Breath, says he belongs to Mr. Freeman, and desires very earnestly to speak with you.

*Syl.* Mr. Freeman ! Pray bid him come in——  
What can this mean ?

*At.* You'll see presently.

*[Aside  
Re-enter.]*

*Re-enter Withwell with Finder.*

*Clar.* Ha !

*Syl.* Come hither, Friend ; do you belong to Mr.

*Freeman ?*

*Find.* Yes, Madam, and my poor Master gives his humble Service to your Ladyship, and begs your Pardon for not waiting on you according to his Promise ; which he would certainly have done, but for an unfortunate Accident.

*Syl.* What's the Matter ?

*Find.* As he was coming out of his Lodgings to pay his Duty to you, Madam, a Parcel of Fellows set upon him, and said they had a Warrant against him ; and so, because the Rascals began to be saucy with him, and my Master knowing he did not owe a Shilling in the World, he drew to defend himself, and in the Scuffle the bloody Villains run one of their Swords quite through his Arm ; but the best of the Jest was, Madam, that as soon as they got him into a House, and sent for a Surgeon, he prov'd to be the wrong Person ; for their Warrant it seems was against a poor Scoundrel, that happens they say to be very like him, one Colonel Standfast.

*At.* Say you so, Mr. Dog—if your Master had been here I would have given him as much.

[*Gives him a Box on the Ear.*]

*Find.* O Lord ! Pray, Madam, save me—I did not speak a Word to the Gentleman——O the Devil ! this must be the Devil in the Likeness of my Master.

*Clar.* I am startled !

*Syl.* Is this Gentleman so very like him, say you ?

*Find.* Like, Madam ! ay, as one Box of the Ear is to another ; only I think, Madam, my Master's Nose is a little, little higher.

*Syl.* Now, Ladies, I presume the Riddle's solv'd.

*At.* Hark you, where is your Master, Rascal ?

*Find.* Master, Rascal ! Sir, my Master's Name's *Freeman*, and I'm a Free-born *Englishman* ; and I must tell



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you, Sir, that I don't use to take such arbitrary Socks of the Face from any Man that does not pay me Wages; and so my Master will tell you too when he comes, Sir.

*Syl.* Will he be here then? *[Exit.]*

*Find.* This Minute, Madam; he only stays to have his Wound dress'd.

*At.* I'm resolv'd I'll stay that Minute out, if he does not come 'till Midnight.

*Find.* A Pox of his Mettle——when his Hand's in he makes no Difference between Jest and Earnest, I find——if he does not pay me well for this, 'Egad he shall tell the next for himself. *[Aside.]*

*Find.* Has your Ladyship any Commands to my Master, Madam?

*Syl.* Yes, pray give him my humble Service, say I'm sorry for his Misfortune; and if he thinks 'twill do his Wound no Harm, I beg by all Means he may be brought hither immediately.

*Find.* 'Shah! his Wound, Madam, I know he does not value it of a Rush; for he'll have the Devil and all of Actions against the Rogues for false Imprisonment, and Smart-Money——Ladies, I kiss your Hands——

Sir I——nothing at all—— *[Exit.]*

*At.* *[Aside.]* The Dog has done it rarely; for a Lye upon the Stretch I don't know a better Rascal in Europe.

*Enter an Officer.*

*Off.* Ay! now I'm sure I'm right——Is not your Name Colonel *Standfast*, Sir?

*At.* Yes, Sir; what then?

*Off.* Then you are my Prisoner, Sir——

*At.* Your Prisoner! who the Devil are you? a Bailiff? I don't owe a Shilling.

*Off.* I don't care if you don't, Sir; I have a Warrant against you for High Treason, and I must have you away this Minute.

*At.*

*Cl.* Look you, Sir, depend upon't, this is but some impertinent malicious Prosecution: You may venture to stay a Quarter of an Hour I'm sure; I have some Business here till then that concerns me nearer than my Life—

*Clar.* Have but so much Patience, and I'll satisfy you for your Civility.

*Off.* I cou'd not stay a Quarter of an Hour, Madam, if you'd give me five hundred Pound.

*Syl.* Can't you take Bail, Sir?

*Off.* Bail! no! no!

*Clar.* Whither must he be carried?

*Off.* To my House, 'till he's examin'd before the Council.

*Clar.* Where is your House?

*Off.* Just by the Secretary's Office; every body knows Mr. Lockham the Messenger—Come, Sir.

*An.* I can't stir yet, indeed, Sir.

[Lays his Hand on his Sword.

*Off.* Nay, look you, if you are for that Play—Come in, Gentlemen, away with him,

[Enter Musqueteers, and force him off.

*Syl.* This is the strangest Accident; I am extremely sorry for the Colonel's Misfortune, but I am as heartily glad he is not Mr. Freeman.

*Clar.* I'm afraid you'll find him so—I shall never change my Opinion of him 'till I see 'em Face to Face.

*Syl.* Well, Cousin, let 'em be two, or one, I'm resolv'd to stick to Mr. Freeman; for to tell you the Truth, this last Spark has too much of the Confident Rake in him to please me, but there is a modest Sincerity in t'other's Conversation that's irresistible.

*Clar.* For my Part I'm almost tir'd with his Impertinence either Way, and cou'd find in my Heart to trouble myself no more about him; and yet methinks it provokes me to have a Fellow outface my Senses.

*Syl.* Nay, they are strangely alike I own; but yet if you observe nicely, Mr. Freeman's Features are more pale and pensive than the Colonel's.

*Clar.* When Mr. *Freeman* comes, I'll be closer in my Observation of him——in the mean time, let me consider what I really propose by all this Buffle I make about him: Suppose, (which I can never believe) they should prove two several Men at last, I don't find that I'm Fool enough to think of marrying either of 'em; nor (whatever Airs I give myself) am I yet mad enough to do worse with 'em——Well! since I don't design to come to a close Engagement myself; then, why shou'd I not generously stand out of the way, and make room for one that wou'd? no, I can't do that neither——I want, methinks to convict him first of being one and the same Person, and then to have him convince my Cousin, that he likes me better than her——Ay, that wou'd do! and to confess my Infirmary, I still find (tho' I don't care this for the Fellow) while she has the Assurance to nourish the least hope of getting him from me, I shall never be heartily easy, 'till she's heartily mortified. [*Aside.*]

*Syl.* You seem very much concern'd for the Colonel's Misfortune, Cousin.

*Clar.* His Misfortunes seldom hold him long, as you may see; for here he comes.

*Enter Atall, as Mr. Freeman.*

*Syl.* Bless me!

*At.* I am sorry, Madam, I cou'd not be more punctual to your obliging Commands: But the Accident that prevented my coming sooner, will, I hope, now give me a Pretence to a better welcome than my last; For now, Madam, [*to Clar.*] your Mistake's set right, I presume, and I hope you won't expect Mr. *Freeman* to answer for all the Miscarriages of Colonel *Standfast*.

*Clar.* Not in the least, Sir: The Colonel's able to answer for himself, I find! ha! ha! ha!

*At.* Was not my Servant with you, Madam?

[*To Sylvia.*]

*Syl.*



*Syl.* Yes, yes, Sir, he has told us all. I'll seem to believe any thing rather than not engage him from her. [*Aside.*] And I am sorry you have paid so dear for a Proof of your Innocence: Had you come two Minutes sooner, you would have been as much surpriz'd as we; for the Colonel, that strange Image of you, was here.

*At.* O dear Madam, why would you part with him, when I had sent you Word before, I wou'd be with you as soon as my Wound was dress'd.

*Syl.* 'Twas not in our power to keep him, Sir; for it seems the same Officer that mistook you for him, pursu'd him hither, and hurried him away to Prison.

*At.* I'd give the World methinks to see him! What say you, Madam, have you Curiosity enough to take Coach immediately, and carry me to him?

*Syl.* You'll excuse me if I don't desire to bring you together; especially while the Smart of the Wound you receiv'd upon his Account is so fresh upon you; I wou'd not hazard you in a new Quarrel.

*Clar.* Lard! how happy the Creature is. [*Aside.*]

*At.* O fy! Madam, upon my Faith, I have not the least Malice in the World to the Gentleman.

*Clar.* Nor the Gentleman to you, I dare swear, Sir! ha! ha! ha! For Assurance and Credulity—I thank my Stars I never saw a Couple better match'd in my Life before! ha! ha! Why won't you go to the Messenger's, Cousin, and prove me in the wrong? you'll see no Danger of a new Quarrel, take my Word for't; for I'm strangely afraid, that the only way in Nature to bring this Gentleman and the Colonel Face to Face, is to hold him a Looking Glass! ha! ha!

*At.* I hope, Madam, you won't take it ill, if the Fury of this Accusation shou'd not raise me to a Desire of convincing you of my Innocence; while this Lady's satisfy'd of it, you'll pardon me, if I am not under the least degree of Concern about it.

*Syl.* And for me, Cousin, I shall make but few Words with you; you may endeavour as much as you please, to

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amuse and confound me with Fears, Doubts, and Jealousies of Persons, but neither all the Truth, or Artifice under Heaven, will be able to convince me, that this Gentleman is not this Gentleman—And therefore unless you can prove him to be nobody at all, I'd advise you to set your Heart at rest; for what I design, you'll find, I shall come to a speedy Resolution in.

*At.* O generous Resolution!

*Clar.* Well, Madam, since you are so tenacious of your Conquest, I hope you'll give me the same Liberty; and not expect the next time you fall a crying, at the Colonel's Gallantry to me, that my Good-nature shou'd give you up my Pretensions to him. And for you, Sir,——I shall only tell you, this last Plot was not so closely laid; but that a Woman of a very slender Capacity, you'll find, has Wit enough to discover it.

[*Exit Clar.*]

*At.* So! she's gone to the Messenger's, I suppose—but, poor Soul, her Intelligence there will be extremely small. [*Aside.*] Well, Madam, I hope at last your Scruples are over.

*Syl.* You can't blame me, Sir, if now we are alone, I own myself a little more surpriz'd at her Positiveness, than my Woman's Pride wou'd let me confess before her Face; and yet methinks there is a native Honesty in your Look, that tells me I am not mistaken, and may trust you with my Heart.

*At.* O! for Pity still preserve that tender Thought, and save me from Despair.

*Enter Clerimont.*

*Cler.* Ha! *Freeman* again! is it possible?

*At.* How now, *Clerimont*, what are you surpriz'd at?

*Cler.* Why to see thee almost in two Places at one time; 'tis but this Minute, I met the very Image of thee with the Mob about a Coach, in the Hands of a Messenger, whom I had the Curiosity to stop and call to; and had no other Proof of his not being thee, but that the Spark wou'd not know me!

*Syl.*

*Syl.* Strange ! I almost think I'm really not deceiv'd.

*Cler.* 'Twas certainly *Clarinda* I saw go out in a Chair just now ——— it must be she ——— the Circumstances are too strong for a Mistake. *[Aside.]*

*Syl.* Well, Sir, to ease you of your Fears, now I dare own to you, that mine are over. *[To Atall.]*

*Cler.* What a Coxcomb have I made myself, to serve my Rival e'en with my own Mistress ? but 'tis at least some Ease to know him : All I have to hope is, that he does not know the As he has made of me ——— that might indeed be fatal to him. *[Aside.]*

*Enter Sylvia's Aunt.*

*Aunt.* O, my dear Niece, I'm glad I've found you : Your Father and I have been hunting you all the Town over.

*Syl.* My Father in Town ?

*Aunt.* He waits below in the Coach for you : He must needs have you come away this Minute ; and talks of having you married this very Night to the fine Gentleman he spoke to you of.

*Syl.* What do I hear ?

*At.* If ever soft Compassion, torch'd your Soul, give me a Word of Comfort in this last Distress, to save me from the Horrors that surround me.

*Syl.* You see we are observed ——— but yet depend upon my Faith, as on my Life ——— in the mean time, I'll use my utmost Power to avoid my Father's hasty Will : In two Hours you shall know my Fortune and my Family ——— Now don't follow me, as you'd preserve my Friendship. Come ——— Madam.

*[Exit with Aunt.]*

*At.* Death ! How this News alarms me ! I never felt the Pains of Love before.

*Cler.* Now then to ease, or to revenge my Fears ——— This sudden Change of your Countenance, Mr. *Atall*, looks as if you had a mind to banter your Friend into a Belief of your being really in love with the Lady that just now left you.



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*At.* Faith, *Clerimont*, I have too much Concern upon me at this Time, to be capable of a Banter; or if I were, I don't see any use it would be of in this Affair; But to deal at once sincerely with you, there's something in this Creature's Beauty and soft Temper, that stirs my very Reason into a Tenderness, that all her glittering Sex before could never raise me to.

*Cler.* Ha! he seems really touch'd, and I begin now only to fear *Glarinda's* Conduct——Well, Sir, if it be so, I'm glad to see a Convert of you; and now in return to the little Services I have done you, in helping you to carry on your Affair with both these Ladies at one time, give me leave to ask a Favour of you——Be still sincere, and we may still be Friends.

*At.* You surprize me—but use me as you find me.

*Cler.* Have you no Acquaintance with a certain Lady, whom you have lately heard me own I was unfortunately in love with?

*At.* Not that I know of, I'm sure not as the Lady you are in love with: But pray, why do you ask?

*Cler.* Come, I'll be sincere with you too: Because I have strong Circumstances, that convince me 'tis one of those two you have been so busy about.

*At.* Not the you saw with me, I hope.

*Cler.* No, I mean the other——But to clear the Doubt at once, is her Name *Glarinda*?

*At.* I own it is: But had I the least been warn'd of your Pretences——

*Cler.* Sir, I dare believe you, and tho' you may have prevail'd even against her Honour, your Ignorance of my Passion for her makes you stand at least excus'd to me.

*At.* No, by all the solemn Protestations Tongue can utter, her Honour is untainted yet for me; nay, even unattempted: Nor had I ever an Opportunity, that cou'd encourage the most distant Thought against it.

*Cler.* You own she has receiv'd your Gallantries at least!

*At.*

*At.* Faith, not to be vain, she has indeed taken some pains to pique her Cousin about me; and if her beautiful Cousin had not fallen in my way at the same time, I must own, 'tis very possible, I might have endeavour'd to push my Fortune with her: But since I now know your Heart, put my Friendship to a Trial.

*Cler.* Only this——If I shou'd be reduc'd to ask it of you, promise to confess your Imposture, and your Passion to her Cousin, before her Face.

*At.* There's my Hand,—I'll do't, to right my Friend and Mistress. But, dear *Clerimont*, you'll pardon me, if I leave you here: For my poor *Incognita's* Affairs at this time are in a very critical Condition.

*Cler.* No Ceremony——I release you.—

*At.* Adieu.

*Cler.* Women! What crazy Vessels do we trust our Fortunes in?

Now will I reproach her, humble her into Shame;

Despise and leave her to her Vanities for ever.

Ha! she's here.

*Enter Clarinda.*

*Clar.* I am more confounded now than ever.—I scarce know what to think——The Messenger confesses the Colonel is still his Prisoner, but that his Orders are to give no Soul Admittance to him——Ha! *Clerimont*! pray Heav'n he has not discover'd me!

*Cler.* You seem disorder'd, Madam——some cruel Disappointment has, I fear, befallen you.

*Clar.* 'Tis so! I see by his Assurance—O Guilt! what Cowards dost thou make of us——But let him not insult too far. [Aside.]

*Cler.* What! not a Word? Are you conscious of any Wrong you have done me, Madam, that you stand thus confounded at the Sight of me?

*Clar.* You have a very familiar Way of expressing yourself, Sir?

*Cler.* 'Twas my Opinion of your Virtue, Madam, that

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that kept me humble: But now that's lost, methinks, you shou'd expect to be treated as you are——

*Clar.* What do you mean!

*Cler.* That two Lovers and Reputation are inconsistent.

*Clar.* What! has your Vanity then flatter'd you, to suppose I have receiv'd you for one?

*Cler.* Oh! Why truly, Madam, considering the Conversation that has pass'd between us, I do still insist, that I might pretend to the Post: But in Love as in War, a Man of Honour can't see another put over his Head, without laying down his Commission at least: For 'twere as Infamous to serve you now, as 'twould have once been Glorious.

*Clar.* 'Tis false! you never thought so——The Man that really loves, wou'd not dare to see the Faults you tax me with; much less with such malicious Insolence to tell me of 'em.

*Cler.* Come! Come! you know I lov'd you to a Folly, or you had never dar'd to use me thus.

*Clar.* The Man that scorns to stand a Woman's idle Trial of his Temper, gives better Proofs of discerning Malice, than his Passion.

*Cler.* He that fears to upbraid a Woman for abandon'd Liberties, like yours, may by his Silence (whatever her Pretence is) encourage her to make a real use of 'em.

*Clar.* A Good-nature would at least impute the Fault rather to want of Judgment, than of Virtue: But I am glad I am so early warn'd against your Temper; had I never try'd it, my trusting it too far, as once my Folly thought to do, might have made me miserable for ever.

*Cler.* How subtilly that soft Thought melts down my Anger! I dare not look on her. [*Aside.*

*Enter Withwell.*

*Wish.* Madam, Sir Solomon desires to speak with you, he has just receiv'd a Letter out of *Yorkshire* from the Gentleman's Father, he says, that is propos'd to marry you.

*Clar.*



Clar. Coming.

[Exit With.

Cler. You must not, shall not——cannot stir on  
the Ocean.

Clar. I'll go, by all the Injuries I have borne from  
you—I'll do at least a Justice to my Fame, and wed the  
grossest Fool alive, rather than not revenge me on the  
saucy Jealousy that durst attainit it:

Cler. Hear me but one Word.

Cler. Never, but for your greater Torment know—  
You've lost a Heart that wounds itself for you. [Exit.

Cler. O cruel Kindness! why so late confess'd?  
What wou'd not this Secret told in gentler Terms  
have wrought me to! But 'tis the Sex's Nature to be  
vainly cruel.

*These kind Thoughts own'd in spite, too plainly prove,  
Revenge with them has sweeter Charms than Love.*

[Exit.



ACT



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The SCENE continues.**Enter Clerimont and Careless.*

*Cler.* **A**ND so you took the Opportunity of her Fainting, to carry her off: Pray how long did her Fit last?

*Care.* Why, faith, I so humour'd her Affectation, that 'tis hardly over yet; for I told her, her Life was in danger, and swore if she wou'd not let me send for a Parson to marry her before she dy'd, I'd that Minute send for a Shroud, and be buried alive with her in the same Coffin: But at the Apprehension of so terrible a Thought, she pretended to be frightened into her right Senses again; and forbid me her Sight for ever—So that in short, my Impudence is almost exhausted, her Affectation is as unurmountable as another's real Virtue, and I must e'en catch her that way, or die without her at last.

*Cler.* How do you mean?

*Care.* Why, if I find I can't impose upon her by Humility, which I'll try; I'll e'en turn Rival to myself in a very fantastical Figure, that I'm sure she won't be able to resist, &c. You must know she has of late been flatter'd that the *Muscovite* Prince *Alexander* is dying for her, tho' he never spoke to her in his Life.

*Cler.* I understand you: so you'd first venture to pique her against you, and then let her marry you in another Person, to be reveng'd of you.

*Care.* One of the two ways, I am pretty sure to succeed.

*Cler*

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*Cler.* Extravagant enough! Pr'ythee, is Sir Solomon in the next Room?

*Care.* What, you want his Assistance? *Clarinda's* in her Airs again!

*Cler.* Faith, *Careless*, I am almost ashamed to tell you, but I must needs speak with him.

*Care.* Come along then. [Exit.]

*Enter Supple, and Captain Strutt.*

*Sup.* If you please to walk in, Sir, my Master will wait upon you presently——Here he is——

*Enter Sir Solomon.*

*Capt.* Your Servant, Sir.

*Sir Sol.* Oh! yours, Sir. Have you any Commands for me?

*Capt.* Sir, I hear you are a Man of Honour, and understand a Sword.

*Sir Sol.* Sir, I know a little of the Law, and I believe that's as well.

*Capt.* But Men of Honour are above Law, Sir, and I have been once with you before, Sir; and I come now to tell you once for all, that if I don't marry your Niece, you must meet me behind *Mountague House*.

*Sir Sol.* Meet you! for what, Sir?

*Capt.* With your Sword in Hand, Sir.

*Sir Sol.* By Gingo, Captain, but I won't——I don't like your Company so well.

*Capt.* Then, Sir, I'll post you for a Coward.

*Sir Sol.* Then Sir, you'll post yourself for a mad Man——For I'm a Citizen of *London*, have fin'd for Alderman, and will fight with ne'er a beggarly Rake of you all.

*Capt.* Then I must tell you, Sir, you are a pitiful Putt, and have neither Honour nor Courage.

*Sir Sol.* And I must tell you, Sir, I have both; for I pay my Debts, and fear no Bailiff alive, Sir——  
which



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which I believe, is more than you can say, most terrible Captain.

*Capt.* Look you, Sir, I'll spoil her Fortune, I'll follow her to the Church, and the Play-house; I'll knock every Man down that looks at her, and cut every Coxcomb's Throat that pretends to her.

*Sir Sol.* Sir, if you talk at this Rate to me, I'll swear the Peace against you, and bind you to a strange Companion, your good Behaviour.

*Enter Clerimont.*

*Cler.* What's the matter, Sir Solomon?

*Sir Sol.* Why, here's an impertinent beggarly Fellow, swears he'll have my Niece, or cut my Throat.

*Cler.* How, Sir?

*Capt.* Sir, I'm in love with his Niece, among the rest of the great Fortunes of the Town: Sir, I have follow'd her at a Distance these twelve Months, and have spent an hundred Pounds after her in fair Perriwigs, red Stockings, and Sword-knots.

*Cler.* Did you ever speak to her, Sir?

*Capt.* No, Sir, but I have done all that's necessary, or usual with Soldiers. I have toasted her, bow'd to her, walk'd with my Arms across, and ogled her.

*Cler.* [Looking nearly on him] Hum! is not your Name *Strut*?

*Capt.* Ay, Sir, Captain *Strut*, and as good a Family—

*Cler.* As ever was kick'd, Sirrah! Was not you my Father's Footman at the Revolution? I'll cool your Love, Mr. Dog. [Kicks him.]

*Sir Sol.* By Gingo, Captain, I did not know you wou'd take a Beating—There—now, ha'n't I Courage, Captain?

*Capt.* Sir, as I was your Father's Footman, I take these Blows; but as I am a Captain of the Militia—

*Cler.* You'll take 'em better, I know—

[Kicks him again.]

*Capt.* Blood! Sir—don't think, Sir,—Damme, Sir, I shall expect Satisfaction. [Exit.]

Sir

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Sir *Sal.* O dear Mr. *Clermont*, I'm persuaded he'll fight yet.

*Cler.* Never apprehend it, Sir. I vow I did not know the Rogue, he was so alter'd.

Sir *Sal.* Really, Sir, my Niece and I are extreemly oblig'd to you for this: and to shew you I'm in earnest, if you like the Conditions I told you of, she's yours.

*Cler.* That indeed was my Business to you now, Sir, and if you please—

Sir *Sal.* Here's Company, come into the next Room.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Lady Dainty, Lady Sadlife, and Careless.*

Lady *D.* This rude boisterous Man has given me a thousand Disorders; the Cholick, the Spleen, the Palpitation of the Heart, and Convulsions all over—Huh! huh!—I must send for the Doctor.

Lady *Sad.* Come, come, Madam, e'en pardon him, and let him be your Physician—do but observe his Penitence, so humble he dares not speak to you.

*Care.* [*Folds his Arms and sighs.*] Oh!

Lady *Sad.* How can you hear him Sigh so?

Lady *D.* Nay let him groan—for nothing but his Pangs can ease me.

*Cure.* *Kneels and presents her his drawn Sword; opening his Breast.*] Be then at once most barbarously just, and take your Vengeance here.

Lady *D.* No, I give thee Life to make thee miserable; live, that my resenting Eyes may kill thee every Hour.

*Care.* Nay then, there's no Relief but—this—

[*Offering at his Sword, Lady Sadlife holds him.*]

Lady *Sad.* Ah! for Mercy's Sake—barbarous Creature, how can you see him thus?

Lady *D.* Why, I did not bid him kill himself: But do you really think he wou'd ha' don't?

Lady *Sad.* Certainly, if I had not prevented it.

Lady *D.* Strange Passion! But 'tis its Nature to be violent, when one makes it despair.

Lady *Sad.* Won't you speak to him?

Lady *D.*

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Lady D. No, but if your——is enough concern'd to be his Friend, you may tell him——not that it really is so——but you may say——you believe I pity him.

Lady Sad. Sure Love was never more ridiculous on both sides.

*Enter Withwell.*

With. Madam, here's a Page from Prince Alexander, desires to give a Letter into your Ladyship's own Hands.

Lady D. Prince Alexander! what means my Heart? I come to him.

Lady Sad. By no Means, Madam, pray let him come in.

Care. Ha! Prince Alexander! nay, then I have found out the Secret of this Coldness, Madam.

*Enter Page.*

Page. Madam, his Royal Highness Prince Alexander my Master, has commanded me on pain of Death, thus [*kneeling.*] to deliver this, the burning Secret of his Heart.

Lady D. O Grace of Grandeur! Happy! happy Climate! where such Respect, and high Distinctions are familiar.

*Reads.*

" *Most Divine Lady,*

" **T**HE fiery Fate that's darted from the Cannon's  
 " Mouth, is not so sure or sudden, as the subtle Light-  
 " ning of your refulgent Eyes: (Enchanting) Like Death,  
 " you level Princes with the Peasant: (Irresistible) I beg  
 " the immediate Ease, and Honour of kissing your fair  
 " Hands in Person, that I may silence at once all saucy Ri-  
 " vals Hopes, and own the Passion of a Prince, whose Wounds  
 " are only worthy the Relief of such immortal Beauty.

Transcendent Glory! this is indeed a Conquest, worthy my Sex's highest Pride!

Care. So! she bites rarely.

Lady Sad. She'll swallow all, ne'er doubt it.

[*Aside.*  
 Lady



*Lady D.* Where is the Prince?

*Page.* Repos'd in private on a Mourning Pallat, 'till your Commands vouchsafe to raise him.

*Lady Sad.* By all Means, receive him here immediately, I have the Honour to be a little known to his Highness.

*Lady D.* The Favour, Madam, is too great to be resisted: Pray tell his Highness then, the Honour of the Visit he designs me, make me thankful, and impatient! huh! huh!

[*Exit Page.*]

*Care.* Are my Sufferings, Madam, so soon forgot then! was I but flatter'd with the Hope of Pity?

*Lady D.* The Happy have whole Days, and those they choose. [*resenting.*] The Unhappy have but Hours, and those they lose.

[*Exit repeating.*]

*Lady Sad.* Don't you lose a Minute then.

*Care.* I'll warrant you——ten thousand Thanks, dear Madam, I'll be transform'd in a Second——

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Clarinda in Man's Habit.*

*Clar.* So! I'm in for't now! how I shall come off, I can't tell: 'twas but a bare saving Game I made with *Clerimont*; his Resentment had brought my Pride to its last Legs, Dissembling: And if the poor Man had not lov'd me too well, I had made but a dismal humble Figure——I have us'd him ill, that's certain, and he may ev'n thank himself for't——he would be sincere, and I saw I was sure of him——which was more than I cou'd say by my double-fac'd Colonel, whom consequently I was in fear of losing: Beside, I cou'd not bear to let another dress up her Vanity in any Lover of mine, tho' I did not design to wear him myself——Well, (begging my Sex's Pardon) we do make the silliest Tyrants——we had better be reasonable; for (to do 'em right) we don't run half the hazard in obeying the good Sense of a Lover; at least, I'm reduc'd now to make the Experiment——Here they come.

*Enter*

*Enter Sir Solomon and Clerimont.*

*Sir Sol.* What have we here! another Captain? if I were sure he were a Coward now, I'd kick him before he speaks——Is your Business with me, Sir?

*Clar.* If your Name be *Sir Solomon Sadlife*.

*Sir Sol.* Yes, Sir, it is, and I'll maintain it, as antient as any, and related to most of the Families in *England*.

*Clar.* My Business will convince you, Sir, that I think well of it.

*Sir Sol.* And what is your Business, Sir?

*Clar.* Why, Sir——you have a pretty Kinswoman call'd *Clarinda*.

*Cler.* Ha!

*Sir Sol.* And what then, Sir——such a Rogue as t'other. *[Aside.]*

*Clar.* Now, Sir, I have seen her, and am in love with her.

*Cler.* Say you so, Sir!——I may chance to cure you of it. *[Aside.]*

*Clar.* And to back my Pretensions, Sir, I have a good Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year Estate, and am, as you see, a pretty Fellow into the Bargain.

*Sir Sol.* She that marries you, Sir, will have a choice Bargain indeed.

*Clar.* In short, Sir, I'll give you a thousand Guineas to make up the Match.

*Sir Sol.* Hum——*[Aside.]* But, Sir, my Niece is provided for.

*Cler.* That's well. *[Aside.]*

*Sir Sol.* But if she were not, Sir, I must tell you, she is not to be caught with a Smoek Face and a Feather, Sir——and——and——let me see you an Hour hence. *[Aside.]*

*Clar.* Well said Uncle. *[Aside.]*——But, Sir, I'm in love with her, and positively will have her.

*Sir Sol.* Whether she likes you or no, Sir?

*Clar.*

*Clar.* Like me! ha! ha! I'd feign see a Woman, that dislikes a pretty Fellow with Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year, a white Wig, and black Eye-brows.

*Cler.* Hark you, young Gentleman, there must go more than all this, to the gaining of that Lady,

*[Takes Clarinda aside.]*

*Sir Sol.* *[Aside.]* A Thousand Guineas! that's five hundred more than I propos'd to get of Mr. *Clerimont* ——— but my Honour is engag'd ——— Ay, but then here's a Thousand Pounds to release it ——— now shall I take the Money, it must be so ——— Coin will carry it.

*Clar.* Oh, Sir, if that be all, I'll soon remove your Doubts and Pretensions ——— Come, Sir, I'll try your Courage.

*Cler.* I am afraid you won't, young Gentleman.

*Clar.* As young as I am, Sir, you shall find I scorn to turn my Back to any Man. ———

*[Exeunt Clarinda and Clerimont.]*

*Sir Sol.* Ha! they are gone to fight ——— with all my heart ——— a fair Chance at lease for a better Bargain: For if the young Spark shou'd let the Air into my Friend *Clerimont's* Midriff now, it may possibly cool his Love too, and then there's my Honour safe, and a Thousand Guineas. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Lady Dainty, and Lady Sadlife.*

*Lady D.* Don't you think the Prince long? But great Persons are distinguish'd by a peculiar Slowness in their Motion.

*Lady Sad.* Now am I surpris'd at your Curiosity: For I'm confident you won't like him when you see him.

*Lady D.* I have seen him *en passant* from my Window, and if the Distance did not deceive me, I thought there was something so agreeably *bizarre* in his Appearance.

*Lady Sad.* Extremely *bizarre* indeed, for he has a fierce tawny Face, and odious Whiskers.

*Lady D.* Which in some Countries are allow'd the most distinguishing Marks of Beauty.

*Lady D.*



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*Lady Sad.* But your Ladyship, I know, allows no Beauty, without a certain Delicacy and Tenderness of Person.

*Lady D.* Um—that's partly true; but the Idea I have conceiv'd of the Prince's Figure, has in some measure—remov'd that sickly Weakness of my Taste.

*Lady Sad.* I am glad to find your Ladyship a little reconcil'd to the useful Beauties of a Lover—but here comes the Prince.

*Enter Careless, as Prince Alexander.*

*Lady D.* Your Highness, Sir, has done me Honour in this Visit.

*Care.* Madam——— [*Salutes her.*

*Lady D.* A captivating Person!

*Care.* May the Days be taken from my Life, and added to yours!—most incomparable Beauty! whiter than the Snow, that lies the Year about unmelted on our *Russian* Mountains.

*Lady D.* How manly his Expressions are—we are extremely oblig'd to the *Czar* for not taking your Highness home with him.

*Care.* He left me, Madam, to learn to be a Ship-Carpenter.

*Lady Sad.* A very politic Accomplishment!

*Lady D.* And in a Prince entirely new.

*Care.* All his Nobles, Madam, are Masters of some useful Science, and most of our Arms are quarter'd with Mechanical Instruments, as Hatchets, Hammers, Pick-axes, and Hand-saws.

*Lady D.* I admire the manly Manners of your Court.

*Lady Sad.* Oh! so infinitely beyond the soft Idleness of ours.

*Care.* 'Tis the Fashion, Ladies, for the Eastern Princes to profess some Trade or other—The last Grand Seignior was a Locksmith———

*Lady D.* How new his Conversation is!

*Care.* Too rude I fear, Madam, for so tender a Composition as your Divine Ladyship's.

*Lady*

Lady D. Courtly to a Softness too!

Care. Were it possible, Madam, that so much Delicacy cou'd endure the martial Roughness of our Manners and our Country, I cannot boast; but if a Province at your Feet cou'd make you mine, that Province and its Master shou'd be yours.

Lady D. Ay! here's Grandeur with Address; an odious native Lover now, wou'd have complain'd of the Taxes perhaps, and have haggled with one for a scanty Jointure out of his horrid Lead-mines, in some uninhabitable Mountains, about an hundred and fourscore Miles from unheard of London.

Care. I am inform'd, Madam, there is a certain poor distracted *English* Fellow, that refus'd to quit his faucy Pretensions to Your Ali-conquering Beauty, tho' he had heard I had myself resolv'd to adore you. *Careless*, I think, they call him.

Lady D. Your Highness wrongs your Merit, to give yourself the least Concern for one so much below your Fear.

Care. When I first heard of him, I on the Instant order'd one of my Retinue to strike off his Head with a Scimitar; but they told me the free Laws of *England* allow'd of no such Power: So that, tho' I am a Prince of the Blood, Madam, I am oblig'd only to murder him privately.

Lady D. 'Tis indeed a Reproach to the Ill-breeding of our Constitution, not to admit your Power with your Person. But if the Pain of my entire Neglect can end him, pray be easy.

Care. Madam, I'm not revengeful; make him but miserable—I'm satisfy'd.

Lady D. You may depend upon't.

Care. I'm in strange Favour with her ——— [Aside. Please you, Ladies, to make your fragrant Fingers familiar with this Box.

Lady D. Sweet, or plain, Sir?

Care. Right *Mosco*, Madam, made of the Skulls of conquer'd Enemies.

Lady Sad. Gunpowder, as I live?

Lady

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Lady D. Every thing manly.

Lady Sad. Will your Highness please to amuse yourself with a Dish of Tea.

Care. Excuse me, Madam, 'tis a Liquor I never heard of, and in my own Country I am fam'd for Regularity in my Diet; even after a Meal I never exceed a gentle Pint Glass of Burnt Brandy or Geneva.

[*A Noise of Dogs barking without.*]

Lady D. Ah! what Noise is that?

Care. Your Pardon, Madam; only a harmless Entertainment after my own Country Fashion, that I design'd myself the Honour of presenting your incomparable Ladyship.

Lady Sad. I hope he'll bring in the Bears upon her. [*Aside.*]

Lady D. Pray, Sir, what is it?

Care. Madam, a Set of *Russian* Ladies Lap-Dogs, that dance to Admiration.

Lady D. By all means admit 'em—I'm taken with the Humour. We have had something like 'em here in *England*, Sir; and all People of Fashion grew strangely fond of 'em.

Care. They cou'd not be *English* then—I have seen all your *English* Dancing—Madam, but I observ'd that's generally perform'd—by—sad Dogs—please you sit, Ladies.

*A Dance to an odd Tune, imitating Mr. Pinkethman's famous Dancing Dogs.*

Lady D. Infinitely new, and humorous—but this Room's exceeding hot—I'm fainting.

Care. Let this Arm support you, Madam.

Lady Sad. The next is cooler; if your Highness pleases we'll withdraw.

Care. Madam, I am but the Needle to this Northern Star: I wait on you. [*Exeunt*]





The SCENE changes to the Field.

Enter Clarinda and Clerimont.

Cler. Come, Sir, we are fair enough.

Clar. I only wish the Lady were by, Sir, that the Conqueror might carry her off the Spot: I warrant she'd be mine.

Cler. That, my talking Hero, we shall soon determine.

Clar. Not that I think her handsome, or care a Rush for her.

Cler. You are very mettled, Sir, to fight for a Woman you don't value!

Clar. Sir, I value the Reputation of a Gentleman, and I don't think any young Fellow ought to pretend to it till he has talk'd himself into a Lampoon, lost his two or three thousand Pounds at Play, kept his Miss, and kill'd his Man.

Cler. Very gallant indeed, Sir; but if you please to handle your Sword, you'll soon go through your Course.

Clar. Come on, Sir——I believe I shall give your Mistress a truer Account of your Heart than you have done. I have had her Heart long enough, and now will have your's.

Cler. Ha! does she love you then?

[*Endeavouring to draw.*]

Clar. I leave you to judge that, Sir. But I have lain with her a thousand times; in short, so long, till I'm ir'd of it.

Cler. Villain, thou lyest! Draw, or I'll use you as you deserve, and stab you.

Clar. Take this with you first——Clarinda will never marry him that murders me.

Cler. She may the Man that vindicates her Honour——therefore be quick, or I'll keep my Word——I find your Sword is not for doing Things in Haste.

Clar. It sticks to the Scabbard so; I believe I did not wipe off the Blood of the last Man I fought with.

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*Cler.* Come, Sir! this Trifling shan't serve your Turn; here give me yours, and take mine.

*Clar.* With all my Heart, Sir——Now have at you.

*Cler.* Death! You Villain, do you serve me so!

[*Cler. draws, and finds only a Hilt in his Hand.*

*Clar.* In Love and War, Sir, all Advantages are fair; so we conquer, no Matter whether by Force or Strata-gem: Come quick, Sir! Your Life or Mistress——

*Cler.* Neither——Death! You shall have both or none: Here drive your Sword; for only through this Heart you reach *Clarinda*.

*Clar.* Death! Sir, can you be mad enough to die for a Woman that hates you?

*Cler.* If that were true, 'twere greater Madness than to live.

*Clar.* Why to my Knowledge, Sir, she has us'd you basely, falsly, ill, and for no Reason.

*Cler.* No matter, no Usage can be worse than the Contempt of poorly, tamely, parting with her——She may abuse her Heart by happy Infidelities; but 'tis the Pride of mine to be even miserably constant.

*Clar.* Generous Passion——You almost tempt me to resign her to you.

*Cler.* You cannot, if you wou'd——I wou'd indeed have won her fairly from you with my Sword, but scorn to take her as your Gift. Be quick, and end your Insolence——

*Clar.* Yes, thus——most generous *Clerimont*——you now indeed have fairly vanquish'd me. [*Runs to him.*] My Woman's Follies and my Shame be buried ever here.

*Cler.* Ha! *Clarinda!* is't possible! my Wonder rises with my Joy——How came you in this Habit?

*Clar.* Now you indeed recall my Blushes, but I had no other Veil to hide 'em, while I confess'd the Injuries I had done your Heart, in fooling with a Man I never meant on any Terms to engage with. Beside, I knew from our late parting, your Fear of losing me wou'd reduce you to comply with Sir *Solomon's* Demands, for his Interest

Interest in your Favour: Therefore, as you saw, I was resolv'd to ruin his Market by seeming to raise it; for he secretly took the Offer I made him.

*Cler.* 'Twas generously and timely offer'd, for it really prevented my signing Articles to him; but if you wou'd heartily convince me that I shall never more have need of his Interest, e'en let us steal to the next Priest, and honestly put it out of his power ever to part us.

*Cler.* Why, truly considering the Trusts I have made you, 'twou'd be ridiculous now, I think, to deny you any thing—and if you shou'd grow weary of me after such Usage, I can't blame you,

*Cler.* Banish that Fear; my Flame can never waste,  
For Love sincere refines upon the Taste. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Sir Solomon, with old Mr. Willful: Lady Sadlife, and Sylvia weeping.*

*Sir Sol.* Troth, my old Friend, this is a bad Business indeed; you have bound yourself in a thousand Pound Bond, you say, to marry your Daughter to a fine Gentleman, and she in the mean time, it seems, is fallen in Love with a Stranger.

*Will.* Look you, *Sir Solomon* it does not trouble me o' this: For I'll make her do as I please, or I'll starve her.

*Lady Sad.* But, Sir, your Daughter tells me that the Gentleman she loves is in every Degree in as good Circumstances as the Person you design her for: and if he does not prove himself so before To-morrow Morning, she will chearfully submit to whatever you'll impose on her.

*Will.* All Sham! all Sham! only to gain Time—I expect my Friend and his Son here immediately, to demand Performance of Articles; and if her Ladyship's nice Stomach does not immediately comply with 'em, as I told you before, I'll starve her.

*Lady Sad.* But consider, Sir, what a perpetual Discord must a forc'd Marriage probably produce.

*Will.* Discord! Pshaw! waw! One Man makes as good a Husband as another——A Month's Marriage



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will set all to rights, I warrant you—You know the old saying Sir Solomon, *Lying together makes Pigs love*. Discord, quotha! No! no! Young Women are like Fiddles, if they are well play'd upon, they must make good Music whether they will or no.

*Lady Sad.* [*To Sylvia.*] What shall we do for you? there's no altering him—Did not your Lover promise to come to your Assistance?

*Syl.* I expect him every Minute—but can't foresee from him the least Hope of my Redemption—  
'This is he!

*Enter Atall undisguis'd.*

*At.* My *Sylvia*! dry those tender Eyes, for while there's Life there's Hope.

*Lady Sad.* Ha! is't he? but I must smother my Confusion!

*Will.* How, now, Sir! Pray who gave you Commission to be so familiar with my Daughter?

*At.* Your Pardon, Sir; but when you know me right, you'll neither think my Freedom or my Pretensions familiar or dishonourable.

*Will.* Why, Sir, what Pretensions have you to her?

*At.* Sir, I sav'd her Life at the Hazard of my own: That gave me a Pretence to know her; knowing her, made me love, and Gratitude made her receive it.

*Will.* Ay, Sir, and some very good Reasons, best known to myself, make me refuse it—Now what will you do?

*At.* I can't tell yet, Sir—But if you'll do me the Favour to let me know those Reasons—

*Will.* Sir, I don't think myself oblig'd to do either; but I'll tell you what I'll do for you, since you say you love my Daughter, and she loves you, I'll put you in the nearest Way to get her.

*At.* Don't flatter me! I beg you, Sir.

*Will.* Not I, upon my Soul, Sir; for look you—  
'tis only this—get my Consent, and you shall have her.

*At.*

*At.* I beg your Pardon, Sir, for endeavouring to talk Reason to you. But to return your Rallery, give me leave to tell you, when any Man marries her but myself, he must extremely ask my Consent.

*Will.* Before *George*, thou art a very pretty impudent Fellow, and I'm sorry I can't punish her Disobedience by throwing her away upon thee.

*At.* You'll have a great deal of Plague about this Business, Sir; for I shall be mighty difficult to give up my Pretensions to her.

*Will.* Ha! 'tis a thousand Pities I can't comply with thee: Thou wilt certainly be a thriving Fellow; for thou dost really set the best Face upon a bad Cause that ever I saw since I was born.

*At.* Come, Sir——once more Rallery apart; suppose I prove myself of equal Birth and Fortune to deserve her?

*Will.* Sir, if you were eldest Son to the *Cham* of *Tartary*, or had the Dominions of the *Great Mogul* entail'd upon you and your Heirs for ever; it wou'd signify no more than the Bite of my Thumb——The Girl's dispos'd of, I have match'd her already upon a thousand Pound Forfeit, and faith she shall fairly run for't, though she's yerk'd and flea'd from the Crest to the Crupper.

*At.* Confusion!

*Syl.* What will become of me?

*Will.* And if you don't think me in Earnest now, here comes one that will convince you of my Sincerity.

*At.* My Father! Nay then my Ruin is inevitable.

*Enter Sir Harry Atall.*

*Sir Har.* [*To At.*] O sweet Sir, have I found you at last! Your very humble Servant: What's the Reason pray, that you have had the Assurance to be almost a Fortnight in Town, and never come near me; especially when I sent you Word I had Business of such Consequence with you.

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*At.* I understood your Business was to marry me, Sir, to a Woman I never saw ; and to confess the Truth, I durst not come near you, because I was at the same time in love with one you never saw.

*Sir Har.* Was you so, Sir—why then, Sir, I'll find a speedy Cure for your Passion—Brother *Wilful*—Hey, Fiddles there !

*At.* You may treat me, Sir, with what Severity you please ; but my Engagements to that Lady are too powerful and fix'd, to let the utmost Misery dissolve 'em.

*Sir Har.* What does the Fool mean ?

*At.* That I can sooner die than part with her.

*Will.* Hey !—why, is this your Son, *Sir Harry* ?

*Sir Har.* Hey-dey ! why, did not you know that before ?

*At.* O Earth ! and all you Stars ! is this the Lady you design'd me, Sir ?

*Syl.* O Fortune ! is it possible ?

*Sir Har.* And is this the Lady, Sir, you have been making such a Bustle about ?

*At.* Not Life, Health or Happiness are half so dear to me.

*Sir Sol.* [*Joining At. and Sylvia's Hands.*—] loll ! loll, leroll !

*At.* O transporting Joy ! [*Embracing Sylvia.*]

*Sir Har.* } [*Joining in the Tune, and dancing about*  
*and Will.* } 'em.] loll ! loll !

*Sir Sol.* Hey ! within there ! [*Calls the Fiddles.*] by Jingo we'll make a Night on't.

*Enter Clarinda and Clerimont.*

*Clar.* Save you, save you, good People ! I'm glad, Uncle, to hear you call so chearfully for the Fiddles, it looks as if you had a Husband ready for me.

*Sir Sol.* Why, that I may have by to-morrow Night, Madam ; but in the mean time, if you please, you may with your Friends Joy.

*Clar.*



*Clar.* Dear *Sylvia*!

*Syl.* *Clarinda.*

*At.* O *Clerimont*, such a Deliverance!

*Cler.* Give you Joy, Joy, Sir.

*Clar.* I congratulate your Happiness——and am pleas'd our little Jealousies are over: *Mr. Clerimont* has told me all, and cur'd me of Curiosity for ever.

*Syl.* What, married?

*Clar.* You'll see presently! But, *Sir Solomon*, what do you mean by to-morrow! why do you fancy I have any more Patience than the rest of my Neighbour?

*Sir Sol.* Why truly, Madam, I don't suppose you have; but I believe to-morrow will be as soon as their Business can be done, by which time I expect a jolly Fox-hunter from *Yorkshire*, and if you are resolv'd not to have Patience till next Day, why the same Parson may toss you up all four in a Dish together.

*Clar.* A filthy Fox-hunter?

*Sir Sol.* Odzooks! a mettled Fellow, that will ride you from Day-break to Sun-set! None of our flimsy *London* Rascals, that must have a Chair to carry 'em to their Coach, and a Coach to carry 'em to a Trapes, and a Constable to carry both to the Round-house.

*Clar.* Ay, but this Fox-hunter, *Sir Solomon*, will come home dirty and tir'd as one of his Hounds, he'll be always asleep before he's a-bed, and on Horseback before he's awake; he must rise early to follow his Sport, and I sit up late at Cards for want of better Diversion——Put this together my wise Uncle.

*Sir Sol.* Are you so high fed, Madam, that a Country Gentleman of fifteen hundred pounds a Year won't go down with you.

*Clar.* Not so, Sir, but you really kept me so sharp, that I was e'en forc'd to provide for myself, and here stands the Fox-hunter for my Money.

[Claps *Cler.* on the Shoulder.

*Sir Sol.* How!

*Cler.* Even so, *Sir Solomon*——hark in your Ear, Sir! you really held your Consent at so high a Price, that to give

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give you a Proof of my good Husbandry, I was resolv'd to save Charges, and e'en marry her without it.

*Sir Sol.* Hell! and——

*Clar.* And hark you in t'other Ear, Sir——because I wou'd not have you expose your reverend Age by a Mistake——Know, Sir, I was the young Spark with the smooth Face and a Feather, that offer'd you a thousand Guineas for your Consent, which you wou'd have been glad to have taken.

*Sir Sol.* The Devil! if ever I traffick in Women's Flesh again, may all the Bank-stocks fall when I have bought 'em, and rise when I have sold 'em.——Hey dey! what have we here! more Cheats!

*Glen.* Not unlikely, Sir——for I fancy they are married.

*Enter Lady Dainty and Careless.*

*Lady Sad.* That they are, I can assure you—I give your Highness Joy, Madam.

*Lady D.* Lard! That People of any Rank shou'd use such vulgar Salutations——Tho' methinks Highness has something of Grandeur in the Sound.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, the Music's come.

*Lady Sad.* Let 'em play.

*Lady D.* Well! there's nothing shews so visibly the remaining Footsteps of our Primitive Barbarity, as our odious Noise at Weddings! huh! huh!

*Care.* It serves, Madam, to recommend the Pleasures that succeed, and makes us taste the Joys of Silence with a higher Relish.

*Lady D.* But so much Dancing and Tumult, is so like the Mob Solemnities of a *May-Day*——huh! huh! and the poor Bride is us'd just like their Pole, for all the Town to dance round her.

*Lady Sol.* Ah! but there's yet a grosser part of the Ceremony to come, Madam, and that is throwing the Stocking.

*Lady*

*Lady D.* That indeed is a thing, that insults us so near, that I wonder the Men have not thought it their Interest to lay it down——But I was in hopes, good People, that confident Fellow *Careless* had been among you.

*Care.* What say you, Madam, (to divert the good Company) shall we send for him by way of Mortification?

*Lady D.* By all means; for your sake, methinks, I ought to give him full Despair.

*Care.* Why then, to let you see, that 'tis a much easier thing to cure a fine Lady of her sickly Taste, than a Lover of his Impudence——There's *Careless* for you, without the least Tincture of Despair about him.

*[Discovers himself.]*

*All.* Ha! *Careless*!

*Lady D.* Abus'd! undone!

*All.* Ha! ha!

*Cler.* Nay, now, Madam, we wish you a superior Joy; for you have married a Man, instead of a Monster.

*Care.* Come! come, Madam, since you find you were in the Power of such a Cheat——you may be glad it was no greater, you might have fallen into a Rascal's Hands: But you know, I am a Gentleman, my Fortune no small one, and if your Temper will give me leave, will deserve you.

*Lady Sad.* Come! e'en make the best of your Fortune: for take my Word, if the Cheat had not been a very agreeable one, I wou'd never have had a Hand in't——you must pardon me if I can't help Laughing.

*Lady D.* Well! since it must be so, I pardon all; only one thing let me beg of you, Sir——that is your Promise to wear this Habit one Month for my Satisfaction.

*Care.* O, Madam! that's a Trifle! I'll lie in the Sun a whole Summer for an Olive Complexion, to oblige you.

*Will.* Odzooks, here's a great deal of good Company, ho! and 'tis a Shame the Fiddles should be idle all this while.

*Care.*



*Care.* Oh ! by no means ! Come strike up, Gentlemen,  
*They Dance.*

*Lady D.* Well ! Mr. *Careless*, I begin now to think better of my Fortune, and look back with Apprehension of the Escape I have had ; you have already cur'd my Folly, and were but my Health recoverable, I should think myself completely happy.

*Care.* For that, Madam, we'll venture to save you Doctor's Fees,

*And trust to Nature : Time will soon discover,  
 Your best Physician is a favour'd Lover.* [Exeunt.]



# EPILOGUE.

WELL, Sirs! I know not how the Play may pass,  
 But in my humble Sense—our Bard's an Ass;  
 For, had he ever known the least of Nature,  
 H' had found his Double Spark a dismal Creature:  
 To please two Ladies, he two Forms puts on,  
 As if the Thing in Shadows cou'd be done:  
 The Women really Two, and He, poor Soul! but One.  
 Had he revers'd the Hint, b' had done the Feat,  
 Had made th' Impostor credibly compleat;  
 A single Mistress—might have stood the Cheat.  
 She might to several Lovers have been kind,  
 Nor strain'd your Faith, to think both pleas'd and blind.  
 Plain Sense had known, the Fair can Love receive,  
 With half the Pains your warmest Vows can give.

But, hold!—I'm thinking I mistake the Matter;  
 On second Thoughts:—The Hint's but honest Satire;  
 And only meant t' expose their modish Sense,  
 Who think the Fire of Love's—but Impudence.  
 Our Spark was really modest;—when he found  
 Two Female Claims at once, he one disown'd;  
 Wisely presuming, tho' in ne'er such Haste,  
 One wou'd be found enough for him at last.  
 So that to sum the whole—I think the Play  
 Deserves the usual Favours on his Day;  
 If not he swears he'll write the next to Musick,  
 In Doggrel Rhymes wou'd make or Him, or You, sick.  
 His groveling Sense, Italian Air shall crown,  
 And then, he's sure, ev'n Nonsense will go down.  
 But, if you'd have the World suppose the Stage  
 Not quite forsaken in this airy Age,  
 Let your glad Votes our needless Fear confound,  
 And speak in Claps as loud for Sense, as Sound.

XIMENA.

RECEIVED

U. S. G. O. L. I. P. E.

W





# X I M E N A:

OR, THE

HEROICK DAUGHTER.

A

T R A G E D Y.

*— Face nuptiali  
Digna, & in omne Virgo  
Nobilis Ævum.*

HOR.



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T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

**T**HE *Cid* of *Monsieur Corneille* (from whence the following Scenes are drawn) has made such an *Eclat* on all the Theatres of *Europe*, that were I to be wholly silent on the Side of the *Heroick Daughter*, the great Liberties I have taken in altering the Conduct of his Fable, might be more imputed to a vain Opinion of my own Judgment, than any Foundations in Reason, or Nature: But I hope I shall stand upon better Terms with the Impartial, and the Curious. I am not insensible what vast Odds will be offer'd against me, while I am entering the Lists with so Fam'd an Author, as *Corneille*: but that shall not discourage me: For I look upon Truth in an Argument, to be like Courage in a Combat, the best Advantage a Man can have over his Antagonist; 'tis not his Fame ought to fright me; for let mine be never so obscure, if I am in the Right his being in the Wrong will be no more a Wonder, than that a Watchman's plain Staff should foil the Sword of a Field-Officer.

But I have a farther View, That while I am comparing the Two Plays, I may give the Lovers of the *Theatre* some Insight into the Merit, and Difficulty of forming a good Fable; and that even our common Spectators, who find themselves unaccountably pleas'd with a pathetick Scene, may be more pleas'd, by knowing they have Reason to be so.



It may perhaps be expected, I should offer some Excuse for not publishing this Piece till seven Years after its first Appearance on the Stage; and you will probably answer, I had as good have said nothing about it, as to tell you it has been little better than Idleness, or Indifference: For it having done my Business, when acted, I confess I wanted the Modern Appetite for Fame, that Authors usually think follows them into the Country, after Publication. But if I had any real Cause to defer it, it was from an Observation I had made that most of my Plays (except the First, the *Fool in Fashion*) had a better Reception from the Publick, when my Interest was no longer concern'd in them: I therefore supposed this might have a fairer Chance for Favour, when the Author had no farther Stake upon it; And I hope I may be allowed the Honest Vanity of this Complaint, while I have (to my Cost) so many Facts, to support it—Every Auditor, whose Memory will give him Leave, cannot but know, that *Richard the Third*, which I alter'd from *Shakespeare*, did not raise me Five Pounds on the Third Day, though for several Years since, it has seldom, or never fail'd of a crowded Audience—The *Fops Fortune* lagg'd on the Fourth Day, and only held up its Head by the Heels of the *French Tumblers*, who it seems had so much Wit in their Limbs, that they forced the Town to see it, till it laugh'd itself into their good Graces. — The *Kind Impostor* did not pay the Charges on the Sixth Day, tho' it has since brought me, as a Sharer, more than I was then disappointed of as Author 'Twas at first a moot Point whether the *Careless Husband* should live or die; but the Houses it has since fill'd have reproach'd the former Coldness of its Auditors—The *Wife's Resentment* is another, tho' not an equal, Instance of the same Nature.

But not to take the Particularity of this Treatment wholly to myself, I confess it has sometimes been the Fate of the better Authors: Nor ought we so much to wonder at it, if we consider, that there is  
in

in Human Nature a certain low latent Malice to all laudable Undertakings, which never dares break out upon any Thing, with so much Licence, as on the Fame of a Dramatick Writer: For even the lavish Applause, that is usually heaped upon his first Labours, is not perhaps so entirely owing to their real Admiration of the Work itself, as the mean Pleasure they take in swelling him up to Rival the Reputation of others, that have writ well before him: If he succeeds in a first Play, let him look well to the next, for then he is enter'd the Herd, as a Common Enemy, and is to know that they, who gave him Fame, can take it away; he is then to be allow'd no more Merit or Mercy, than the rest of his Brethren: Of which nothing can be a stronger Instance, than the Torrent of Applause, that was deservedly thrown in upon the *Old Bachelor*, and the boisterous Cavils that the next Year unreasonably over-run the same Author's Play of the *Double-Dealer*: And I am apt to believe that after the Success of the *Funeral*, it was the same Caprice that deserted the *Tender Husband*: And that all this is not mere Conjecture only, I beg Leave to relate a Matter of Fact, that perhaps will better incline you to my Opinion.

When the *Heroick Daughter* was first Acted, I had the Curiosity (not having then any Part in it) sometimes to slip unseen into the Side-Boxes, where I met with the highest Mixture of Pleasure, and Mortification: The Pleasure was in observing the Generality of the Audience, in a silent, fix'd Attention, never failing by their Looks or Gestures, to discover those pleasing Emotions of the Mind, which I was always confident would rise from so elevated a Subject: The Mortification was from a Set of well-dress'd merry-making Criticks, that call themselves the *Town*, whose private Wit was continually insulting the publick Diversion, by their waggish Endeavours to Burlesque every Thing, that seemed to have a serious Effect on their Neighbours; and treating the poor Rogue the Author (who stood with his Hat over his

Eyes at their Elbow) with the utmost Insults, Scandal, and Malevolence: And when the Play was over, some of the same Persons, (which had like to have made me laugh) came and wish'd me Joy of its Success: But I have since seen frequent Instances, that the same sort of Auditors, with a little Management, have been made as enterprizing Friends to other Authors, as they were then Enemies to me: For with some leading Man of the Town, or celebrated Wit at the Head of them, they have been often known, by their over bearing Manner of Applause, to make a wretched sickly Play stand stoutly upon its Legs for Six Days together: But (as in mine, and most Cases) when they are not so engaged and marshall'd, they naturally run Riot into Mischief and Cruelty. Upon the whole, till this Accident convinc'd me, I never could believe, that to bring a Play upon the Stage, was so invidious a Task; and as it was with great Reluctance, that I from hence resolv'd never to trouble the Town with another, so I found it necessary, (while I was a Player at least) not to put People of mere Pleasure and Fortune in Mind, that I durst pretend to any Talent that their Footmen might not be equally Masters of: And if in Breach of this Resolution, I have since attempted in the *Non-juror* to expose the Enemies of our Constitution, and Liberties, it was because I knew the Friends of the Government would secure me a fair Hearing, and from all such Apprehensions of being disturbed, by the wanton Malice of a few *Petits Maitres*; not but I flatter myself, that even its Enemies will allow, I gave their Principles fair Play in the Characters of Sir John Woodville, and Charles, who were no where shewn in a contemptible Light; and I hope it was no great Malice to make them amiable in their Conversion — If therefore I have not justly accounted for the Neglect, or Discouragement, which most of my other Plays met with at first; I shall however beg Leave of the World to comfort myself with supposing, that their  
present



present Success is now, one Way or other, owing to their Merit. But I have rambled too far from my first Design, which was to give you

### An EXAMEN of the *Cid*, and the *Heroick Daughter*.

THE great Beauties of the *French Play*, are in the tender Compassion that rises from the Misfortunes of the Two Lovers *Rodrigue*, and *Chimene*; but should we not be much more sensible of their Distress, if before we saw them unfortunate, we were first rais'd to a proper Admiration of their Persons, and Virtues? They may indeed, as in the *Cid*, move us simply, as Lovers; but as such Lovers, their Sorrows would certainly strike deeper into the Hearts of an Audience. In this point *Cornelle* seems defective; for he opens his Play with a cold Conversation between *Chimene*, and her *Suivante*, whom *Chimene* desires to repeat, what reason she had to suppose, the Count her Father was inclin'd to prefer her favour'd Lover *Rodrigue*, to his Rival *Don Sanchez*? By the Way she owns in the same Scene, she has heard all this before; but when an Author wants to acquaint his Audience with a necessary Fact, nothing is so common, as to make some Person in the Play improbably desirous to hear it over again, A poor Shift! we see thro' it, 'tis lazy—He could not but know, that *Artis est celare Artem*. After *Chimene* is inform'd, that her Father has allow'd *Rodrigue* the Person most worthy of her, she thinks the News too good to be true, and is still, (tho' she can't very well tell why) afraid it will come to nothing, and so quaintly walks off, to as little Purpose as she came on.

In all this Scene, *Chimene* utters no one Sentiment that can possibly draw to her the least Esteem from the Audience; we only as yet see her a marriageable young Woman, that is willing to have a Husband—

A poor setting out for the Heroine of a Tragedy; the Hero indeed is less faultily manag'd, for he never appears till he enters at once into his Distress, being oblig'd to revenge the Blow, his Father had just receiv'd, upon the Father of his Mistress, who gave it. This Incident is doubtless of uncommon Beauty: But had we been better acquainted with the Merit, and Dignity of his Passion for the Daughter of his Enemy, before his critical Entrance on that Occasion, our Imagination would have had a much higher Alarm, at the first Sight of them; and this was palpably evident from the different Surprise his sudden Appearance gave in the *Heroick Daughter* at *London*, to what I observed it had in the same Scene of the *Cid*, when Acted at *Paris*.

In the *English* Play more Care is taken to make the Audience sure, the Son brings with him the highest Sentiments of Courage, Love and Honour, that must make a sensible Heart tremble at the immediate Distress, in which his first Appearance shews him involv'd.

The second Scene in the *Cid* breaks into the Apartment of the Infanta, who is secretly in Love with *Rodrigue*, but her Honour combating with the Inequality of his Birth, she resolves to sacrifice her Passion to her Glory, and in order to it, uses her utmost Endeavours to advance his Marriage with her Rival *Chimene*: There is something so romantick, so cold, and inactive in this Episode, and so very little conducive to the main Design, that I have left it quite out of the *Heroick Daughter*, and supply'd the Vacancy with the Character of *Belzara*, to whom I have given a more Natural Interest to advance the Marriage of *Ximena*, which is to make *Don Sanchez* (whom *Belzara* is contracted to) despair of her. *Corneille* seems even in this Scene too, to have lost a fair Occasion of heightening the Character of *Rodrigue*, and preparing the Audience in his Favour; but the Infanta, in no Part of it, mentions the least Motive to her Passion for him, unless that he is a *Jeune Cavalier*.

The next Scene introduces the Quarrel, and the Blow given to the Father of *Rodrigue*, by the Father of his Mistress, and this is the first Scene of the *Cid*, that is made use of in the *Heroick Daughter*: This Quarrel seems too sudden and unprepared, and wants the Terror that would naturally arise from it, if, as I observ'd, the Audience were prepossess'd with a proper Admiration of the Lovers, whose approaching Ruin they would then be more nearly concern'd for; and this Concern I have attempted to give by the Preparation of a whole first Act in the *Heroick Daughter*, which is intirely unborrowed, and previous to the first Opening *Beauties* of the *Cid*: The Heroick Obligations, that have passed between the two Lovers, (whom I call *Carlos* and *Ximena*,) before they secretly entertain or publickly avow their Passion; the gentle manner of *Ximena's* first softning the Prejudice of *Alvarez*; the solemn Interposition of the King to heal the Hereditary Feud of their Families, and his crowning their Reconcilement with the immediate Union of the Lovers, were all intended to give a Dignity to their Passion, and consequently to move the Audience with a quicker Sense of their ensuing Calamities, than if (as they are in the *Cid*) they had been only shewn in their mere lawful Desire of being virtuous Bedfellows.

Though Terror seems the favourite Passion of *Cornelle*, and what he usually paints in much more lively Colours than his Objects of Pity; yet the fatal Rupture that ruins the Happiness of these Lovers, loses half its Force and Beauty for want of Art or Pains in preparing it. For Terror must certainly rise in Proportion to the Object it menaces; and we cannot be as much concern'd for the Misfortunes of Merit unknown, as for what is evident and conspicuous; and till that Rupture happens, we are (in the *Cid*) utter Strangers to the Merit of *Rodrigue* and *Chimene*.

But besides all this, the Quarrel itself seems an Accident meerly arising from the brutal Temper of the Count, and the Spectator might as well expect, from the beginning of the Scene, that it was to end in



a friendly Conclusion of their Childrens Marriage, as their so unforeseen and violent Enmity: And tho' Surprise is a necessary Part of Tragedy, yet that Surprise is never to be abrupt: for when it is so, it is more apt to shock than delight us; we do not love to be startled into a Pleasure: As an Audience ought never to be wholly let into the secret Design of a Play, so they ought not to be intirely kept out of it, you may safely leave room for the Imagination to guess at the Nature of the Thing you intend, and are only to surprise them with your Manner of bringing it about: As in the Second Act of *Dryden's All for Love*; where *Marc Antony* seems confirm'd in his Resolution to part with *Cleopatra*; yet when he once consents to expostulate with her in Person, tho' you easily foresee the Contest is to end to her Advantage, yet you are far from losing the Pleasure of your Surprise, while it is so artfully executed; nay, you have a farther Delight, from the private Applause you give to your own Judgment, in so rightly foreseeing the Conclusion; and to this Reason may be attributed the Success of most Allegorical Writings—But here (in this Scene of the Quarrel in the *Cid*) is an important Action brought about, and you know not what it means, till it is over. Then indeed you see—What? why, that the Hopes of the young Couple's Wedding are all blown up; like enough, but the Audience have as yet no great Reason to be concern'd at it, they know very little of them. Beside the Scene is half over before you know who the old Men are, or what their Quarrelling can signify; so that your Admiration cannot go along with the Performance, and your Attention is either lost, or in pain, till the Author explains himself; which is afterwards too late, your Imagination is not at leisure to look so far back for the Propriety of what's past; you are then to be intent upon what is to come, or else what you *have* seen, is but an Interruption to what you *are* to see; the Case of many a modern Play; This Laziness, or want of Skill in an Author, does not give an Auditor fair play for his Money, it will  
not

not let him see all the Play; nor is it enough to say, the Scene is notwithstanding Natural——If you cannot say it has Art, as well as Nature, you praise it but by halves.

I cannot omit another Objection to the Character of the Count, who is so insolent, fierce, and turbulently vain of his Merit, that he is below the Dignity of the Subject: Nor will his being a *Spaniard* excuse it, they are all *Spaniards* in the Play; and tho' a ridiculous Pride is natural to the Nation, we are not by that Rule to shew a *Frenchman* dancing, or a *Dutchman* drunk in a Tragedy. In short he is a mere *Miles Gloriosus*, and makes so disagreeable a Figure, that we have much ado to think him an Object worthy of that filial Regard and Duty which *Chimene* pays to his Memory. I therefore thought it necessary, in higher Justification of her Sorrows, and Virtue, to make him more Civiliz'd and Rational in the *Heroick Daughter*; his honourable and open Reconcilement to *Alvarez*; his generous Compassion for the Distress of *Carlos*, whom he had reduc'd to the Necessity of fighting him: his Humanity and Honour (in case he fell by his Sword) in bequeathing him his Daughter, were all attempted to give the Audience, as well as *Ximena*, a more justifiable Regret for the Loss of him——The only Reason *Cornelle* seems to have for making him so brutal, is to introduce an unreasonable Quarrel, from whence all the Distress of the Play was to rise: I have likewise attempted to remove that Objection, by grounding the Jealousy and Repentment of the Count upon the subtle Insinuations of *Sanchez*, it being the immediate (tho' dishonourable) Interest of his Love to *Ximena*, by any Artifice to obstruct her Marriage with *Carlos*: This Expedient I thought would make the Count more excusable in his violent Measures, and might remove the Odium that lay hard upon him in the *Cid*, by throwing it upon *Sanchez*, whose Character here may better endure it.

The next Scene of Moment that follows the Quarrel, is the Challenge which is delivered with so vaunting a Boast by *Rodrigue*, that one would imagine he  
thought

thought it first prudent to frighten his Enemy, before he fought him; and truly, by the behaviour of the Count, he seems to have carried his Point; for after the Challenge is made, the Count as pleasantly evades it, by pretending to be offended with *Rodrigue's* Presumption in calling him to an Account. In short they debate so heartily, that you begin to lose your Apprehension of its coming to Mischief; for even after they seem both determin'd, and going out, the Count is resolv'd to have t'other Chance for resuming the Debate, and says briskly to *Rodrigue*——*Art thou so weary of thy Life?* But I think nothing can better expose the Absurdity of the Question, than the shrewd Answer that is made to it, viz. *What are you afraid to die?* There is Reason in the Answer, but (between two Men of Honour) there could be none for the Question.

This sort of Behaviour I could not be reconcil'd to, and have taken the liberty, in the first six Lines of the Scene, to get the Challenge accepted with the plain Language of a Man determined: And tho' I could not allow them to expostulate, while their Courage was only in question, yet I could not help thinking the Lover in some part of the Scene, owed a Sigh or two to the Terrors of his Mistress, and the certain Misery his Honour was then going to reduce her to, which would have been still unquestionable, tho' his Regard to her had here shewn its last Effort to right his Injuries with a bloodless Reparation: For tho' he had before debated himself into a Resolution of revenging them, yet nothing is more natural, than to see Love turn back and back again, for another last Adieu. I shall here beg leave to quote a few Lines from the Scene itself, as the shortest Way of explaining how I have conducted it——When the Place of Meeting is just going to be appointed, *Charles* stops short, —and says to the Count,

*One Moment's respite for Ximena's sake,  
She has not wrong'd me, and my Heart would spare her;*

*We*



*We both, without a Stain to either's Honour,  
May pity her Distress, and pause to save her.  
Nor need I blush, that I suspend my Cause,  
Since with its Vengeance her sure Woes are blended;  
O! lay not on her Innocence, the Grief  
Of a mourn'd Father, or a Lover's Blood!  
O! spare her Sighs, prevent her streaming Tears,  
Stop this Effusion of my bleeding Honour,  
And heal, if possible, its Wounds with Peace.*

To all which, when the Count is immoveable, and grows at last impatient of his Reproaches; then *Carlos* recovers to his Honour, and breaks out as follows-----

*O! give me back that vile submissive Shame,  
That I may meet thee with retorted Scorn,  
And right my Honour with untainted Vengeance;  
Yet no---withhold it! take it to acquit my Love,  
That Sacrifice was to Ximena due:  
Her helpless sufferings claim'd that Pang; and since  
I cannot bring Dishonour to her Arms,  
Thus my rack'd Heart pours forth its last Adieu,  
And makes Libation of its bleeding Peace:  
Farewel dear injured Softness--- Follow me.*

After the Place of Meeting is appointed, *Carlos* troubles you with no more of his Love, than by uttering with a Sigh, as he goes out,

*Poor Ximena.-----*

Which had so compassionate an Effect upon our *English* Hearers, that if his Love was then a Weakness, it was at least such a one, as they heartily forgave him.

The next Scene of the *Infanta*, (who is always dropping in, like cold Water, upon the Heat of the main Action) is for that Reason again left out; our Difference otherwise is not material, till the King receives Notice of the Count's being kill'd by *Rodrigue*; which is so slightly related, or, to use *Corneille's* own Words, *Sans aucune Narration touchante*, and receiv'd with so little Surprise, or Curiosity to know any Circumstances of the Action,

that upon my first reading the *French Play*, I scarce knew whether I was to believe him dead, or no. I have therefore endeavour'd, in the *Heroick Daughter*, to awaken the Audience, by making that Relation more solemn and particular, and to prepare the Probability of the *Catastrophe*, which I shall better account for in its Place: But in the last Scene of this second Act it must be allow'd, the *Cid* begins to seize upon the Heart of the Spectator, and this is one of those great Beauties that have so justly given Rise to its Fame: The fluctuating Pity, that is so finely perplex'd between the Tears of a pious Daughter, and the venerable Sorrows of a Father: The happy Skill of throwing them both, in the same instant, at the King's Feet for Justice and Mercy; and with Pretensions so equally laudable, is an Incident which few Tragedies, either Ancient or Modern, can boast of. The only Liberty I have taken with this Scene, is in making the Father plead with more Resignation, and rather to trust his Cause to its simple Merits, than those of his own past Services.

The next Act opens with *Rodrigue's* appearing in the Apartment of his Mistress, where he lessons his Character, by justifying his Honour to her Servant: After *Chimene* too is left alone with the same Servant *Elvire*, she throws away a great many fine Sentiments upon that prating Creature, who has no Sense of them, but endeavours to comfort her by vulgar Advice, which makes *Chimene* inexcusable to hear: besides the main Action cools in the Conversation: This is avoided in the *Heroick Daughter*, by making *Belzara* the third Person in these two Scenes, who has an Interest in serving *Carlos*, yet never is mean or dishonourable in her attempting it. But the next Scene makes us ample amends for all we may have justly found fault with.

The Meeting of *Rodrigue* and *Chimene*, throws us into a Tenderness that is irresistible: This Incident gives the *Cid* as fair an Assurance of being Immortal, as any modern Poetry can hope for. There is something so amiable in the Despair of *Rodrigue*, in his  
natural

natural Disregard of his Safety, for the resistless Pleasure of seeing his Mistress; and we are apt to be so seiz'd with the instant Idea of her tender Passion breaking through her filial Obligations to pursue him, that at the first sight of them it is impossible, for an attentive Auditor, not to feel the most agreeable Transport and Astonishment: And since the Incident is *Corneille's* and not mine, it may be no Vanity to say, this Effect was evident from the hurry and busy Murmur that ran through the Audience at its first Presentation in *London*. And it would indeed be a Reflexion on our *English* Taste, to suppose we could be less sensible than our Neighbours, of so palpable an Excellence: For *Corneille* speaking of the Reception of this Scene in *Paris*, says,

*Qu'alors que ce malheureux amant se presentoit devant elle, il s'elevoit un certain Fremissement dans l'Assemblée qui marquoit une Curiosité merveilleuse, & un redoublement d'attention pour ce qu'ils avoient à se dire dans un estat si pitoyable.*

But allowing it all this Admiration, I have some Reasons to offer (to better Judgment) why the Conduct of this Scene in the *Héroick Daughter*, is not implicitly form'd upon the Model of that in the *Cid*: I cannot but think, that *Rodrigue's* entring with an Answer to the last Words of *Chimene*, must be unnatural, if you don't suppose him to have listen'd at the Door to her private Discourse; and tho' 'tis possible most of our modish Criticks may own they would have listen'd in his Condition, yet that is no Proof, that list'ning, especially in another Person's House, is not always the Effect of Meanness, Ill-Manners, or Treachery; I therefore thought it more reasonable to let him approach her in a mute submissive Address, and to give him Time for it, have thrown *Ximena* into a reproachful Astonishment the Moment she sees him: *Corneille* after some fine Touches of their Distress, suffers him to proceed in Excuse of his Offence, in which he seems too fond of shewing the Man



of Honour, and the harsh Terms he uses in his Justification, are too Choquant for the Ear of an injured Mistress. These are his Words,

*Car enfin n'attens pas de mon Affection,*

*Un lâche repentir d'une bonne Action.*

And a little farther:

*“ Je le ferois encore, si j'avois à le faire.*

This last Line is omitted in the *Heroick Daughters* and the first are soften'd by only saying,

*“ —How shall I repent me of a Crime,  
“ Which uncommitted had deserv'd thy Scorn?*

I have endeavour'd in the same Speech to make his Crime more pitiful, by his pleading the Regard he had to her Peace, in first endeavouring to reduce her Father into a Temper, that might have ended their Difference with a less fatal Reparation; and it seems to heighten the Distress of *Ximena*, when you see her Heart is full, and conscious of the Obligation.

After *Chimene* has answer'd his Plea, in the most sublime Sentiments of her filial Duty to pursue him for her Father's Death, *Rodrigue* insists, that her own Hand alone ought to satisfy her Vengeance; I have here made bold to shorten their Arguments upon this Point, which seem a little too near the Romantick, and have substituted one, that I thought more agreeable to Nature, where *Carlos* says,

*Let not the Wretch once honour'd with thy Love,  
Thy Carlos, once thought worthy of thy Arms,  
Be dragg'd a publick Spectacle to Justice,  
To draw the irksome Pity of a Croud,  
Who may, with vulgar Reason, call thee cruel;  
My Death from thee will elevate thy Vengeance,  
And shew, like mine, thy Duty scorn'd Assistance.*

But the greatest Omission in this Scene, is, that *Chimene* so far forgets her filial Duty, as to take no Precaution, not so much as his Word of Honour,

that

that *Rodrigue* shall appear to answer his Crime to the Law; she is indeed concern'd for her Reputation, and on that Account only desires him to leave her; her last Concern, when they part at the End of the Scene, is,

“ ——— *Et sur tout Garde bien, qu'on Te voye.* ”

This makes their Meeting look too like a modern Intrigue, I have therefore endeavour'd to give her a better Reason for releasing him; when he reproached her with want of Love, in refusing his Desire to fall by her Hand, she replies---

*Can Hate have Part in Interviews like this?  
Art thou not now within my Power to seize?  
Yet I'll release thee, Carlos, on thy Word,  
Give me thy Word, that on the Morrow's Noon  
Before the King, in Person thou wilt answer,  
And take the Shelter of the Night to leave me.*

I do not see how the Scene could possibly be said to have a just Conclusion, but by this mutual Discharge of their Duty for the present: And when *Carlos* had given his Honour to appear, then indeed there is a more pardonable and natural Excuse for the Tenderness they fall into; which tho' the Reader must be charm'd with in the Original, I have ventur'd to alter, to make them more agreeable to the Spectator.

The next Scene breaks into the Street, where the Father of *Rodrigue* is wandring up and down alone, in search of his Son; a very slender Mark of his Wisdom, and puts one in Mind of a Vulgar Saying --- *To look for a Needle, &c.* --- Nay, he does all this, tho' he has Five Hundred Friends in his House (whom he had drawn together to vindicate the Cause of his Honour) waiting for him; and there is no Excuse appears for his leaving them alone, or why some do not attend him Abroad: Where he entertains the Audience with a long Account (which he gives to himself) of his Condition, in pointed Conceits, and

quaint Antithesis, that would be much prettier in an Epigram——At last he meets with his Son, with whom he falls into a tedious Argument; and to comfort his Sorrow for the Loss of his Mistress, tells him there are more Women than *Ximena*, and would have him shew the greatness of his Heart, in shaking off its Weakness for her: This seems unpardonable, and stains the Character of the Father; for to suppose him capable of changing his Mistress, takes away Half the Merit of the Son's having reveng'd his Honour; which, had he not inviolably loved her, had only shewn his Courage in common with other Men. The Answer the Son makes him, indeed is truly Great, which it might easily be, when he had so dishonourable a Thought to oppose; so that the one Speech is only fine from the other's being improper, I might say unnatural: This Scene seems extremely cold, after the Spirit and warm Passion in the preceding one: Care should be always taken in such Cases not to suffer the Attention to languish, but (as *Horace* says——*Semper ad eventum festinet*) when the Subject will not suffer us to exceed what is gone before, we should at least keep our Hearers awake, by being busy about new Matter and Action, plainly necessary to carry on the Story of the Play. All that seems useful in this Scene, is the last Speech of it, which is the only One, that is taken into the *Heroick Daughter*: There *Alvarez* appears at the Head of his Friends in his own House, where his Son may be suppos'd with more Probability to come to him. But *Corneille* honestly tells us in his *Examen* of the *Cid*, that the Reason, why he did not bring on *Don Diegue* with his Friends about him, was because those Personages are generally supply'd by awkward Fellows, and Candle-Snuffers——A miserable Sign of the Lowness of the *French Theatre*, when so great an Author is forc'd to restrain his Fancy, and to commit an Absurdity, to make his Play fit for the Stage——But this not being our Case here, I had the Liberty of writing as well as I could. After *Corneille* has done his Scene,  
I have



I have given the Son a Soliloquy, that I thought would be a new Motive to the Compassion of the Audience; if your Curiosity is as warm as my Vanity could wish it, you will now turn to it at the End of the Fourth Act.

The Two last Acts of the *Cid*, tho' in Nature, they may be finely written, lose half their Force for want of Art: All those great Sentiments which *Chimene* utters to the *Infanta* in the beginning of the Fourth Act, are improper in that Place; for she is not only arguing her Case with one, that has nothing to do with it, but she is merely *talking* while she should be *doing*; we are impatient for the Issue of her appeal to the King, and it is no Excuse to the Hearer, that the King's Daughter stops her by the Way, when it was in the Poet's Choice to have sent the King's Daughter to Prayers, or any other Employment in the mean Time.—In short, the Author seems to want Matter for Two Acts more, and is reduc'd to these Shifts to give the Audience full Measure for their Money: But the *Heroick Daughter*, having a whole first Act added before the Action of the *Cid* begins, of Consequence transfers the Third Act of the *French Play* into the Fourth of the *English*, by which Expedient, the necessary Matter of the Two last Acts of the One, are easily contain'd in the single Fifth Act of the Other.

The next Prolixity the *Cid* entertains us with, is the King's solemn Reception of *Rodrigue* after his Defeat of the *Moors*; which let it be never so justly due to the Merit of the Action, yet *Non nunc erat his locus*. All this moves not, and might have been suppos'd, or related only, that the more immediate Business of the Play might have come forward, as is attempted in the *Heroick Daughter*.

Beside, the making *Rodrigue* to give an Account of his own Victory, must either lessen the Action, or his Character.—Any Friend, that was a Well-Wisher to his Interest, must certainly have been a more proper Herald of his Fame: I have therefore made A-

*lance* give the Particulars of this glorious Service to his Country, and I thought the Audience would be better pleas'd if it were given to *Ximena*, that they might at the same Instant see the new Conflict it must naturally raise between her Passion and her Duty: For tho' the *King* is in the Play the Person most concern'd to hear it, yet the *Spectator* is most concern'd that *Ximena* should hear it; and it offends not either Manners, or Probability, that the *King* is suppos'd to have heard it before.

When *Chimene* returns to Court for Justice, the *King*, in Hopes to appease her, has a Mind first to make a Discovery of her Passion, and cunningly tells her, that her Desire of Vengeance is answer'd, for *Rodrigue* is dead of his Wounds; at which *Chimene* fainting, his Majesty fairly bites her, owns he is alive, and that he is now convinc'd she has no mind to hurt him——

This *Fineffe* is needless, and ill becomes the Gravity of the Subject: There is nothing of it in the *Henrich Daughter*.

Well! when all will not do, when she finds it is so hard to make the *King* more sensible of her private Wrongs, than of her Lover's late Service to the Publick, it is indeed time to make her lose her Senses, for then, poor Lady! she demands the Combat, and is forc'd to call her Vanity and Falshood to the Assistance of her Duty, by proposing her Person as a Reward to any Gentleman that would be the Champion of her Cause, if he prov'd Victorious: This is sacrificing her Passion to her Duty with a Vengeance: What an unconsolable Figure would she have made, if no Body had taken up the Cudgels! 'tis well she knew she was Handsome, or that might really have been the Case; but to be serious——

I thought it much more decent and natural, when she was in this Extremity, to let *Sanchez*, who had before offer'd his Service, take this fair Occasion of stepping in to her Assistance; 'tis he, therefore, that in *Ximena's* Name demands the Combat, and that she might not have the Guilt of flattering him with the

the least Hope, as a Lover, he is made even to disguise the Motive to it with his pretended Friendship for her late Father: The King's granting the Combat, and the necessary Orders about it, conclude the Fourth Act of the *Cid*.

The Fifth Act begins with *Rodrigue's* abruptly Visiting *Chimene*, without Leave or Excuse, before he was going to the Lists. And tho' in her first Words she pretends to be shock'd at his Appearance, yet he takes no Notice of it, but goes on with his Business, and she as insensibly sinks into Mildness and Temper to hear it: Here they seem too Declamatory, and Romantick, which I have endeavour'd to avoid, by giving a more spirited Turn to the Passions, and reducing them nearer to common Life; and the Expedient that introduces the Interview itself, is, I hope, upon a more pardonable Foundation: For to make these Two Acts into One, in the *Heroick Daughter*, it was but to contrive this Scene naturally to follow the last, without leaving the Stage vacant, which is affected by the King's giving *Carlos* Leave to take his Farewel of *Ximena* before his going to the Combat; and thus her hearing him, while her Friend *Belizara* is present, and in the Court, seems more excusable, than her receiving his Visit in open Day, in her private Apartment: And that your Patience might not languish, the Combat immediately follows his parting from her; and tho' you see nothing of that Engagement on the Stage, yet your Imagination all the while enjoys it in the Alarms and Terrors of *Ximena*, which upon every distant Sound of the Trumpet she is differently thrown into: And I have always observ'd, that when any thing of Moment is heard to be doing from behind, that has a warm Effect upon the Actors in Sight, it seems to give a double Delight to the Audience: This Incident is entirely my own, and yet I flatter myself; not the least Artful in that Play. The Return of *Sanchez* from the Combat too, is here prepared with such Circumstances, as might more probably lead *Ximena* into the Mistake of his being the Victor;



but all this is languidly interrupted in the *Cid*, by making the Infanta's melancholy Passion break into the warmest Connection of the Story; and *Chimene* too, for want of having her Imagination stirr'd with such various Notice of the Combat, which the Trumpet gives her, falls again into an inactive and declamatory Account of her Calamities, which in a last Act ever surfeits the Attention.

After the Combat she accosts the King with a long Argument, on a Supposition that *Rodrigue* is dead, wherein she begs to be releas'd from her Obligation to marry *Sanchez* as the Victor, and barters to reward him with her fortune, which she is willing to settle upon *Sanchez* for his Trouble, provided she may have Leave to dispose of her Person in a Nunnery—All this the King hears without undeceiving her, as to *Rodrigue's* being alive, which is not only improbable, but needlessly carries her Mistake farther than it will bear to be beautiful. In the *Heraick Daughter* the very Instant she hints at the Death of *Carlos*, the King rectifies her Mistake: Which prevents that odd Project of comprehizing the Matter with *Sanchez*, and lets the Hearer sooner into Matter of more Importance: The King too here is only an Advocate, not a Tyrant for *Carlos*; and *Ximena* having made no Promise to marry the Victor, avoids that Violation of her Duty, which, in the *Cid*, the absolute Power of the King would impose on her. But here he is so tender of her Virtue, that he even suffers not *Carlos* to approach her, without Leave—And now we come to the last Conflict of her Heart, which concludes in a Resolution not to trust her Love in Sight of him that had kill'd her Father, but to shut her Sorrows from the World in a Cloister: And I am of Opinion, it was impossible under such Misfortunes to dispose of her otherwise, without breaking into the Laws of Honour and Virtue. Well! but tho' you grant me this, we are here still at a Loss; this can be no absolute Conclusion of the Play, the Matter stands just as it did Three Acts ago, the Lovers were parted then,  
and

and all we have done with them since comes to no more. *Corneille* seems to be plunged in this Difficulty, and in my humble Opinion had much better have parted them for ever, than have brought them together with so wretched a Violation of *Chimene's* Character: In short, his Expedient comes to no more than this, that the King gives her Leave, for Decency's sake, to be virtuous a Year longer, but after that's expir'd, he obliges her (and she tacitly consents) to marry the Man that has killed her Father. As if a dishonourable Action could be justify'd, by our staying a Year before we commit it.

There seem'd therefore to me but one Way in Nature, to bring them decently together, which was by removing the Fundamental Cause of their Separation: If therefore without offending Nature or Probability, we can make the Father of *Ximena* recover of his Wounds, I see no reason, why every Auditor might not in Honour congratulate their Happiness: By this Expedient their Story is instructive, and these Heroick Lovers stand at last Two fair Examples of rewarded Virtue: But it is now Time to conclude.

Notwithstanding all our critical Amendments, it must be allow'd, that the first Happiness of a Tragick Writer depends on his Choice of a proper Subject, without that his Art and Genius are but misemploy'd: If therefore there be any thing more than my not being a sufficient Master of Style, that could make the *Heroick Daughter* less successful than the *Cid*, I can allow it might be likewise owing to the Subject, of which perhaps the chief Characters are too severely Virtuous, for the homespun Morals of our *English* Audience: Whereas the *French* run into the other Extreme; with them your Hero must be Virtuous even to Romance, or he is insufferable; but Good Nature is so distinguishing a Characteristick of the *English*, that the *French* have no Word to express it: And the Persons that *We* often Pity in our Plays, a *French* Critick would tell you ought to be Hanged by Poetical Justice. But we are so tender-hearted, that let the Characters,

acters of our Tragedies be never so Criminal; yet if you can but make them penitent, and miserable, resign'd and humble in their Afflictions, we forget all their old Faults, take them immediately into Favour, and the Handkerchiefs of a whole Audience shall be wet with their Misfortunes: This Effect is frequent at the Tragedy of *Venice Preserv'd*, where *Jaffeir*, after having been a Conspirator against his Country from a private Revenge; after his betraying that Conspiracy, and the Life of his dearest Friend, from the Importunities of a Wife, whom his Weakness could not resist, yet makes his Peace with the Audience at last, and dies surrounded with their Compassion: I am therefore convinc'd, that Criminal Characters so artfully conducted, have much the Advantage of the Perfect and Blameless; and perhaps 'tis the Narrowness of the *French* Genius, that would never let their best Authors attempt to raise Compassion upon such bold and natural Foundations. But on the other Side, it would be hard to infer from hence, that Characters nearer to Perfection ought not as well to appear the Principals of Tragedy: Both *Carlos* and *Ximena* have their Imperfections, and I allow are most to be pity'd, when they are least able to resist them; I cannot therefore but insist, that the *Cid* has all the Greatness, Dignity, and Distress in the Subject, that Tragedy requires; and tho' it may have had too many Hearers of an uncultivated Taste, who think it inclines to the Romantick; yet if Filial Duty, Love, and Honour in the highest Instances of Self-denial, are not imaginary Virtues, then certainly all its Structures are upon exalted Nature: Let the common Practice of Mankind be what it will, it is not Unnatural to be Virtuous; and it ought to be more commendable to pity the Misfortunes of the Virtuous, than of those, who owe their Distress to their immediate Criminal Conduct. But I am notwithstanding willing to compound for the Inference, by granting, that when a capable Genius sets himself to Work, there may justly be Room for Success upon either Foundation.





# PROLOGUE.

**A** Soft in form'd Assemblies of the Fair,  
The strait-lac'd Prude will no loose Passion bear,  
Beyond set Bounds no Lower must address;  
But secret Flame in distant Sighs expresses;  
Yet if by Chance some gay Coquette sails in,  
A joyous Murmur breaks the silent Scene,  
Each Heart reliev'd by her enlivening Fire,  
Feels easy Hope, and unconfin'd Desire;  
Then shuddering Prudes with secret envy burn,  
And treat the Fops, they could not catch, with Scorn.  
So Plays are valued; not confin'd to Rules,  
Those Prudes, the Criticks call them, Feasts for Fools;  
And if an Audience 'gainst those Rules is warm'd,  
Or by the lawless Force of Genius charm'd,  
Their whole Confederate Body is alarm'd: }  
Then every Feature's false, though ne'er so taking,  
The Heart's deceiv'd though 'tis with Pleasure aking.  
They'll prove your Charmer's not agreeable;  
Thus far'd it with the Cid of fam'd Corneille.  
In France 'twas charg'd with Faults were past enduring,  
But still had Beauties that were so alluring,  
It rais'd the Envy of the grave Richlieu,  
And Spite of his Remarks, cram'd Houses drew:  
Of this Assertion if the Truth you'll know,  
Two Lines will prove it from the great Boileau:  
En vain contre le Cid un Ministre se ligue,  
Tout Paris pour Chimene a les yeux de Rodrigue.  
In vain against the Cid the Statesman arms,  
Paris with Radrick feels Ximena's Charms.  
This proves, when Passion truly wrought appears,  
In Plays imperfect, 'twill command your Fears:  
Yet think not from what's said, we Rules despise,  
To raise your Wonder from Absurdities;  
As France improv'd it from the Spanish Pen,  
We hope, now British, 'tis improv'd again:

And

## PROLOGUE.

*And though late Tragedy has long seem'd Dead,  
Yet having lately rais'd her awful Head,  
To-night with Pains and Cost we humbly strive  
To keep the Spirit of that Taste alive:  
But if like Phaeton, in Corneilles's Carr,  
Th' unequal Muse unhappily should err,  
At least you'll own from glorious Heights she fell,  
And there's some Merit in attempting well.*

## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

|                                                                                 |                                  |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| Don Ferdinand, King of Castille.                                                | Mr. Mills.                       |
| Don Alvarez, His late General, and<br>Father of Don Carlos.                     | } Mr. Cibber.                    |
| Don Gormaz, Count of Gormaz,<br>the present General, and Fa-<br>ther of Ximena. |                                  |
| Don Carlos, in love with Ximena.                                                | Mr. Wilks.                       |
| Don Sanchez, his secret Rival,<br>tho' lately betroth'd to Belzara.             | } Mr. Elrington.                 |
| Don Alonzo, Don Garcia, Officers<br>of the Court.                               |                                  |
|                                                                                 | } Mr. Thurmond.<br>} Mr. Bowman. |
| A Page.                                                                         |                                  |

### W O M E N.

|                                                 |                |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------------|
| Ximena, Daughter to Gormaz.                     | Mrs. Oldfield. |
| Belzara, Her Friend forsaken by<br>Don Sanchez. | } Mrs. Porter. |
|                                                 |                |

The SCENE, the Royal Palace in Seville.

T H E



THE  
HEROICK DAUGHTER.

---

A C T I.

*Alvarez and Carlos.*

*Alv.* **A**lliance! ha! and with the Race of *Gormax!*  
My mortal Foe! The King enjoins it, saidst  
thou?

Let me not think thou couldst descend to ask it:  
Take heed, my Son, nor let the Daughter's Eyes  
Succeed in what the Father's Sword has fail'd;  
Since I to Age have stood his Hate unmov'd,  
Be not thou vanquish'd by her Female Wiles,  
Nor stain thy Honour with insulted Love.

*Car.* O taint not with so hard a Thought her Virtues,  
Which she has prov'd sincere, from Obligations:  
'Tis to her Suit I owe my late Advancement.  
You know, my Lord, the Fortune of this Sword  
Redeem'd her from the *Moors*, when late their Captive;  
For which, at her return to Court, she swell'd  
The Action with such Praises to the King,  
He bad her name the Honours cou'd reward it;  
She, conscious of our Houses Hate, surpriz'd,  
And yet disdaining that her Heart shou'd fall

**And**



136 *The HEROICK DAUGHTER*

In Thanks below the Benefit receiv'd,  
Warm'd with th' Ocasion, begg'd his Royal Favour  
Would rank me in the Field, the next her Father.  
The King comply'd, and with a Smile insisted,  
That from her own fair Hand I shou'd receive  
The Grace. This forc'd me then to visit her:  
To say what follow'd from our Interview,  
Might tire, at least, if not offend your Ear.

*Alv.* Not so, my *Carlos*, but proceed.

*Car.* In brief;

The Queen, who now in highest Favour holds  
The fair *Ximena*, soon perceived our Passion,  
Approv'd and cherish'd it; our Houses Discord  
She knew of old, had often shook the State;  
Whereon she kindly to the King propos'd  
This happy Union, as the sole Expedient  
To cure those Wounds, and fortify his Throne:  
Nay, she, *Ximena*, if I know her Thoughts,  
Chiefly to that Regard resigns her Heart.  
O! she disclaims, contemns her Beauty's Power,  
And builds no Merit but on stable Virtue.

*Alv.* If so, I shou'd indeed applaud her Spirit.

*Car.* Oh! had you search'd her Soul like me, you would  
Repose your Life, your Fame, upon her Truth.

*Alv.* On thee at least I'm sure I may; I know  
Thou lov'st thy Honour equal to *Ximena*,  
And to that Guard I dare commit thy Love,  
Keep but that Union sacred:——

*Car.* When I break it,  
May your Displeasure, and *Ximena's* Scorn,  
Unite their Force to torture me with Shame:  
But see! she comes! her Eye, my Lord, has reach'd you.

*Ximena enters.*

Mark her Concern, the Softness of her Fear,  
O'ercast with Doubt and Diffidence to meet you;  
One gentle Word from you wou'd chase the Cloud,  
And let forth all the Lustre of her Soul.

*Alv.* Hail fair *Ximena*—beauteous Brightness, hail,  
Propitious be this Meeting to us all,  
With equal Joy and Wonder I survey thee,

How

The HEROICK DAUGHTER? 137

How lovely's Virtue in so bright a Form!  
Thy Father's Fierceness all is lost in thee:  
Well have thy Eyes reproach'd our Houses Jars,  
And calm'd the Tempests that have wreck'd our Peace;  
What we with false Resentments but inflam'd,  
Thy nobler Virtues have appeas'd with Honour.

*Ximena.* These Praises from another Mouth, my Lord,  
Might dye these glowing Cheeks with crimson Shame;  
But as they flow thus kindly from *Alvarez*,  
From the heroick Sire of my Deliverer,  
As you bestow 'em, my exulting Heart,  
Tho' undeserv'd, receives with Joy the Sound:  
But for those Virtues you ascribe to me,  
Alas! they are but copy'd all from thence;  
*Carlos*, I saw, was brave, victorious, great,  
Compassionate——I am at best but grateful——  
Cou'd I be less reduc'd with Obligations?  
Cou'd I retain our House's ancient Hate,  
When *Carlos*' Deeds so greatly had forgot it?  
If Heav'n had will'd our Feuds shou'd never end,  
It wou'd have chose some other Arm to save me:  
But if its kinder Providence decrees,  
*Ximena*'s yielded Heart shou'd cure those Ills,  
And bind our Passions in the Chains of Peace;  
Be witness that, all gracious Heav'n, I've gain'd  
The End, the Heav'n of my Hopes on Earth,  
And fill'd the proudest Sails of my Ambition.

*Alv.* O *Carlos*! *Carlos*! we are both subdu'd!  
Where can such heav'nly Sweetness find a Foe?  
What *Gormaz* may resolve, his Heart can tell,  
But mine no longer can resist such Virtue;  
His Pride perhaps may triumph o'er my Weakness,  
And wrong *Ximena* to insult *Alvarez*:  
Be mine that Shame, but then be mine this Glory.

[*He joins their Hands.*]  
That I surrender to his Daughter's Merit  
All that her Heart demands, or mine can give:  
If he's obdurate, let her Wrongs reproach him.

[*Don Sanchez and Alonzo observing them.*]  
No Thanks, my Fair; for both or neither are  
Oblig'd:

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Oblig'd: Whatever may be due to me,  
Let Love, and mutual Gratitude repay.

D. San. Death to my Eyes! *Alvarez* joins  
their Hands!

*Alon.* Forbear! is this a time for Jealousy? *Apart.*

D. San. Thou, that hast Patience then, relieve  
my Torture.

*Car.* O *Ximena*! how my Heart's oppress'd with Shame.  
Thou giv'st me a Confusion equal to  
My Joy, I yet am Laggard in my Duty,  
I must despair to reach with equal Virtues  
Dread *Garmaz* Heart, as thou hast touch'd *Alvarez*.

*Xim.* That Hope we must to Providence resign;  
The King intends this Day to sound his Temper,  
Which, tho' severe, I know is generous,  
In Honour great, as in Resentments warm;  
Fierce to the Proud, but to the gentle yielding;  
The Goodness of *Alvarez* must subdue him.

*Alon.* My Lord, I heard the King enquiring for you.

*Alv.* Sir, I attend his Majesty—I thank you.

*Xim.* Saw you the Count, my Father, in the Presence?

*Alon.* Madam, I left him with the King this instant,  
Withdrawn to th' Window, and in Conference.

*Xim.* 'Twas his Command I shou'd attend him there.

*Alv.* Come fair *Ximena*, if thy Father's Ear

Inclines like mine, unprejudic'd to bear:

His Hate subdu'd will publick Good regard,

And crown thy virgin Virtues with Reward.

[*Ex. Alv. Car. Xim.*]

D. San. Help me, *Alonzo*, help me, or I sink,  
Th' Oppression is too great for Nature's Frame,  
And, all my Manhood reels beneath the Load;  
Oh Rage: Oh Torment of successless Love!

*Alon.* Alas! I warn'd you of this Storm before,  
Yet you, incredulous and deaf, despis'd it;  
But since your Hopes are blasted in their Bloom,  
Since vow'd *Ximena* never can be yours,  
Forget the Folly, and resume your Reason:  
Recover to your Vows your Love betroth'd,  
Return to Honour, and the wrong'd *Belzara*.

D. San.



D. San. Why dost thou still obstruct my Happiness,  
And thwart the Passion, that has seiz'd my Soul?  
A Friend shou'd help a Friend in his Extremes,  
And not create, but dissipate his Fears.  
'Tis true I see *Ximena's* Heart is given,  
But then her Person's in a Father's Power;  
He, I've no Cause to fear, will slight my Offers.  
Thou know'st, th' Aversion that he bears *Alvarez*  
Bars like a Rock her Wishes from their Harbour:  
While *Carlos* has a Fear, shall I despair?  
Has not the Count his Passions too to please,  
And will he starve his Hate to feed her Love?  
May I not hope he rather may embrace  
The fair Occasion of my timely Vows,  
To torture *Carlos* with a sure Despair,  
And force *Ximena* to assist his Triumph?  
Nay, she perhaps, when his Commands are fix'd,  
In Pride of Virtue may resist her Love,  
Suppress the Passion, and resign to Duty.

*Alon.* Why will you tempt such Seas of wild Disquiet,  
When Honour courts you in a Calm to Joy?  
*Belzara's* Charms are yielded to your Hopes,  
Contracted to your Vows, and warm'd to Love;  
*Ximena* scarce has Knowledge of your Flame,  
Without Reproach she racks you with Despair,  
And must be perjur'd cou'd her Heart relieve you.

D. San. Let her relieve me, I'll forgive the Guilt,  
Forget it, smother in her Arms the Thought,  
And drown the charming Falshood in the Joy.

*Alon.* What wild Extravagance of youthful Heat  
Obscures your Honour, and destroys your Reason?

D. San. I am not of that Lifeless Mould of Men,  
That plod the beaten Road of virtuous Love:  
With me 'tis Joyous. Beauty gives Desire,  
Desire by Nature gives instinctive Hope;

*The Phoenix Woman sets herself on Fire,  
Hope gives us Love, our Love makes them desire,  
And in the Flames they raise, themselves expire:*

*Alon.* Not Love, nor Hope can give you here Success.

D. San. Let those despair, whose passions have their Bounds,  
Whose

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Whose Hopes in Hazards, or in Dangers die:  
Shew me the Object worthy of my Flame,  
Let her be barr'd by Obligations, Friends  
By Vows engag'd, by Pride, Aversion, all  
The Common Letts, that give the Virtuous awe,  
My Love wou'd mount the tow'ring Falcon's Height,  
Cut thro' them All; like yielding Air, my way,  
And downwards dart me rapid on the Quarry.

*Alon.* Farewel, my Lord, some other time perhaps  
This Rapture may subside, and want a Friend;  
I shall be glad t'advise, when you can hear,  
But see, *Belzara* comes, with Eyes confus'd,  
'That speak some new Disorder in her Heart.  
Wou'd you be happy, Friend, be just; preserve  
Inviolat the honest Vows you've made her.  
Farewel, I leave you to embrace th' Occasion. [Exit.

*Enter Belzara.*

*Bel.* I come, *Don Sanchez*, to inform you of  
A Wrong, that near concerns our Mutual Honour;  
'Tis whisper'd thro' the Court, that you retract  
Your solemn Vows by Contract seal'd to me,  
And with a perjur'd Heart pursue *Ximena*;  
Such false Reports shou'd perish in their Birth:  
I've done my honest Part, and disbeliev'd them;  
Do yours, and by your Vows perform'd destroy them.

*D. San.* Madam, this tender Care of me deserves  
Acknowledgements beyond my Power to pay;  
But Virtue always is the Mark of Malice,  
Contempt the best Return that we can make it.

*Bel.* Virtue shou'd have so strict a Guard, as not  
To suffer ev'n a Suspicion to approach it.  
For tho', *Don Sanchez*, I dare think you Just,  
Yet while the envious World believes you False,  
I feel their Insults, and endure the Shame.

*D. San.* Malice succeeds when its Report's believ'd,  
Seem you to flight it, and the Monster's mute.

*Bel.* I cou'd have hop'd some Cause to make me flight it.  
This cold Concern to satisfy my Fears.  
Proclaims the Danger, and confirms them true.

*D. San.*

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*D. San.* Then you believe me False?

*Bel.* Believe it! Heav'n!

Am I to doubt? What ev'n your Looks, your Words,  
Your faint Evasions faithlessly confess?

Ungrateful Man? when you betray'd my Heart,  
You shou'd have taught me too to bear the Wrong.

*D. San.* When Tears with Menaces relieve their Grief,  
They flow from Pride, not Tenderness distress.

*Bel.* Insulting, horrid Thought! am I accus'd  
Of Pride, complaining from a breaking Heart?

*D. San.* Behold th' unthrifty Proof of Woman's Love!  
Pursue you with the Sighs of faithful Passion,

You starve our pining Hopes with painted Coyness;

But if our Honest Hearts disdain the Yoke,

Or seek from sweet Variety, Relief,

Alarm'd to lose, what you despis'd secure,

Your tremb'ling Pride retracts its haughty Air,

And yields to Love, pursuing when we fly.

These lavish Tears when I deserv'd your Heart,

Had held me sighing to be more your Slave;

But to bestow them when that Heart's broke loose,

When more I merit your Contempt than Love,

Arraigns your Justice, and acquits my Falshood.

*Bel.* Injurious, false, and barbarous Reproach.

Have I with-held my Pity from your Sighs,

Or us'd with Rigour my once boundless Power?

Am I not sworn by testify'd Consent,

By solemn Vows contracted, yielded yours?

But what avails the Force of Truth's Appeal,

Where the Offender is himself the Judge?

But yet remember, Tyrant, while you Triumph,

I am Don *Henrick's* Daughter, whom you dare betray;

*Henrick*, whose fam'd Revenge of injur'd Honour,

Dares step as deep in Blood, as you in Provocations:

*D. San.* Since then your seeming Grief's with Rage  
reliev'd,

Hear me with Temper, Madam, once for all.

You urge our solemn Contract sworn, I own

The Fact, but must deny the Obligation.

'Twas not to me, but to a Father's Will,



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To *Henrick's* dread Commands your Pride submitted :  
 Since then your Merit's to Obedience due,  
 Seek your Reward from Duty, not from *Sanchez* :  
 Your Sights to me live yet recorded here,  
 Nor can your forc'd Submissions now remove them :  
*Ximena's* softer Heart has rais'd me to

A Flame, that gives at once Revenge and Rapture.  
 How far Don *Henrick* may resent the Change,  
 I neither know, nor with Concern shall hear.  
 Nay, trust your injur'd Patience to inflame him.

*Bel.* Inhumane, vain Provoker of my Heart,  
 I need not urge the Ills that must o'ertake thee,  
 Thy giddy Passions will without my Aid  
 Punish their Guilt, and to themselves be fatal.

*Ximena* Heart's is fixt as far above  
 Thy Hopes, as Truth and Virtue from thy Soul.  
 To her avenging Scorn I yield thy Love ;  
 There faithless Wretch, indulge thy vain Desires,  
 And starve, like tortur'd *Tantalus*, in Plenty ;

*Gaze on her Charms forbidden to thy Taste,  
 Famisht and pining at the tempting Feast,  
 Still racht, and reaching at the flying Fair,  
 Pursue thy Falshood, and embrace Despair.* [Exit.

*D. San.* So raging Winds in furious Storms arise,  
 Whirl o'er our Heads, and are when past forgotten.

*Enter Alonzo.*

*Alon.* Why, *Sanchez*, are you still resolv'd on Ruin ?  
 I met *Belzara* in disorder'd Haste,  
 At sight of me she stopt, and wou'd have spoke,  
 But Grief alas was grown too strong for Words :  
 When turning from my View her mournful Eyes,  
 She burst into a Show'r of gushing Tears,  
 And in the Conflict of her Shame retir'd :  
 O yet collect your Temper into Thought,  
 And shun the Precipice that gapes before you :  
 A Moment hence, convinc'd, your Eyes will see  
*Ximena* parted from your Hopes for ever.

*D. San.* Why dost thou double thus my new Disquiets ?  
 For Pains foreseen are felt befort they come.

*Enter*

*Enter King, Gormaz, Alvarez, Carlos, Ximena.*

*Alon.* Behold the King, *Alvarez*, and her Father.  
Be wise, tho' late, and profit from the Issue.

*King.* Count *Gormaz* you, and you *Alvarez* hear,  
Tho' in the Camp your Swords, in Court your Counsel,  
Have justly rais'd your Fame to envy'd Heights,  
Yet let me still deplore your Race and you,  
That from a long Descent of Lineal Heat,  
Your private Feuds as oft have shook the State.  
And what's the Source of this upheld Defiance?  
Alas! the stubborn Claim of ancient Rank,  
Held from a two Days antedated Honour,  
Which gave the younger House Preheminence.  
How many valiant Lives have eas'd our Foes  
Of Fear, destroy'd by this contested Title!  
And what's decided by this endless Valour?  
Whose Honour yet confesses the Superior?  
While both dare die, the Quarrel is Immortal:  
Or say that Force on one Part has prevail'd,  
Is there such Merit in unequal Strength?  
If Violence is Virtue, Brutes may boast it:  
Lions with Lions grapple, and dispute;  
But Men are only Great, truly Victorious,  
When with superior Reason they subdue.  
Can you then think you are in Honour bound  
To Heir the Follies of your Ancestors?  
Since they have left you Virtues and Renown,  
Transmit not to Posterity their Blame.

*Alv. and Gor.* My Gracious Lord——

*King.* Yet hold, I'll hear you both.  
Of your Compliance, *Gormaz*, I've no doubt,  
This Quarrel in your nobler Breast was dying,  
Had not, *Alvarez*, you reviv'd it:

*Alv.* I?

Wherein, my Gracious Lord, stand I suspected?

*King.* What else cou'd mean that sullen Gloom you  
That conscious Discontent so ill conceal'd [wore,  
In your abrupt Retirement from our Court,  
When late the valiant Count was made our General?

Was't

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Was't not your own Request, you might resign it?  
Which tho', 'tis true you long had fill'd with Honour,  
Was it for you to circumscribe our Choice?  
T' oppose from private Hate, the publick Good,  
And in his Case, whose Merit had preferr'd him?  
When his fierce Temper, from Reflection calm,  
Inclin'd to let the Embers of his Heat expire,  
Was it well done thus to revive the Flame,  
To wake his jealous Honour to Resentment,  
And shake that Union we had laid to Heart?  
If thou hast ought to urge, that may defend  
Thy late Behaviour, or accuse his Conduct,  
Unfold it free, we are prepar'd to hear.

*Alv.* Alas, my Lord, the World misjudges me,  
My Hate suppos'd is not so deeply rooted,  
Age has allay'd those Fevers of my Honour,  
And weary Nature now wou'd rest from Passions.  
The Noble Count, whose warmer Blood may boil,  
Perhaps is still my Foe: I am not his,  
Nor envy him those Honours of his Merit.  
Where Virtue is, I dare be just, and see it.  
Your Majesty has spoke your Wisdom in  
Your Choice, for I have seen his Arm deserve it.  
In all the Sieges, Battles I have won,  
I knew not better to Command, than he  
To Execute: Those Wreaths of Victory  
That flourish still upon this hoary Brow,  
Impartial I confess, his active Sword  
Has lopt from Heads of *Moors*, and planted there.

*King.* How has Report, my *Gormaz*, wrong'd this Man!

*Alv.* Nor was the Cause of my Retirement more  
Than that I found it time to ease my Age,  
Unfit for farther Action, and bequeath  
My Son the needless Pomp of my Possessions.

*King.* Is't possible? Could'st thou conceal this Goodness?  
Cou'd secret Virtue take so firm a Root,  
While Slander like a Canker kill'd its Beauties?

*Gormaz*, if yet thou art not Passion's Slave,  
Take to thy self the Glory to reward him.

*Gor.*



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*Gor.* My Lord, the Passions that have warm'd this Breast,  
Yet never stirr'd but in the Cause of Honour.  
Honour's the Spring that moves my active Life,  
And Life's a Torment, while that Right's invaded.  
Shew me the Man whose Merit claims my Love,  
Whose milder Virtues modestly assail me,  
And Honour throws me at his feet submissive.  
In Proof of this, there needs but now to own,  
The generous Advances of *Alvarez*  
Have turn'd my fierce Resentments into Shame.  
What can I more? My Words but faintly speak me.  
But since my King seems pleas'd with my Conversion,  
My Heart and Arms are open to embrace him.

*King.* Receive him, Soldier, to thy Heart, and give  
Your King, this Glory of your mutual Conquest.

[*They embrace.*]

*Xim.* Auspicious Omen!

*Gor.* ~~Transporting Hope!~~

*D. San.* Adders and Serpents mix in their Embraces!

[*Apart.*]

*King.* O *Gormaz*! O *Alvarez*! stop not here,  
Confine not to yourselves your stinted Virtue,  
But in this noble Ardour of your Hearts,  
Secure to your Posterity your Peace:

[*Carlos and Ximena kneel.*]  
Behold the lifted Hands, that beg the Blessing,  
The Hearts that burn to ratify the Joy,  
And to your Heirs unborn transmit the Glory.

*Gor.* Receive her, *Carlos*, from a Father's Hand,  
Whose Heart by Obligations was subdu'd.

*Alv.* Accept, *Ximena*, all my Age holds dear,  
Not to my Bounty, but thy Merit due.

*King.* O manly Conquest! O exalted Worth!  
What Honours can we offer to applaud it?  
To grace this Triumph of *Ximena's* Eyes,  
Let public Jubilee conclude the Day.  
Sound all our sprightly Instruments of War,  
Fifes, Clarions, Trumpets, speak the general Joy.

*Alv.* Raise high the Clangor of your lofty Notes,  
Sound Peace at Home——

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*Gor.* And Terror to our Foes.

*King.* Let the loud Cannon from the Ramparts roar,

*Gor.* And make the frighted Shores of Africk ring,

*Car.* Long live! and ever Glorious live, the King.

[*Trumpets and Volleys at a Distance.*]

*Alv.* O may this glorious Day for ever stand  
Fam'd in the Rolls of late recorded Time.

*King.* This happy Union fixt, my Lords, we now  
Must crave your Counsel in our State's Defence—  
Letters this Morn alarm us with Designs

The Moors are forming to invade our Realms;

But let them be, we'er now prepar'd to meet them.

*The Prince that wou'd sit free from foreign Fears,*

*Shou'd first with Peace compose intestine Fars;*

*Of Hearts united, while secure at Home,*

*His rash Invaders to their Graves must come.* [Exeunt.]



A C T II.

*Enter Don Sanchez.*

**R**elentless Fortune! thou hast done thy Part,  
Neglected nothing to oppose my Love;  
But thou shalt find, in thy Despight, I'll on.  
Wert thou not blind indeed, thou had'st foreseen  
The Honour done this Hour to old *Alvarez*.  
His being nam'd the Prince's Governor,  
(Which I well know the ambitious *Gormaz* aim'd at)  
Must like a Wildfire's Rage embroil their Union,  
Rekindle Jealousies in *Gormaz*' Heart,  
Whose fatal Flame must bury all in Ashes:  
But see, he comes, and seems to ruminate  
With pensive Grudge the King's too partial Favour.

*Gormaz on the other Side.*

*Gor.* The King methinks is sudden in his Choice—  
'Tis true, I never sought (but therefore is  
Not less the Merit) nor obliquely hinted,

That

That I desir'd the Office—He has heard  
 Me say, the Prince his Son I thought was now  
 Of Age to change his prattling Female Court,  
 And claim'd a Governor's instructive Guidance—  
 Th' Advice it seems was fit—but not th' Adviser—  
 Be't so—why is *Alvarez* then the Man?  
 He may be qualify'd—I'll not dispute—  
 But was not *Gormax* too of equal Merit?  
 Let me not think *Alvarez* plays me foul—  
 That cannot be—he knew I wou'd not bear it—  
 And yet why he's so suddenly preferr'd—  
 I'll think no more on't—Time will soon resolve me.

D. San. Not to disturb, my Lord, your graver Thoughts,  
 May I presume—

Gor. Don *Sanchez* may command me.  
 This youthful Lord is sworn our House's Friend,  
 If there's a Cause for jealous Thought, he'll find it. [*Aside.*]

D. San. I hear, my Lord, the King has fresh Advice  
 Of a design'd Invasion from the *Moors*, [receiv'd  
 Holds it confirm'd, or is it only Rumour?

Gor. Such new Alarms indeed his Letters bring,  
 But yet their Grounds seem'd doubtful at the Council.

D. San. May it not prove some Policy of State?  
 Some bugbear Danger of our own creating?  
 The King I have observ'd is skill'd in Rule,  
 Perfect in all the Arts of tempering Minds,  
 And—for the public Good—can give Alarms  
 Where Fears are not, and hush them where they are.

Gor. 'Tis so! he hints already at my Wrongs. [*Aside.*]

D. San. Not but such Prudence well becomes a Prince:  
 For Peace at Home is worth his dearest Purchase:  
 Yet he that gives his just Resentments up,  
 Tho' honour'd by the Royal Mediation,  
 And sees his Enemy enjoy the Fruits,  
 Must have more Virtues than his King, to bear it—  
 Perhaps my Lord I am not understood,  
 Nay, hope my jealous Fears have no Foundation;  
 But when the Tyes of Friendship shall demand it,  
 Don *Sanchez* wears a Sword that will revenge you. [*Going.*]

Gor. Don *Sanchez*, stay—I think thou art my Friend,



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Thy noble Father oft' has serv'd me in  
The Cause of Honour, and his Cause was mine:  
What thou hast said speaks thee *Belshazar's* Son,  
I need not praise thee more——If I deserve  
Thy Love, refuse not what my Heart's concern'd  
To ask; speak freely of the King, of me,  
Of old *Alvarez*, of our late Alliance,  
And what has followed since: then sum the whole,  
And tell me truly, where th' Account's unequal.

D. *San.* My Lord, you honour with too great a Trust  
The Judgment of my unexperienc'd Years;  
Yet for the Time I have observ'd on Men,  
I've always found the generous open Heart  
Betray'd, and made the Prey of Minds below it.  
O! 'tis the Curse of manly Virtue, that  
Cowards, with Cunning are too strong for Heroes:  
And since you press me to unfold my Thoughts,  
I grieve to see your Spirit so defeated,  
Your just Resentments by vile Arts of Court,  
Beguil'd, and melted to resign their Terror.  
Your honest Hate, that had for Ages stood,  
Unmov'd, and firmer from your Foes Defiance,  
Now sapp'd, and undermin'd by his Submission.  
*Alvarez* knew you were impregnable  
To Force, and chang'd the Soldier for the Statesman;  
While you were yet his Foe profess'd,  
He durst not take these Honours o'er your Head;  
Had you still held him at his Distance due,  
He wou'd have trembled to have fought this Office.  
When once the King inclin'd to make his Peace,  
I saw too well the Secret on the Anvil,  
And soon foretold the Favour that succeeded:  
Alas! this Project has been long concerted,  
Resolv'd in private 'twixt the King and him.  
Laid out and manag'd here by secret Agents.  
While he, good Man, knew nothing of the Honour,  
But from his sweet Repose was dragg'd t'accept it.  
O! it inflames my Blood to think his Fear  
Shou'd get the Start of your unguarded Spirit,  
And proudly vaunt it in the Plumes he stole  
From you.

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*Gor.* O! *Sanchez*, thou hast fir'd a Thought,  
That was before but dawning in my Mind:  
O! now afresh it strikes my Memory.  
With what dissembled Warmth the artful King  
First charg'd his Temper with the Gloom he wore,  
When I supply'd his late Command of General.  
Then with what fawning Flattery to me,  
*Alvarez*' Fear disguis'd his trembling Hate,  
And sooth'd my yielding Temper to believe him.

*D. San.* Not Flattery, my Lord; tho' I must grant,  
'Twas Praise well tim'd, and therefore skilful.

*Gor.* Now on my Soul, from him 'twas loathsome  
I take thy Friendship, *Sanchez*, to my Heart; [Daubing—  
And were not my *Ximena* rashly promis'd—

*D. San.* *Ximena*'s Charms might grace a Monarch's Bed,  
Nor dares my humble Heart admit the Hope,  
Or, if it durst, some fitter Time shou'd shew it.  
Results more pressing now demand your Thought;  
First ease the Pain of your depending Doubt,  
Divide this fawning Courtier from the Friend.

*Gor.* Which way shall I receive, or thank thy Love?

*D. San.* My Lord, you over rate me now—but see,  
*Alvarez* comes—now probe his hollow Heart,  
Now while your Thoughts are warm with his Deceit,  
And mark how calmly he'll evade the Charge:  
My Lord, I'm gone. [Exit.

*Gor.* I am thy Friend for ever.

*Enter Alvarez.*

*Alv.* My Lord, the King is walking forth to see  
The Prince, his Son, begin his Horsemanship;  
If you're inclin'd to see him, I'll attend you.

*Gor.* Since Duty calls me not, I've no Delight  
To be an idle Gaper on another's Business.  
You may indeed find Pleasure in the Office,  
Which you've so artfully contriv'd to fit.

*Alv.* Contriv'd, my Lord! I'm sorry such a Thought  
Can reach the Man, whom you've so late embrac'd.

*Gor.* Men are not always what they seem: This Honour,  
Which in another's Wrong, you've barter'd for,  
Was at the Price of those Embraces bought.

H. 3

*Alv.*

*Gor.*

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*Alv.* Ha! bought? For Shame suppress this poor Suspi-  
 For if you think, you can't but be convinc'd, [cion:  
 The naked Honour of *Alvarez* scorns  
 Such base Disguise——yet pause a Moment——  
 Since our great Master with such kind Concern  
 Himself has interpos'd to heal our Feuds,  
 Let us not thankless rob him of the Glory, 1  
 And undeserve the Grace by new false Fears.

*Gor.* Kings are, alas! but Men, and form'd like us,  
 Subject alike to be by Men deceiv'd;  
 The blushing Court from this rash Choice will see,  
 How blindly he o'erlooks superior Merit.  
 Cou'd no Man fill the Place but worn *Alvarez*?

*Alv.* Worn more with Wounds and Victories than Age,  
 Who stands before him in great Actions past?  
 But I'm to blame to urge that Merit now,  
 Which will but shock what Reasoning may convince.

*Gor.* The fawning Slave! O *Sanchez*! how I thank  
 thee!— [Aside.

*Alv.* You have a virtuous Daughter, I a Son,  
 Whose softer Hearts our mutual Hands have rais'd  
 E'en to the Summit of expected Joy;  
 If no Regard to me, yet let at least  
 Your Pity of their Passions rein your Temper.

*Gor.* O needless Care! to nobler Objects now  
 That Son be sure in Vanity pretends.  
 While his high Father's Wisdom is preferr'd  
 To guide and govern our great Monarch's Son,  
 His proud aspiring Heart forgets *Ximena*;  
 Think not of him, but your superior Care;  
 Instruct the Royal Youth to rule with Awe  
 His future Subjects trembling at his Frown;  
 Teach him to bind the loyal Heart in Love,  
 The bold and factious in the Chains of Fear;  
 Join to these Virtues too your warlike Deeds.  
 In flame him with the vast Fatigues you've born,  
 But now are past, to shew him by Example,  
 And give him in the Closet safe Renown:  
 Read him what scorching Suns he must endure;  
 What bitter Nights must wake, or sleep in Arms,



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To counter-march the Foe, to give th' Alarm,  
And to his own great Conduct owe the Day.  
Mark him on Charts the Order of the Battle,  
And make him from your Manuscripts a Heroe.

*Alv.* Ill-temper'd Man! thus to provoke the Heart,  
Whose tortur'd Patience is thy only Friend.

*Gor.* Thou only to thyself can'st be a Friend;  
I tell thee, false *Alvarez*, thou hast wrong'd me,  
Hast basely robb'd me of my Merit's Right,  
And intercepted our young Prince's Fame;  
His Youth with me had found the active Proof,  
The living Practice of experienc'd War;  
This Sword had taught him Glory in the Field,  
At once his great Example, and his Guard;  
His unsledg'd Wings from me had learnt to soar,  
And strike at Nations trembling at my Name;  
This I had done, but thou, with servile Arts,  
Hast fawning crept into our Master's Breast,  
Elbow'd superior Merit from his Ear,  
And, like a Courtier, stole his Son from Glory.

*Alv.* Hear me, proud Man—for now I burn to speak,  
Since neither Truth can sway, nor Temper touch thee;  
Thus I retort with Scorn thy stand'rous Rage:  
'Thou! thou the Tutor of a Kingdom's Heir!  
'Thou guide the Passions of o'er-boiling Youth,  
That can'st not in thy Age yet rule thy own!  
For shame retire, and purge th' imperious Heart,  
Reduce thy arrogant, self judging Pride,  
Correct the Meanness of thy groveling Soul,  
Chase damn'd Suspicion from thy manly Thoughts,  
And learn to treat with Honour thy Superior.

*Gor.* Superior, ha! dar'st thou provoke me, Traitor?

*Alv.* Unhand me, Ruffian! lest thy Hold prove fatal.

*Gor.* Take that! audacious Dotard. [*Strikes him.*]

*Alv.* O! my Blood!

Flow forward to my Arm to chain this Tyger.  
If thou art brave, now bear thee like a Man,  
And quit my Honour of this vile Disgrace. [*They fight.*  
[*Alvarez is disarm'd.*]

O feeble Life! I have too long endur'd thee.

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*Gor.* Thy Sword is mine, take back th'inglorious Trophy.  
Which wou'd disgrace thy Victor's Thigh to wear;  
Now forward to thy Charge, read to the Prince  
This martial Lecture of thy fam'd Exploits,  
And from this wholesome Chastisement, learn thou  
To tempt the Patience of offended Honour. *[Exit.*

*Alv.* O Rage! O wild Despair! O helpless Age!  
Wert thou but lent me to survive my Honour?  
Am I with martial Toils worn gray, and see  
At last one Hour's Blight lay waste my Laurels?  
Is this fam'd Arm to me alone defenceless?  
Has it so often prop'd this Empire's Glory,  
Fenc'd like a Rampart the *Castilian* Throne,  
To me alone disgraceful! to its Master useless!  
O sharp Remembrance of departed Glory!  
O fatal Dignity too dearly purchas'd!  
Now, haughty *Gormaz*, now guide thou my Prince;  
Insulted Honour is unfit t' approach him.  
And thou once glorious Weapon, fare thee well,  
Old Servant worthy of an abler Master,  
Leave now for ever his abandon'd Side,  
And to revenge him, grace some nobler Art.  
My Son!

*Enter Carlos.*

O *Carlos!* can'st thou bear Dishonour?

*Car.* What Villain dares occasion, Sir, the Question?  
Give me his Name, the Proof shall answer him.

*Alv.* O just Reproach! O prompt resentful Fire!  
My Blood rekindles at thy manly Flame;  
And glads my labouring Heart with Youth's Return.  
Up, up, my Son—I cannot speak my Shame—  
Revenge, Revenge me!

*Car.* O my Rage! of what?

*Alv.* Of an Indignity so vile, my Heart  
Redoubles all its Torture to repeat it.  
A Blow! a Blow! my Boy.

*Car.* Distraction! Fury!

*Alv.* In vain, alas, this feeble Arm assail'd  
With mortal Vengeance the Aggressor's Heart;

He

He dally'd with my Age, o'erborn, insulted;  
Therefore to thy young Arm for sure Revenge  
My Soul's Distress commits my Sword and Cause:  
Pursue him, *Carlos*, to the World's last Bounds,  
And from his Heart tear back our bleeding Honour.  
Nay, to inflame thee more, thou'lt find his Brow  
Cover'd with Laurels, and far fam'd his Prowess;  
Oh! I have seen him dreadful in the Field,  
Cut thro' whole Squadrons his destructive Way,  
And snatch the gore-dy'd Standard from the Foe.

*Car.* O rack not with his Fame my tortur'd Heart,  
That burns to know him, and eclipse his Glory.

*Alv.* Tho' I foresee, 'twill strike thy Soul to hear it,  
Yet since our gasping Honour calls for thy  
Relief—O *Carlos*, 'tis *Ximena's* Father—

*Car.* Ha!

*Alv.* Pause not for a Reply—I know thy Love,  
I know the tender Obligations of thy Heart,  
And even lend a Sigh to thy Distress.  
I grant, *Ximena* dearer than thy Life;  
But wounded Honour must surmount them both.  
I need not urge thee more; thou know'st my Wrong,  
'Tis in thy Heart, and in thy Hand the Vengeance:  
Blood only is the Balm for Grief like mine.

*Which till obtain'd, I will in Darkness mourn,*

*Nor lift my Eyes to Light, till thy Return.*

*But haste, o'ertake this Blaster of my Name,*

*Fly swift to Vengeance, and bring back my Fame.* [Exit.

*Car.* Relentless Heav'n! is all thy Thunder gone?

Not one Bolt left to finish my Despair?

Lie still my Heart, and close this deadly Wound?

Stir not to Thought, for Motion is thy Ruin.

But see, the frightened poor *Ximena* comes.

And with her Tremblings strikes thee cold as Death,

My helpless Father too, o'erwhelm'd with shame,

Begs his Dismission to his Grave with Honour.

*Ximena* weeps, Heart-pierc'd *Alvarez* groans:

Rage lifts my Sword, and Love arrests my Arm;

O! double Torture of distracting Woe.

Is there no Mean betwixt these sharp Extreams?



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Must Honour perish, if I spare my Love?  
 O ignominious Pity! shameful Softness!  
 Must I, to right *Alvarez* kill *Ximena*?  
 O cruel Vengeance! O Heart wounding Honour!  
 Shall I forsake her in her Soul's Extreams?  
 Depress the Virtue of her filial Tears,  
 And bury in a Tomb our Nuptial Joy?  
 Shall that just Honour that subdu'd her Heart,  
 Now build its Fame relentless on her Sorrows?  
 Instruct me, Heav'n, that gav'st me this Distress,  
 To chuse, and bear me worthy of my Being!  
 O Love! forgive me, if my hurry'd Soul  
 Shou'd act with Error in this Storm of Fortune!  
 For Heav'n can tell what Pangs I feel to save thee!  
 But hark! the Shrieks of drowning Honour call!  
 'Tis sinking, gasping, while I stand in Pause.  
 Plunge in, my Heart, and save it from the Billows.  
 It will be so—the Blow's too sharp a Pain,  
 And Vengeance has at least this just Excuse,  
 That e'en *Ximena* blushes, while I bear it:  
 Her generous Heart, that was by Honour won,  
 Must, when that Honour's stain'd, abjure my Love.  
*O Peace of Mind, farewell! Revenge, I come!*  
*And raise thy Altar on a mournful Tomb.* [Exit.

A C T III.

*Garcia and Gormaz.*

*Gor.* **T**HE King is Master of his Will and me.  
 But be it as it may—what's done's irrevocable.

*Gar.* My Lord, you ill receive this Mark of Favour,  
 And while thus obstinate, inflame your Fault.  
 When sovereign Power descends to ask of Subjects  
 The due Submission, which its Will may force,  
 Your Danger's greater from such slighted Mildness,  
 Than shou'd you disobey its full Commands.

*Gor.*

Gor. The Consequence, perhaps, may prove it so.

Gar. Have you no fear of what his Frown may do?

Gor. Has he no fear of what my Wrongs may do?

Men of my Rank are not in Hours undone;

When I am crush'd, I fall with Vengeance round me.

Gar. The rash Indignity you've done *Alvarez*,  
Without some Proof of Wrong, bears no Excuse.

Gor. I am myself the Judge of what I feel,  
I feel him false, and feeling must resent.

Gar. Shall it be deem'd a Falshood to accept  
A Dignity by Royal Hands conferr'd?

Gor. He shou'd have wav'd it; first consulted me.  
He might have held me still his Friend sincere;  
Have shar'd my Fortunes, as a Friend intreating;  
But basely thus to out me of my Right,  
By treacherous Acts to do me private Wrong,  
Is what I never can forgive, and have resent.

Gar. But in this Violence you offend the King,  
The Sanction of whose Choice claim'd more Regard.

Gor. Why am I fretted with these Chains of Honour,  
Less free than others in my just Resentments?  
Who unprovok'd myself, do no Man Wrong,  
But injur'd, am as Storms implacable.

Gar. My Lord, this stubborn Temper will undo you.

Gor. Then, Sir, *Alvarez* will be satisfy'd.

Gar. Be yet persuaded, and compose this Broil.

Gor. My Resolution's fix'd; let's wave the Subject.

Gar. Will you refuse all Terms of Reparation?

Gor. All! all! that are not from my Honour due!

Gar. Dare you not trust that Honour with your King?

Gor. My Life's my King's! my Honour is my own.

Gar. What's then in short your Answer? For the King  
Expects it on my first Return.

Gor. 'Tis this;

That I dare die, but cannot bow to Shame.

Gar. My Lord, I take my Leave.

Gor. Don *Garcia's* Servant.

[Exit *Garcia*.]  
Who fears not Death, smiles at the Frowns of Power.

Enter

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*Enter Carlos.*

*Car.* My Lord your Leave to talk with you.

*Gor.* Be free.

I did expect you on this late Occasion,

*Car.* I'm glad to find you do my Honour right.

And hope you'll not refuse it wrong'd *Alvarez.*

*Gor.* He had a Sword to right himself.

*Car.* That Sword is here.

*Gor.* 'Tis well; the Place—and let our Time be short.

*Car.* One Moment's Respite for *Ximena's* sake,

She has not wrong'd me, and my Heart wou'd spare her;

We both without a Stain to either's Honour,

May pity her Distress, and pause to save her.

Nor need I blush, that I suspend my Cause,

Since with its Vengeance her sure Woes are blended:

Not for myself, but for her tender sake,

I bend me to the Earth, and beg for Mercy.

Let not her Virtues suffer for her Love;

O! lay not on her Innocence the Grief

Of a mourn'd Father's, or a Lover's Blood;

O! spare her Sighs, prevent her streaming Tears;

Stop this Effusion of my bleeding Honour,

And heal, if possible, its Wounds with Peace.

*Gor.* What you have offer'd for *Ximena's* sake,

Will, in her Gratitude, be full repaid;

And for the Peace you ask, that's yours to give.

Submission 'tis in vain to hope, for know,

I have this Hour refus'd it to the King.

Thy Father's Arts betray'd my Friendship's Faith;

I felt the Wrong, and, as I ought, reveng'd it.

We're now on equal Terms: but if his Cause

So deep is in thy Heart, that thou resolv'st,

With fruitless Vengeance, to provoke my Rage,

Then thou, not I, art Author of thy Ruin.

*Car.* Support me now, *Ximena*, guard my Heart,

And bar this pressing Provocation's Entrance. [*Aside:*

Have I, my Lord, in Person wrong'd you?

*Gor.* No.

*Car.* Why then these fatal Cruelties to me,

That I must lose, or wrong *Ximena's* Love?

For



For she must scorn me, shou'd I bear my Shame;  
Or fly me, tho' my Honour shou'd revenge it.

Gor. Place that to thy Misfortune, not to me.

Car. Not to you?

Am I not forc'd by Wrongs, I blush to name,  
To prosecute this fatal Reparation?  
Which, had you Temper, or a Feeling here;  
Had you the Spirit to confess your Error,  
Your Heart's Confusion had subdu'd *Alvarez*,  
And thrown you at his injur'd Feet for Pardon.

Gor. If thou com'st here to talk me from my Sense,  
Or think'st with Words t' extenuate his Guilt,  
Thou offer'st to the Winds thy forceless Plea.  
I will not bear the mention of his Truth;  
His Falshood's here, 'tis rooted in my Heart,  
And justifies a worse Revenge than I have taken.

Car. O Patience, Heav'n! O tortur'd Rage! Not speak!  
The pious Pangs of my torn Soul insulted!  
Have I for this, bow'd down my humble Knee,  
To swell thy Triumph o'er my Father's Wrongs,  
And hear him tainted with a Traytor's Practice?  
O give me back that vile submissive Shame,  
That I may meet thee with retorted Scorn,  
And right my Honour with untainted Vengeance.  
Yet no——with-hold it, take it to acquit my Love!  
That Sacrifice was to *Ximena* due,  
Her helpless Sufferings claim'd that Pang: And since  
I cannot bring Dishonour to her Arms,  
Thus my rack'd Heart pours forth its last Adieus,  
And makes Libation of its bleeding Peace:  
Farewel, dear injur'd Softness——follow me.

Gor. Lead on——yet hold! shou'd we together forth,  
It may create Suspicion, and prevent us:  
Propose the Place, I'll take some different Circle.

Car. Behind the Ramparts near the *Western Gate*.

Gor. Expect me on the Instant.

Car. Poor *Ximena*! [Exit.

Gor. Deep as Resentment lodges in my Heart,  
It feels some Pity there for *Carlos*' Passion——

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It shall be so—his brave Resentment's just;

[Writes in Tablets.

*And hard his Fate—both Ways—this Legacy*

*Shall right my Honour and my Enemy.* [Exit.

*Enter Belzara, and Ximena.*

*Bel.* Look up, *Ximena*, and suppress thy Fears.

What tho' a transient Cloud o'ercast thy Joy,  
Shall we conclude from thence a Wrack must follow?

*Xim.* Can I resist the Fears that Reason forms?  
Have I not Cause to tremble in the Storm?  
While Horror, Ruin, and Despair's in view?  
Can I support the good *Alvarez*' Shame,  
Whose generous Heart took Pity on our Love,  
And not let fall a grateful Tear to mourn it?  
Can I behold fierce *Carlos*, stung with his Disgrace,  
Breaking like Fire from these weak-holding Arms,  
And not sink down with Terror at his Rage?  
Must I not tremble, for the Blood may follow?  
If by his Arm my hapless Father falls,  
Am I not forc'd with Rigour to revenge him?  
If *Carlos* by my Father's Sword shou'd bleed,  
Am I not bound with double Grief to mourn him?  
One gave me Life, shall I not revere him,  
The other is my Life, can I survive him?

*Bel.* Her Grievs have something of such mournful Force,  
That, tho' not equal to my own, I feel them.

*Xim.* *Carlos* you see too thuns my Sight, no News,  
No Tydings yet arrive, tho' I have sent  
My swiftest Fears a Thousand Ways to find him.  
Who can support these Terrors of Suspense?

*Bel.* Be not thus torn with wild uncertain Fears,  
*Carlos* may yet arrive, and save your Peace?  
He is too much a Lover to resist

The tender Pleadings of *Ximena*'s Sorrow.  
One Word, one Sigh from you arrests his Arm,  
And makes the Tempest of his Rage subside.

*Xim.* And say that I cou'd conquer him; with Tears,  
And Terrors cou'd subdue his piteous Heart,  
To yield his Honour and its Cause to Love,

What

What will the World not say of his Compliance?  
 Can I be happy in his Fame's Disgrace?  
 Can Love subsist on Shame, that sprung from Honour?  
 Shall I reduce him to such hard Contempt,  
 And raise on Infamy our Nuptial Joy?  
 Ah no! no Means are left for my Relief:  
 Let him resist, or yield to my Distress,  
 Or Shame, or Sorrow's sure to meet me.

*Bel.* *Ximena* has, I see, a Soul refin'd,  
 Too Great, too Just, too Noble to be happy:  
 True Virtue must despair from this vile World  
 To crown its Days with unallay'd Reward:  
 But see, your Servant is return'd! good News,  
 Kind Heav'n!

*Enter a Page.*

*Xim.* Speak quickly, hast thou seen Don Carlos?

*Page.* Madam, where your Commands directed me,  
 I've made the strictest Search in vain to find him.

*Xim.* Now, now *Belzara*, where's that Hope thou  
 gav'st me?

Has no one seen him pass, or heard of him?

*Bel.* Nor hast thou gain'd no Knowledge of his Steps?

*Page.* As I return'd, the Centinel, that guards  
 The Gate, inform'd me, that he saw him scarce  
 Ten Minutes hence pass in disorder'd Haste  
 From out this very House alone.

*Bel.* Alone?

*Page.* Alone, and after soon my Lord, wrapt in  
 His Cloke, without a Servant, follow'd him.

*Xim.* O Heav'n!

*Bel.* No Servant, said'st thou?

*Page.* None, and as  
 My Lord came forth, the Soldier standing to  
 His Arms, he sign'd Forbiddance, and reply'd,  
 Be sure you saw me not.

*Xim.* Then Ruin's sure,  
 They are engag'd, and fatal Blood must follow:

*Excuse, my Dear, this Hurry of my Fate,*

*One Moment lost may prove an Age too late.* [Exit.

*Bel*



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*Bel.* Howe'er my own Afflictions press my Heart,  
I bear a Part in poor *Ximena's* Grief,  
'Tho' e'en the worst that can befall her Hópes,  
May better be endur'd than what I feel!  
O! nothing can destroy her Lover's Truth,  
*Carlos* may prove Unhappy, not Inconstant;  
Whate'er Disasters may obstruct her Joy,  
The Comfort of his Truth is sure to find her.  
That Thought ev'n Pains of Parting may remove,  
Or fill up all the Space of Absence with Delight.  
But I, alas, am left to my Despair alone,  
Confin'd to sigh in Solitude my Woes,  
Or hide with Anguish what I blush to bear.  
In vain the Woman's Pride resents my Wrongs,  
Unconquer'd Love maintains his Empire still.  
And with new Force insults my Heart's Resistance.

*Enter Alonzo hastily.*

*Alon.* Your Pardon, Madam——Have you seen Lord  
*Gormaz*?

I come to warn him that he stir not hence,  
The Guards are order'd to attend his Doors.

*Bel.* Alas they are too late! *Carlos* and he  
Are both gone forth, 'tis fear'd with fatal Purpose;  
And poor *Ximena* drown'd in Tears has follow'd 'em.

*Alon.* Then 'tis indeed too late, I wish my Friend.  
The rash Don *Sanchez*, has not blown this Fire.  
Be not concern'd, Madam, I know your Grievs,  
And as a Friend, have labour'd to prevent 'em.  
You have not told *Ximena* of his Falshood?

*Bel.* Alas! I durst not; knowing that her Friendship  
Wou'd for my sake so coldly treat his Vows,  
That 'twou'd but more provoke him to insult me.

*Alon.* You judge him right, Patience will yet recall him,  
'Tis not his Love, but Pride pursues *Ximena*,  
A youthful Heat, that with the Toil will tire:  
Be comforted, I'll still observe his Steps,  
And when I find him staggering, catch him back  
To Love, and warm him with his Vows of Honour:  
But Duty calls me to the King——Shall I

Attend

Attend you, Madam?

*Bel.* Sir, I thank your Care,  
My near Concern for poor *Ximena's* Fate,  
Keeps me impatient here, 'till her Return. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter King, Garcia, Sanchez, Attendants.*

*King.* Since mild Intreaties fail, our Power shall  
force him;

Cou'd he suppose, his Insult to our Person offer'd,  
His Outrage done within our Palace Walls,  
Deserv'd the Lenity we've deign'd to shew him?  
Is yet *Alonzo* with our Orders gone?

*Gar.* He is, my Lord, but not return'd.

*D. San.* Dread Sir,

For what the Count has offer'd to *Alvarez*,  
I dare not plead Excuse; but as his Friend,  
Wou'd beg your Royal Leave to mitigate  
His seeming Disobedience to your Pleasure,  
Restraint, however just, oppos'd against  
The Tyde of Passion, makes the Current fiercer,  
Which of itself in time had ebb'd to Reason;  
Your Will surpriz'd him in his Heart's Emotion,  
Ere Thought had leisure to compose his Mind;  
Great Souls are jealous of their Honour's Shame,  
And bend reluctant to enjoin'd Submission:  
Had your Commands oblig'd him to repair  
*Alvarez's* Wrongs with Hazards in your Service,  
Were it to face the double number'd Foe,  
To pass the rapid Stream thro' Showers of Fire,  
To force the Trenchment, or to storm the Breach,  
I'll answer he'd embrace with Joy the Charge,  
And march intrepid in Commands of Honour.

*King.* We doubt not of his Daring in the Field;  
But he mistakes, if he concludes from thence,  
That to persist in Wrong, is Height of Spirit,  
Or to have acted Wrong, is always base:  
Perfection's not the Attribute of Man,  
Nor therefore can a Fault confess degrade him;  
The lowest Minds have Spirit to offend,  
But few can reach the Courage to confess it,

Submitting

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Submitting to our Will, the Count had lost  
No Fame, nor can we pardon his Refusal:  
What you have said, Don *Sanchez*, speaks the Friend;  
What we resolve, 'tis fit shou'd speak the King:  
We both have said enough—The Public now  
Requires our Thought: We are inform'd ten Sail  
Of warlike Vessels, mann'd with our old Foes  
The *Moors*, were late discover'd off our Coast,  
And steering to the River's Mouth their Course.

*Gar.* The Lives, Sir, they have lost in like Attempts  
Must make them cautious to repeat the Danger;  
This is no time to fear them.

*King.* Nor contemn;  
Too full Security as oft' been fatal.  
Consider with what Ease the Flood at Night,  
May bring them down t'insult our Capital:  
Let at the Port, and on the Walls our Guards  
Be doubl'd; till the Morn that Force may serve;  
*Gormaz* has tim'd it ill to be in Fault,  
When his immediate Presence is requir'd.

*Gar.* My Liege, *Alonzo* is return'd.

*Enter Alonzo.*

*King.* 'Tis well!  
Have you obey'd us, is the Count confin'd?  
*Alon.* Your Orders, Sir, arriv'd unhappily  
Too late, the Count with *Carlos*, was before  
Gone forth, to end their fatal Difference:  
As I came back, I met the gathering Croud  
In Fright, and hurrying to the Western Gate,  
To see, as they reported, in the Field  
The Body of some murder'd Nobleman.  
Struck with my Fears I hasted to the Place,  
Where to my Sense's Horror, when arriv'd,  
I found them true, and *Gormaz* just expir'd;  
While fair *Ximena*, to adorn the Woe,  
Bath'd his pale breathless Body with her Tears,  
Calling with Cries for Justice on his Head,  
Whose rueful Hand had done the barb'rous Deed:  
The pitying Crowd took Part in her Distress,

And



And join'd her moving Plaints for due Revenge;  
While some in kinder Feeling of her Griefs,  
Remov'd the mournful Object from her Eyes,  
And to the neighbouring Convent bore the Body,  
Which when committed to the Abbot's Care,  
I left the pressing Throng to tell the News.

*King.* *Ximena's* Griefs are follow'd with our own.  
For tho' in some Degree the haughty Count  
Drew on himself the Son's too just Revenge,  
We cannot lose without a deep Concern  
So true a Subject, and so brave a Soldier:  
However Pity may for *Carlos* plead,  
Death ends his Failings, and demands our Grief.

*Alon.* Sir, here in the Tablets of the unhappy Count,  
In his own Hand these written Lines were found.

*King.* ' *Alvarez* wrong'd me in my Master's Favour,  
' *Carlos* is brave, and has deserv'd *Ximena*.' [Reading.  
Strange, generous Spirit, now we pity thee.

*Alon.* Behold, Sir, where the lost *Ximena* comes,  
O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow, to demand your Justice.

*Enter Ximena.*

*Xim.* O Sacred Sir! forgive my Grief's Intrusion,  
Behold a helpless Orphan at your Feet,  
Who for a Father's Blood implores your Justice.

*Enter Alvarez, hastily.*

*Alv.* O! turn, dread Royal Master, turn your Eyes,  
See on the Earth your faithful Soldier prostrate,  
Whose Honour's just Revènge intreats your Mercy.

*Xim.* O godlike Monarch, hear my louder Gries!

*Alv.* O be not to the Old and Helpless deaf!

*Xim.* Revenge yourself, your violated Laws.

*Alv.* Support not Violence in rude Aggressors.

*Xim.* Be greatly Good; and do the Injur'd Justice.

*Alv.* Be greater still, and shew the Valiant Mercy.

*Xim.* O Sir, your Crown's Support and Guard is gone;  
The impious *Carlos*' Sword has kill'd my Father.

*Alv.* And like a pious Son aveng'd his own.

*King.*

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*King.* Rise, fair *Ximena*, and *Alvarez* rise !  
With equal Sorrow we receive your Complaints,  
Both shall be heard apart——proceed *Ximena* :  
*Alvarez* in your Place you speak, be patient.

*Xim.* What can I say ? But Miseries like mine  
May plead with plainest Truths their piteous Cause.  
Is he not dead ? Is not my Father kill'd ?  
Have not these Eyes beheld his ghastly Wound,  
And mixt with fruitless Tears his streaming Blood ?  
That Blood which in his Royal Master's Cause  
So oft has sprung him thro' your Foes victorious ?  
That Blood, which all the raging Swords of War  
Cou'd never reach, a young presumptuous Arm,  
Has dar'd within your View to sacrifice !  
These Eyes beheld it stream——Excuse my Grief,  
My Tears will better than my Words explain me.

*King.* Take Heart, *Ximena*, we're inclin'd to hear thee.

*Xim.* O shall a Life so faithful to the King  
Fall unreveng'd, and stain his Glory ?  
Shall Merit so important to the State  
Be left expos'd to sacrilegious Rage,  
And fall the Sacrifice of private Passion ?  
*Alvarez* says his Honour was insulted ;  
Yet, be it so, was there no King to right it ?  
Who better cou'd protect it than the Donor ?  
Shall *Carlos* wrest the Scepter from your Hand,  
And point the Sword of Justice whom to punish ?  
O ! if such Outrage may escape with Pardon,  
Whose Life's secure from his self-judging Rage ?  
O where's Protection, if *Ximena's* Tears,  
And tender Passion cou'd not save her Father ?

*King.* *Alvarez*, answer her.

*Alv.* My Heart's too full :  
Divided, torn, distracted with its Grievs.  
How can I plead poor *Carlos's* Cause, when I  
Am toucht with Pity of *Ximena's* Woe ?  
Her suffering Piety has caught my Soul,  
And only leaves me Sorrow to defend me ;  
*Ximena* has a Grief I cannot disallow,  
Nor dare I hope for Pardon, but your Pity ;

*Carlos*

*Carlos* even yet may merit some Compassion.  
 Perhaps *For* partial to his Piety,  
 And see his Deeds with a fond Father's Eye;  
 But that I still must leave to Royal Mercy!  
 O Sir, imaginé what the Brave endure,  
 When the chaste Front of Honour is insulted,  
 Her Fame abus'd, and ravish'd by a Blow.  
 Oh piercing, piercing must the Torture be,  
 If soft *Ximena* wanted Power t'appease it.  
 Pardon this Weakness of o'erflowing Nature,  
 I cannot see such filial Virtue perish,  
 And not let fall a Tear to mourn its Hardship.

*Xim.* O my divided Heart! oh poor *Alvarez*!

[*Aside.*

*King.* Compose thy Griefs, my good old Friend, we  
 feel them.

*Alv.* If *Gormaz*' Blood must be with Blood reveng'd,  
 O do not, sacred Sir, misplace your Justice,  
 Mine was the Guilt, and be on me the Vengeance,  
*Carlos* but acted what my Sufferings prompted,  
 The fatal Sword was not his own, but mine,  
 I gave it with my Wrongs into his Hand,  
 Which had been innocent had mine been able.  
 On me your Vengeance will be just and mild!  
 My Days, alas! are drawing to their End,  
 But *Carlos* spar'd, may yet live long to serve you:  
 Preserve my Son, and I embrace my Fate.  
 Since he has sav'd my Honour from the Grave,  
 O lay me gently there to rest for ever.

*King.* Your mutual Complaints require our tend'rest  
 Thought,

Our Counsel shall be summon'd to assist us——  
 Look up, my Fair, and calm thy Sorrows,  
 Thy King is now thy Father, and will right thee:

*Alvarez* on his Word has Liberty:

Be *Carlos* found to answer to his Charge.

*Sanchez*, wait you *Ximena* to her Rest,

Whom on the Morrow's Noon we full will answer.

*Hard is the Task of Justice, where Distress*

*Excites our Mercy, yet demands Redress.*

[*Exeunt.*  
 A C T



**A C T IV.**

*Belzara, alone, in Ximena's Apartment.*

*Bel.* SURE some ill-bolding Planet must preside  
Malignant to the Peace of tender Lovers !  
Undone *Ximena* ! O relentless Honour !  
That first subdu'd thy generous Heart, then rais'd  
Thy Lover's fatal Arm to pierce it through  
Thy Father's Life, and make thy Virtue wretched :  
The hapless *Carlos* too is lost for ever !  
Condemn'd to fly an Exile from her Sight,  
In whom he only lives ! Oh Heav'n ! he's here,  
His Miseries have made him desperate.

*Enter Carlos.*

*Carlos*, what wild Distraction has possess'd thee,  
That thus thou seek'st thy Safety in thy Ruin ?  
Is this a Place to hide thy wretched Head,  
Where Justice, and *Ximena's* sure to find thee ?

*Car.* I would not hide me from *Ximena's* Sight,  
Banisht from her, I every Moment die :  
Since I must perish, let her Frowns destroy me,  
Her Anger's sharper than the Sword of Justice.

*Bel.* Alas, I pity thee, but would not have  
Thee tempt the first Emotions of her Heart,  
While Duty, and Resentment yet transport her :  
I wait each Moment her Return from Court,  
Which now, be sure, will be with Friends attended ;  
O fly, for Pity's sake, regard her Fame ;  
Shou'd you be seen, what must the World conclude ?  
Wou'd you encrease her Miseries, to have  
Malicious Tongues report her Love conceal'd  
Beneath her Roof, her Father's Murderer ?  
But see, she comes ! O hide thee but a Moment !  
Kill not her Honour too, let that persuade thee.

[*Exit Carlos.*  
Don

Don Sanchez here! Oh Heav'ns! how I tremble.

[Retires]

Enter Sanchez and Ximena.

D. San. This noble Conquest, Madam, of your Love,  
To After-Ages must Record your Fame.

Just is your Grief, and your Resentment great,  
And great the Victim that should fall before it;  
But Words are empty Succours to Distress;

Therefore command my Actions to relieve you.  
Wou'd you have sure Revenge, employ this Sword;  
My Fortune, and my Life is yours to right you;  
Accept my Service, and you over-pay it.

Bel. O faithless barb'rous Man! but I'll divert  
'Thy cruel Aim, and use my Power for Carlos. [Apart.]

Xim. O miserable me!

Bel. Take Comfort, Madam.

D. San. Belzara here! then I have lost th' Occasion.

[Aside.]

Yet I may urge enough to give her Pain:  
Commanding me, you make your Vengeance sure.

Xim. That were to offend the King, to whom I have  
Appeal'd, and whence I now must only wait it.

D. San. Revenge from Justice, Madam, moves so slow,  
That oft' the watchful Criminal escapes it.

Appeal to your Resentment, you secure it.  
Carlos, you found, wou'd trust no other Power,  
And 'tis but just you quit him, as he wrong'd you.

Bel. Alas, Don Sanchez, Madam, feels not Love;  
He little thinks how Carlos fills your Heart;  
What shining Glory in his Crime appears;  
What Pangs it cost him to take part with Honour:

That you must hate the Hand that could destroy him.  
Sanchez, to shew the real Friend, would use  
His secret Int'rest with the King to spare him;  
For tho' you're bound in Duty to pursue him,  
Yet Love, alas! wou'd with a conscious Joy,  
Applaud the Power that cou'd unbid preserve him.

Xim. O kind Belzara! how thou feel'st my Sufferings!  
Yet I must think, Don Sanchez means me well.

D. San.

*D. San.* Confusion! how her subtle Tongue has foil'd  
me \_\_\_\_\_ [*Aside.*]

Madam, some other Time I'll beg your Leave  
To wait your Service, and approve my Friendship.

*Xim.* Oh! every Friend, but *Carlos*, is at Hand  
To help me! Grief, Sir, is unfit to thank you.

*D. San.* Oh! if such Beauties 'midst her Sorrows shine,  
What darting Charms must point her smiling Eyes! [*Exit.*]

*Xim.* At length I'm free, at Liberty to think,  
And give my Miseries a Loose of Sorrow.  
O *Belzara*! *Carlos* has kill'd my Father!  
Weep! weep my Eyes, pour down your baleful Show'rs.  
He that in Grief shou'd be my Heart's Support,  
Has wrought my Sorrows, and must fall their Victim.  
When *Carlos* is destroy'd, what Comfort's left me?  
Spite of my Wrongs he still inhabits here:  
O still his fatal Virtues plead his Cause;  
His filial Honour charms my Woman's Heart,  
And there ev'n yet he combats with my Father.

*Bel.* Restrain these headstrong Sallies of your Heart,  
And try with Slumbers to compose your Spirits.

*Xim.* O! where's Repose for Misery like mine?  
How grievous, Heav'n! how bitter is my portion!  
O shall a Parent's Blood cry unreveng'd?  
Shall impious Love subborn my Heart to pay  
His Ashes but unprofitable Tears,  
And bury in my Shame the great Regards of Duty?

*Bel.* Alas, that Duty is discharg'd; you have  
Appeal'd to Justice, and shou'd wait its Course.  
Nor are you bound with Rigour to enforce it;  
His hard Misfortunes may deserve Compassion.

*Xim.* O! that they do deserve, it is my Grief:  
Cou'd I withdraw my Pity from his Cause,  
Were Falshood, Pride, or Insolence his Crime,  
My just Revenge, without a Pang, shou'd reach him.  
But as he is supported with Excuse,  
Defended by the Cries of bleeding Honour,  
Whose cruel Laws none but the Great obey;  
My hopeless Heart is tortur'd with Extreams,  
It mourns in Vengeance, and at Mercy shudders.

*Bel.*



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*Bel.* O what will be at last the dire Resolve  
Of your afflicted Soul?

*Xim.* There is but one  
Can end my Sorrows, and preserve my Fame;  
*The sole Resource, my Miseries can have,*  
*Is to pursue, destroy; then meet him in the Grave.*

[Going.

*Carlos meets her.*

Amazement, Horror! have my Eyes their Sense?  
Or do my raving Griefs create this Phantom?  
Support me! help me! hide me from the Vision!  
For 'tis not *Carlos* come to brave my Sorrows.

[*Carlos kneels.*

*Bel.* O turn your Eye, in pity of his Griefs,  
Resign'd, and prostrate at your Feet for Mercy.

*Xim.* What will my Woes do with me?

*Bel.* Now!

Now conqu'ring Love shoot all thy Fires to save him;  
Now snatch the Palm from cruel Honour's Brow;  
Maintain thy Empire and relieve the Wretched:  
O hang upon his Tongue thy thrilling Charms,  
To hold her Heart, and kill the Hopes of *Sanchez*.

[*Exit.*

*Car.* O pierce not thus, with thy offended Eyes,  
The wretched Heart that of itself is breaking.

*Xim.* Can I be wounded, and not shrink with Pain?  
Can I support, with Temper, him that shed  
My Father's Blood, triumphant in my Ruin?

O *Carlos*! *Carlos*! was thy Heart of Stone?

Was nothing due to poor *Ximena's* Peace?

O! 'twas not thus I felt new Pains for thee,

When at my Feet, thy Sighs of Love were pity'd,

And all hereditary Hate forgotten!

Tho' bound in filial Honour, to insult

Thy Flame; I broke thro' all to crown thy Vows,

And bore the Censure of my Race to save thee:

And am I thus requited? left forlorn?

The tender Passion of my Heart despis'd!

Could not my Terrors move one Spark of Mercy?

No mild Abatement of thy stern Revenge,  
T' excuse thy Crime, or justify my Love?

*Car.* O hear me but a Moment.

*Xim.* O my Heart!

*Car.* One mournful Word!

*Xim.* Ah! leave me to Despair!

*Car.* One dying last Adieu, then wreak thy Vengeance:  
Behold the Sword that has undone thee.

*Xim.* Ah! stained with my Father's Blood! O rueful Object!

*Car.* O *Ximena*!

*Xim.* Take hence that horrid Steel,  
That, while I bear thy Sight, arraigns my Virtue.

*Car.* Endure it rather to support Resentment,  
T' enflame thy Vengeance, and to pierce thy Victim:  
I am more wretched, than thy Rage can wish me.

*Xim.* O cruel *Carlos*! in one Day thou hast kill'd  
The Father with thy Sword, the Daughter with  
Thy Sight—O yet remove that fatal Object;  
I cannot bear the Glare of its Reproach;  
If thou wou'dst have me hear thee, hide the Cause,  
That wounds Reflection to our mutual Ruin.

*Car.* Thus I obey——but how shall I proceed?  
What Words can help me to deserve thy Hearing?  
How can I plead my wounded Honour's Cause,  
Where injur'd Love and Duty are my Judges?  
Or how shall I repent me of a Crime,  
Which, uncommitted, had deserv'd thy Scorn?  
Yet think not; O I conjure thee! think not,  
But that I bore a thousand Racks of Love,  
While my conflicting Honour press'd for Vengeance.  
O I endur'd! submitted ev'n to Shame,  
Begg'd, as for Life, for peaceful Reparation!  
But all in vain! like Water sprinkled on  
A Fire, those Drops but made him burn the more,  
And only added to thy Father's Fierceness.  
Reduc'd, at last, to these Extrems of Torture,  
That I must be, or Infamous, or Wretched,  
I sav'd my Honour, and resign'd to Ruin.  
Nor think, *Ximena*, Honour had prevail'd,  
But that thy nobler Soul oppos'd thy Charms,

And

And told my Heart, none but the Brave deserv'd thee.  
Now having thus discharg'd my Honour's Debt,  
And wash'd my injur'd Father's Stains away,  
What yet remains of Life, is due to Love.  
Behold the Wretch, whose Honour's fatal Fame  
Is founded on the Ruin of thy Peace :  
Receive the Victim, which thy Griefs demand,  
Prepar'd to bleed, and bending to the Blow.

*Xim.* O *Carlos*, I must take thee at thy Word,  
But must with equal Justice too discharge  
My Ties of Love, as fatal Bonds of Duty.  
O think not, tho' enforc'd to these Extreams,  
My Heart is yet insensible to thee !  
O ! I must thank thee for thy painful Pause ;  
The generous Shame thy tortur'd Honour bore,  
When at my Father's Feet my Suff'rings threw thee.  
Can I present thee in that dear Confusion,  
And not with grateful Sighs of Pity mourn thee ?  
I can lament thee, but I dare not pardon ;  
Thy Duty done, reminds me of my own ;  
My filial Piety, like thine distress'd,  
Compels me to be miserably Just,  
And asks my Love a Victim to my Fame :  
Yet think not Duty cou'd o'er Love prevail,  
But that thy nobler Soul assures my Heart,  
'Thou would'st despise the Passion that cou'd save thee.

*Car.* Since I must die, let that kind Hand destroy me.  
Let not the Wretch once honour'd with thy Love,  
Thy *Carlos*, once thought worthy of thy Arms,  
Be dragg'd a public Spectacle to Justice ;  
To draw the irksome Pity of a Crowd,  
Who may with vulgar Reason call thee cruel.  
My Death from thee will elevate thy Vengeance.  
And shew, like mine, thy Duty scorn'd Assistance,

*Xim.* Shall I then take Assistance ? and from thee ?  
Accept that Vengeance from thy Heart's Despair ?  
No, *Carlos*, no !  
I will not judge, like thee, my private Wrongs,  
But to the Course of Justice trust my Duty,  
Which shall, in every Part, untainted flow,



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Unmix'd with gain'd Advantage o'er thy Love,  
And from its own pure Fountain raise my Glory.

*Car.* O can my Death with Shame advance that Glory?  
Can I do more than perish, to appease thee?  
Can my Misfortunes too have reach'd thy Hate?

*Xim.* Can Hate have part in Interviews like this?  
Nay, can I give thee greater Proof of Love,  
Than that I trust my Vengeance with thy Honour?  
Art not thou now within my Power to seize?  
Yet I'll release thee, *Carlos*, on thy Word;  
Give me thy Word, that on the morrow Noon,  
Before the King in Person thou wilt answer,  
And take the Shelter of the Night to leave me.

*Car.* O! thou hast found the Way to fix my Ruin!  
It must be so, thou shalt have ample Vengeance,  
Pursu'd by thee, my Life's not worth the saving;  
But then that fatal Honour, my Engagement,  
That at the Hour propos'd, I'll meet my Fate——  
But must we part, *Ximena*, like sworn Foes?  
Has Love no Sense of all its perish'd Hopes?  
Dismiss my Miseries, at least, with Pity:  
May I not breathe upon this injur'd Bosom  
One parting Sigh, to ease my wounded Soul,  
And loose the Anguish of a broken Heart?

*Xim.* Support me, Heav'n—we meet again to-morrow.

*Car.* To-morrow we must meet, like Enemies,  
Thy piercing Eyes, relentless in Revenge,  
And all the Softness of thy Heart forgotten;  
This only Moment is our Life of Love.  
O take not from this little Interval,  
The poor expiring Comfort that is left me.

[*Ximena weeps.*]

My Heart's confounded with thy soft Compassion,  
And doats upon the Virtue that destroys me.

*Xim.* O! I shall have the Start of thee in Woe;  
Thou can'st but fall for her thou lov'st; but what  
Must she endure that loves thee——and destroys thee?  
Yet *Carlos*, take this Comfort in thy Fate,  
'That if the Hand of Justice shou'd o'ertake thee,  
Thy mournful Urn shall hold *Ximena's* Ashes.

*Car.*

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*Car.* O Miracle of Love!

*Xim.* O mortal Sorrow!

But haste, O leave me while my Heart's resolv'd,  
Fly, fly me, *Carlos*, lest thou taint my Fame;  
Left in this ebbing Rigour of my Soul  
I tell thee, tho' I prosecute thy Fate,  
My secret Wish is, that my Cause may fail me.

*Car.* O Spirit of Compassion! O *Ximena*!  
What Pangs and Ruin have our Parents cost us!  
*Farewel, thou Treasure of my Soul, O stay!*  
*Take not at once my short-liv'd Joys away.*  
*While thus I fix me on thy mournful Eyes,*  
*Let my Distresses to Extreame arise.*  
*Thy Victim's now secure; for thus to part,*  
*I sate thy Vengeance with a broken Heart.* [Exeunt.

*Enter Alvarez with Noblemen, Officers, and others.*

*1st. Nob.* These few, my Lord, are on my Part engag'd,  
In half an Hour *Don Henrique de Las Torres*,  
With Sixty more, will wait upon your Cause,  
Resolv'd, and ready, all like us, to right you:  
Since the just Quarrel of your House must live,  
Since the brave Blood of *Carlos* is pursu'd,  
The Race of *Gormaz* shall attend his Ashes.

*Alv.* My Lord this Mark of your exalted Honour  
Will bind me ever grateful to your Friendship;  
Tho' I still hope the Mercy of the King  
Will spare the Criminal, whose Guilt is Honour.  
The Service I have done the State has found  
A bounteous Master always to reward it;  
Nor am I yet so wedded to my Rest,  
But that I still can on Occasion, break it.  
The *Moors* are anchor'd now within the River,  
And, as I'm told, near Landing to insult us——  
Wherefore I wou'd entreat you at this Time,  
To wave my private Danger for the Public.  
Since Chance has form'd us to so brave a Body,  
Let us not part inactive in our Honour;  
Let's seize this glad Occasion of th' Alarm,  
Let's chase these Robbers in our King's Defence,

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And bravely merit, not demand his Mercy.

*1st Nob.* *Alvarez* may command us, who is still  
Himself, and owns no Cause unmix'd with Honour.

*Alv.* How now! the News.

*Enter a Servant, who whispers Alvarez.*

Just enter'd, and alone!

O Heav'n, my Prayers are heard! my noble Friends,  
Something to our present Purpose has occur'd;  
Let me intreat you, forward to the Garden,  
Where you will find a treble Number of  
Our Forces assembl'd on the like Occasion;  
Myself will in a Moment bring you News,  
That will confirm and animate our Hopes. [*Exeunt Nob.*

*Enter Carlos.*

My *Carlos*! O do I live once more t'embrace thee,  
Prop of my Age, and Guardian of my Fame!  
Nor think my Champion, that my Joy's thus wild,  
For that thou only hast reveng'd my Honour,  
(Tho' that's a Thought might bless me in the Grave)  
No, no, my Son, for thee am I transported;  
Alas! I am too sensible what Pains  
Thy Heart must feel from Anguish of thy Love;  
And had I not new Hopes that will support thee,  
Some present Prospect of thy Pain's Relief,  
My Sense of thy Afflictions would destroy me.

*Car.* What means this kind Compassion of my Grievs?  
Is there, on Earth, a Cure for Woes like mine?  
O, Sir, you are so tenderly a Father,  
So good, I can't repent me of my Duty:  
Be not however jealous of my Fame,  
If yet I mix your Transports with a Sigh,  
For ruin'd Love, and for the lost *Ximena*:  
For since I drag, with my Despair, my Chain;  
Her fated Vengeance only can relieve me.

*Alv.* No more depress thy Spirit with Despair,  
While Glory and thy Country's Cause shou'd wake it;  
The *Moors* not yet expected, are arriv'd,  
The Tide and silent Darkness of the Night

Land



Land, in an Hour, their Forces at our Gates :  
 The Court's dismay'd, the People in Alarm,  
 And loud Confusion fills the frighted Town.  
 But Fortune ere this public Danger reach'd us,  
 Had rais'd Five Hundred Friends, the Foes of Gormaz,  
 Whose Swords resolve to vindicate thy Vengeance,  
 And here without expect thee at their Head.  
 Forward, my Son, their Numbers soon will swell,  
 Sustain the Brunt and Fury of the Foe.  
 And if thy Life's so painful to be borne,  
 Lay it at least with Honour in the Dust.  
 Cast it not fruitless from thee ; let thy King  
 First know its Value, ere his Laws demand it ;  
 But Time's too precious to be talk'd away.

*Advance, my Son, and let thy Master see,  
 What he has lost in Gormaz, is redeem'd in thee.*

Car. Relenting Heav'n at last has found the Means  
 To end my Miseries with guiltless Honour.  
 Why shou'd I live a Burden to myself,  
 A trouble to my Friends, a Terror to *Ximena* ?  
 Not all the Force of Mercy, or of Merit,  
 Can wash a Father's Blood from her Remembrance,  
 Or reconcile the Horror to her Love.  
 Yet I'll not think her Duty so severe,  
 But that to see me fall my Country's Victim  
 Wou'd please her Passion, tho' it shock'd her Vengeance :  
 It must be so——dying with Honour I  
 Discharge the Son, the Subject, and the Lover :  
 O ! when this mangled Body shall be found  
 A bare and undistinguish'd Carcass 'midst the Slain,  
 Will she not weep in pity of my Wounds,  
 And own her Wrongs have ample Expiation ?

*Her Duty then may, with a secret Tear,  
 Confess her Vengeance great, and glorious my Despair.*

[Exit.



## A C T V.

*Belzara alone.*

*Bel.* **V**ictorious *Carlos* now resume thy Hopes,  
Demand thy Life, and silence thy *Ximena*.  
Hard were thy Fate indeed, if she alone  
Should be the Bar to Triumphs nobly purchas'd.  
But see, she comes, with mournful Pomp of Woe,  
To prosecute this Darling of the People,  
And damp, with ill-tim'd Grievs, the public Joy.

*Enter Ximena, in Mourning, attended.*

*Ximena!* Oh! I more than ever now  
Deplore the hard Afflictions that pursue thee;  
While thy whole native Country is in Joy,  
Art thou the only Object of Despair?  
Is this a time to prosecute thy Cause,  
When public Gratitude is bound to oppose thee?  
When on the Head of *Carlos*, which thy Grievs  
Demand, Fortune has pour'd Protection down?  
The *Moors* repuls'd, his Country sav'd from Rapine,  
His menac'd King confirm'd upon his Throne,  
From every Heart but thine, will find a Voice  
To lift his echo'd Praises to the Heav'ns.

*Ximena.* Is't possible? Are all these Wonders true?  
Am I the only Mark of his Misdoing?  
Cou'd then his fatal Sword transpierce my Father;  
Yet save a Nation to defeat my Vengeance?  
Still as I pass, the public Voice extols  
His glorious Deeds, regardless of my Wrongs;  
The Eye of Pity, that but Yesternight  
Let fall a Tear in feeling of my Cause,  
Now turns away, retracting its Compassion,  
And speaks the general Grudge at my Complaining.  
But there's a King, whose sacred Word's his Law;

Sup-

Supported by that Hope, I still must on,  
Nor, till by him rejected, can be silent.

*Bel.* Your Duty shou'd recede, when publick Good  
Must suffer in the Life your Cause pursues.

*Xim.* But can it be? Was it to *Carlos* Sword  
The Nation thus transported owes its Safety?  
O let me taste the Pleasure, and the Pain!  
Tell me *Belzara*, tell me all his Glory,  
O! let me Surfeit on the guilty Joy,  
Delight my Passion, and torment my Virtue.

*Bel.* *Alonzo*, who was present, will inform us.

Enter *Alonzo*.

*Alonzo*, if your Business will permit.

*Alon.* The Abbot, at whose House Count *Gormaz* lies,  
Has sent in haste to speak with me, I guess,  
To fix the Order of his Funeral. [Apart to *Belz.*

*Bel.* Spare us at least a Moment from th' Occasion,  
*Ximena* has not yet been fully told  
The Action of our late Deliverance;  
The Fame of *Carlos* may compose her Sorrows.

*Alon.* Permit the Action then to praise itself;  
Late in the Night at Lord *Alvarez*' House,  
Five Hundred Friends were gathered in his Cause,  
T'oppose the Vengeance, that pursu'd his Son;  
But in the common Danger, brave *Alvarez*,  
With valiant *Carlos* at their Head, prefer'd  
The publick Safety to their private Honour,  
And march'd with Swords determin'd 'gainst the *Moors*.  
This brave Example, ere they reach'd the Harbour,  
Increas'd their Numbers to Three Thousand strong.

*Bel.* Were the *Moors* landed ere you reach'd the Port?

*Alon.* Not till some Hours after; when we arriv'd,  
Our Troops were form'd, *Ximena* was the Word,  
And *Carlos* foremost to confront the Foe.  
The *Moors* not yet in view, he order'd first  
Two Thirds of our divided Force to lie  
Conceal'd i'th' Hatches of our Ships in Harbour;  
The rest, whose Numbers every Moment swell'd,  
Halted with *Carlos*, on the Shore, impatient,



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And silent on their Arms reposing, pass'd  
 The still remainder of the wasting Night.  
 At length the Brightness of the Moon presents  
 Near Twenty Sail approaching with the Tyde ;  
 Our Order still observ'd, we let them pass ;  
 Nor at the Port, or Walls, a Man was seen.  
 This Deadness of our Silence wings their Hopes  
 To seize th' Occasion, and surprize us sleeping,  
 And now they disembark, and meet their Fate.  
 For at the Instant they were half on Shore,  
 Uprose the Numbers in our Ships conceal'd,  
 And to the vaulted Heaven thunder'd their Huzza's,  
 Which *Carlos* echo'd from his Force on Shore :  
 At this, amaz'd Confusion seiz'd their Troops,  
 And ere their Chiefs cou'd form them to resist,  
 We press'd them on the Water, drove them on  
 The Land, then fir'd their Ships to stop their Flight :  
 Howe'er at length their Leaders bravely rallying,  
 Recover'd them to Order, and a while  
 Sustain'd their Courage, and oppos'd our Fury :  
 But, when their burning Ships began to flame,  
 The dreadful Blaze presenting to their View  
 Their slaughter'd Heaps that fell where *Carlos* fought,  
 (For oh he fought, as if to die were Victory)  
 Their fruitless Courage then resign'd their Hopes ;  
 And now their wounded King, despairing, call'd  
 Aloud, and hail'd our General to surrender,  
 Whom *Carlos* answering receiv'd his Prisoner :  
 At this, the rest had on Submission Quarter,  
 Our Trumpets sound, and Shouts proclaim our Victory :  
 While *Carlos* bore his Captive to his Father,  
 Whose Heart transported at the Royal Prize,  
 Dropt Tears of Joy, and to the King convey'd him,  
 Where now he's pleading for his Son's Distress,  
 And asks but Mercy for his glorious Triumph. [Exit.

*Xim.* Too much ! it is too much, relentless Heav'n !  
 Th' Oppression's greater than my Soul can bear !  
 O wounding Virtue ! O my tortur'd Heart !  
 Art only thou forbidden to applaud him ?  
 Cannot a Nation sav'd appease thy Vengeance ?

*Ind.*

Why !

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Why! why just Heaven, are his Deeds so glorious,  
And only fatal to the Heart that loves him?

*Bel.* Compose, *Ximena*, thy Disorder, see,  
The King approaches, smiling on *Alvarez*,  
Whose Heart o'erflowing gushes at his Eyes,  
And speaks his Plea too strong for thy Complaint. [him.

*Xim.* Then sleep, my Love, and Virtue arm t'oppose  
Let me look backward on his fatal Honour,  
Survey this mournful Pomp of his Renown,  
These woeful Trophies of his conquer'd Love,  
That thro' my Father's Life pursu'd his Fame,  
And made me in his Nuptial Hopes an Orphan:  
O broken Spirit! would'st thou spare him now,  
Think on thy Father's Blood! exert the Daughter,  
Suppress thy Passion, and demand thy Victim!

*Enter King, Alvarez, Sanchez, &c.*

*King.* Dismiss thy Fears, my Friend, and Manthy Heart,  
For while his Actions are above Reward,  
Mercy's of Course included in the Debt.  
Our ablest Bounty's Bankrupt to his Merit.  
Our Subjects rescu'd from so fierce a Foe,  
The *Moors* defeated, ere the rude Alarm  
Allow'd us Time to order our Defence,  
Our Crown protected, and our Scepter fixt,  
Are Actions that secure Acknowledgment.

*Alv.* My Tears, Sir, better than my Words will thank you.

*Enter Garcia.*

*Gar.* Don *Carlos*, Sir, without, attends your Pleasure,  
And comes surrender'd as his Word engag'd,  
To answer the Appeal of fair *Ximena*.

*King.* Attend him to our Presence.

*Xim.* O my Heart!

*King.* *Ximena*, with Compassion we shall hear thee,  
But must not have thy Grievs arraign our Justice;  
If in his Judge thou find'st an Advocate:  
Not less his Virtues, than thy Wrongs will plead.

*Xim.* O fainting Cause! but thus my Grievs demand him.

[*Kneeling.*  
*While*

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*While the King raises Ximena, enter Alonzo,  
and whispers Alvarez.*

*Alv.* This instant, say'st thou? Can I leave my Son?

*Alon.* The Matter's more important than your Stay.  
Make Haste, my Lord.

*Alv.* What can thy Transport mean?  
Be plain.

*Alon.* We have no time to lose in Words,  
Away, I say.

*Alv.* Lead on, and ease my Wonder. [Exeunt.]

*Enter Carlos, and kneels to the King.*

*King.* O rise, my Warrior, raise thee to my Breast,  
And in thy Master's Heart repeat thy Triumphs.

*Car.* These Honours, Sir, to any Sense but mine,  
Might lift its Transports to Ambition's Height;  
But while *Ximena's* Sorrows press my Heart,  
Forgive me, if despairing of Repose,  
I taste no Comfort in the Life she seeks;  
And urge the Issue of her Grief's Appeal.

*King. Ximena,* 'tis most true, has lost a Father,  
But thou hast sav'd her Country from its Fate,  
And the same Virtue that demands thy Life,  
Owes more than Pardon to the public Weal.

*Xim.* My Royal Lord, vouchsafe my Grievs a Hearing;  
O think not, Sir, because my Spirits faint.  
That the firm Conscience of my Duty staggers.  
The Criminal I charge, has kill'd my Father;  
And, tho' his Valour has preserv'd the State,  
Yet every Subject is not wrong'd like me,  
Therefore with Ease may pardon, what they feel not:  
As he has sav'd a Nation from its Foes,  
The Thanks that Nation owes him are but just.  
And I must join the general Voice to applaud him:  
But all the Tribute, that my Heart can spare him,  
Is Tears of Pity, while my Wrongs pursue him.  
What more than Pity can those Wrongs afford?  
What less than Justice can my Duty ask?  
If public Obligations must be paid him,

Let



Let every single Heart give equal Share :

(*Carlos* has prov'd that mine is not ungrateful)

But must my Duty yield such Disproportion ?

Must on my Heart a Father's Blood be levy'd,

And my whole Ruin pay the Public Thanks ?

If Blood for Blood might be before demanded,

Is it less due, because his Fame's grown greater !

Shall Virtue, that shou'd guard, insult your Laws,

And tolerate our Passions to infringe 'em ?

If to defend the Public, may excuse

A private Wrong, how is the Public safe ?

How is a Nation from a Foe preserv'd,

If every Subject's Life is at his Mercy ?

My Duty, Sir, has spoken, and kneels for Judgment.

*Car.* O noble Spirit, how thou charm'st my Sense,

And giv'st my Heart a Pleasure in my Ruin ! [Apart.]

*King.* Raise thee, *Ximena*, and compose thy Thoughts,

As thou to *Carlos*' Deeds hast spoke impartial,

So to thy Virtue, that pursues him, we

Must give an equal Plaudit of our Wonder :

But we have now our Duty to discharge,

Which far from blaming, shall exalt thy own :

If thy chaste Fame, which we confess sublime,

Compels thy Duty to suppress thy Love,

To raise yet higher than thy matchless Glory,

Prefer thy Native Country to them both,

And to the public Tears resign thy Victim :

Where a whole People owe their Preservation,

Shall private Justice do a public Wrong,

And feed thy Vengeance with the general Sorrow ?

*Xim.* Is then my Cause the Public's Victim ?

*King.* No.

We've yet a Hope to conquer thy Resentment,

And rather wou'd compose than silence it :

For if our Arguments seem yet too weak

To guard thy Virtue from the least Reproach,

Behold the generous Sanction that protects it,

Read there the Pardon which thy Father gives him,

And with his dying Hand assigns thy Beauties.

*Xim.* My Father's Pardon !

*King.*

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*King.* Read, and raise thy Wonder.

*Xim. (Reads)* ' *Alvarez* wrong'd me in my Master's Favour,

*Carlos* is brave, and has deserv'd *Ximena* !

*Car.* O Soul of Honour ! now lamented Victory !

*King.* Now, fair *Ximena*, now resume thy Peace,  
Reduce thy Vengeance to thy Father's Will,  
And join the Hand his Honour has forgiven.

*Xim.* All gracious Heav'n ! have my swoln Eyes their  
[Sense ?

*D. San.* O tottering Hope, but I have yet a Thought,  
That will compel her Virtue to pursue him.

*Xim.* Why did you shew me, Sir, this wounding Good-  
This Legacy, tho' fit for him to leave, [ness ?

Wou'd in his Daughter be Reproach to take ;  
Honour unquestion'd may forgive a Foe,  
But who'll not doubt it when it spares a Lover ?  
If you propos'd to mitigate my Grievs,  
You shou'd have hid this cruel Obligation.

Why wou'd you set such Virtues in my View,  
And make the Father dearer than the Lover ?

*King.* Since with such Rigour thou pursu'st thy Ven-  
And what we meant shou'd pacify, provokes it, [geance,  
Attend submissive to our last Resolve :

For since thy Honour's so severely strict,  
As not to ratify thy Father's Mercy,  
We'll right at once thy Duty and thy Lover :  
Give thee the Glory of his Life pursu'd,  
And seal his Pardon to reward thy Virtue.

*Xim.* Avert it Heav'n, that e'er my guilty Heart  
Shou'd impiously insult a Father's Grave,  
And yield his Daughter to the Hand that kill'd him.

*D. San.* Unnatural Thought ! Madam, suppress your  
Your murder'd Father was my dearest Friend, [Tears,  
Permit me therefore in your sinking Cause,  
To offer an Expedient may support it.

*Xim.* Whatever Right or Justice may, I'm bound  
In Duty to pursue, and thank your Friendship.

*D. San.* Thus then to Royal Justice I appeal,  
And in *Ximena*'s Right her Advocate,

Demand

Demand from *Carlos* your Reverse of Pardon.

*King.* What means thy Transport?

*D. San.* Sir, I urge your Laws;  
And since her Duty's forc'd to these Extreame,  
There's yet a Law from whence there's no Appeal,  
A Right, which e'en your Crown's oblig'd to grant her,  
The Right of Combat, which I here demand,  
And ask her Vengeance from a Champion's Sword.

*Car.* O sacred Sir, I cast me at your Feet,  
And beg your Mercy wou'd relieve my Woes;  
Since her firm Duty is inflexible,  
Consign her Victim to the braver Sword.  
Grant this Expedient to acquit my Crime,  
Or silence with my Arm her Heart's Reproaches:  
O nothing is so painful as Suspense,  
This Way our Griefs are equally reliev'd,  
Her Duty's full discharg'd, your Justice crown'd,  
And conquest must attend Superior Virtue.

*King.* This barb'rous Law, which yet is unrepeal'd,  
Has often against Right, gross Wrongs supported,  
And robb'd our State of many noble Subjects;  
Nor ever was our Mercy tempted more  
T' oppose its Force, than in our care for *Carlos*:  
But since his Peace depends upon his Love,  
And cruel Love insists upon its Right,  
We'll trust his Virtues to the Chance of Combat,  
And let his Fate reproach, or win *Ximena*.

*Xim.* What unforeseen Calamities surround me?

*King.* *Ximena!* now no more complain, we grant  
Thy Suit; but where's this Champion of thy Cause?  
Whose Appetite of Honour is so keen,  
As to confront in Arms this laurell'd Brow,  
And dare the shining Terrors of his Sword?

*D. San.* Behold th' Assailant of this glorious Hero.  
Your Leave, dread Sir, thus to appel him forth. [*Draws.*

*Bel.* Hold, Heart, and spare me from the public Shame.  
[*Aside.*

*D. San.* *Carlos*, behold the Champion of *Ximena*,  
Behold th' Avenger of brave *Gormaz*' Blood,  
Who calls thee Traitor to thy injur'd Love,

Ungrateful



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Ungrateful to the Sighs that pitied thee,  
And proudly partial to thy Father's Falshood;  
These Crimes my Sword shall prove upon thy Heart,  
And to defend them dares thee to the Combat.

*Car.* Open the Lifts, and give th' Assailant Room,  
There on his Life my injur'd Sword shall prove,  
This Arm ne'er drew it but in Right of Honour:  
First, for thy Slander, *Sanchez*, I defy thee,  
And throwing to thy Teeth the Traitor's Name,  
Will wash the Imputation with thy Blood;  
And prove thy Virtue false as is thy Spirit:  
For not *Ximena's* Cause but Charms have fir'd thee,  
Vainly thou steal'st thy Courage from her Eyes,  
And basely stain'st the Virtue that subdu'd her.

*D. San.* O that thy Fame in Arms——

*King. Sanchez*, forbear——

'Tis not your Tongues must arbitrate your Strife,  
Let in the Lifts your Vauntings be approv'd.  
Whose Arm, *Ximena*, shall defend your Cause?

*Xim.* O Force of Duty! Sir, the Arm of *Sanchez*.

*D. San.* My Word's my Gage,

*King.* 'Tis well, the Lifts are set,——

Let on the Morn the Combatants be cited,  
And, *Felix*, you be Umpire of the Field.

*Car.* The Valiant, Sir, are never unprepar'd,  
O Sir, at once relieve my Soul's Suspense,  
And let this instant Hour decide our Fate.

*D. San.* This Moment, Sir—I join in that with *Carlos*,

*King.* Since both thus press it, be it now decided.

*Carlos* be ready at the Trumpet's Call,  
You, *Felix*, when the Combat's done, conduct  
The Victor to our Presence——Now, *Ximena*,  
As thou art just or cruel in thy Duty,  
Expect the Issue will reward or grieve thee:  
*Sanchez*, set forward——*Carlos*, we allow  
Thy pitied Love a Moment with *Ximena*.

[*Ex. King and Train.*

*D. San.* A fruitless Moment that must prove his last.

[*Exit:*

*Car. Ximena!* O permit me ere I die.  
To tell thy Heart, thy hard Unkindness kills me.

*Xim.*

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*Xim.* Ah *Carlos*, can thy Complaints reproach my Duty?  
Nay, art thou, more than *Sanchez* is in Danger?

*Car.* Or thou more injur'd than thy hapless Father,  
Whose greater Heart forgave my Sense of Honour?  
Thou can'st not think I speak regarding Life,  
Which hopeless of thy Love's not worth my Care;  
But oh! it strikes me with the last Despair,  
To think that lov'd *Ximena*'s Heart had less  
Compassion than my mortal Enemy;  
My Life had then indeed been worth Acceptance,  
Had thy relenting Throes of Pity sav'd it:  
But, as it is pursu'd to these Extreams,  
Thus made the Victim of superfluous Fame,  
And doom'd the Sacrifice of filial Rigour.  
These Arms shall open to thy Champion's Sword,  
And glut the Vengeance, that supports thy Glory.

*Xim.* Hast thou no Honour, *Carlos*, to defend?

[Trembling.

*Car.* How can I lose what *Sanchez* cannot gain?  
For where's his Honour, where there's no Resistance?  
Is it for me to guard *Ximena*'s Foe,  
Or turn outrageous on the friendly Breast,  
Which her distressful Charms have warm'd to right her?

*Xim.* O cruel *Carlos*! thus to rack my Heart  
With hard Reproaches, that thou know'st are groundless;  
Why dost thou talk thus cruelly of Death,  
And give me Terrors unconceiv'd before?  
What the' my Force of Duty has pursu'd thee,  
Hast thou not left thy Courage to defend thee?  
O! is thy Quarrel to our Race reviv'd?  
Con'dst thou to right thy Honour, kill my Father?  
And now not guard it, to destroy *Ximena*?

*Car.* O heavenly Sound, O Joy unfelt before!

*Xim.* O! Is my Duty then not thought compulsive?  
Can'st thou believe I'm pleas'd while I pursue thee?  
Or think'st thou I'm not pleas'd the King preserv'd thee?  
And that thy Courage yet may ward my Vengeance?  
O if thou knew'st what Transports fill'd my Heart,  
When first I heard the *Moors* had fled before thee,  
Thy Love wou'd feel Confusion for my Shame,

And

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And scarce forgive the Passion thou reproachest :

O *Carlos*, guard thy Life, and save *Ximena*!

*Car.* And save *Ximena*! O thou hast fir'd my Heart  
With animated Love, and sav'd thy *Carlos*——

[*Sound Trumpets.*

But hark the Trumpet calls me to the Lift! [thee.

*Xim.* May Heav'n's high Care, and all its Angels guard

*Car.* Words wou'd but wrong my Heart, my Sword  
Shall speak it :

*Sanchez*, I come——Impatient to chastise  
Thy Love, which makes thee now the Criminal ;  
I might have spar'd thee, had the Rival slept,  
But boldly thus avow'd, thou'rt worth my Sword  
'Tis said the Lion, tho' distrest for Food,  
Espying on the Turf the Huntsman sleeping,  
Restrains his Hunger, and forbears the Prey :  
But when his rousing Foe alarm'd and ready  
Uplifts his Javelin brandisht to assail him,  
The generous Savage then erects his Crest,  
Grinds his sharp Fangs, and with fierce Eyes inflam'd,  
Surveys him worthy of his Rage defy'd,  
Furious uprearing rushes on the Game.

And crowns at once his Vengeance and his Fame. [*Exit.*

*Xim.* O glorious Spirit! O hard-fated Virtue!  
With what Reluctance has my Heart pursu'd thee!

*Bel.* Was ever Breast like mine with Woe divided?  
I fear the Dangers of the faithless *Sanchez*,  
And tremble more for his dread Sword's Success:  
Shou'd *Carlos* fall——What stops him from *Ximena*?  
Keep down my Sighs, or seem to rise for her.

*Xim.* Tell me, *Belzara*, was my 'Terror blameful?  
Might not his Passion make my Heart relent,  
And feel at such a Time a Pang to save him?

*Bel.* So far was your Compassion from a Crime,  
That 'tis the exalted Merit of your Duty;  
Had *Carlos* been a Stranger to your Heart,  
Where were the Virtue, that your Griefs pursu'd him?  
Were it no Pain to lose him, where the Glory?  
The Sacrifice that's great, must first be dear;  
The more you Love, the nobler is your Victim.

*Xim.*



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*Kim.* Thy partial Friendship sees not sure my Fault,  
I doubt my youthful Ignorance has err'd,  
And the strict Matron rigidly severe,  
May blame this Weakness of my Woman's Heart:  
But let her feel my Trial first, and if  
She blames me then, I will repent the Crime.

[*Sound Trumpet at Distance.*]

Hark, hark, the Trumpet! O tremendous Sound!  
*Belzara!* O the Combat is begun,  
The agonizing Terror shakes my Soul,  
Help me, support me with thy friendly Comforts,  
O tell me what my Duty owes a Parent,  
And warm my Wishes in his Champion's Favour —  
Oh Heaven! it will not, will not be! my Heart  
Rebels and spite of me inclines to *Carlos*,  
Who now again, in *Sanchez*, fights my Father:  
Now he attacks him, presses, now retreats;  
Again recovers, and resumes his Fire,  
Now grows too strong, and is at last triumphant!

*Bel.* Restrain thy Thoughts, collect thy Constancy,  
Give not thy Heart imaginary Wounds,  
Thy Virtue must be Providence's Care.

*Kim.* O guard me Heav'n---Help me to support it! ah!

[*Trumpets and Shouts.*]

'Tis done, those dreadful Shouts proclaim the Victor;  
If *Carlos* conquers, still I've lost a Father;  
And if he perishes, then—die *Ximena*.

*Bel.* Conquer who may, no Hope supports *Belzara*.

*Enter Garcia.*

Came you, Don *Garcia*, from the Combat?

*Gar.* Madam,

The King, to shew he disapproves the Custom,  
Forbad his own Domesticks to be present. [*Shouts nearer.*]  
But I presume 'tis done, these Shouts confirm it;  
Hence from this Window we may guess the Victor.

*Kim.* O tell me quickly, while I have Sense to hear thee?

*Gar.* O Heav'n, 'tis *Sanchez*, I see him with his Sword  
In Triumph pressing thro' the Crowd his Way.

*Kim.* *Sanchez!* thou'rt sure deceiv'd, O better yet  
Inform thy dazzled Eyes. *Gar.*

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*Gar.* 'Tis certain he!

For now he stops, and seems to warn them back;  
The Crowd retires, I see him plain, and now  
He mounts the Steps that lead to this Apartment.

*Xim.* Then, fatal Vengeance, thou art dearly fated.  
Now Love unbounded may o'erflow my Heart,  
And *Carlos*' Fate without a Crime be mourn'd:  
O *Sanchez*, if poor *Carlos* told me true,  
If 'twas thy Love, not Honour fought my Cause,  
Thy Guilt has purchas'd with thy Sword my Scorn,  
And made thy Passion wretched as *Ximena*.

*Bel.* O Heav'n support her nobler Resolution—  
But see, he comes to meet the Disappointment.

*Enter Don Sanchez, and lays his Sword at Ximena's Feet.*

*D. San.* Madam this Sword that in your Cause was  
drawn—

*Xim.* Stain'd with the Blood of *Carlos*, kills *Ximena*.

*D. San.* I come to mitigate your Griefs.

*Xim.* Avant, avoid me, wing thee from my Sight.  
O thou hast given me for Revenge, Despair,  
Has ravish't with thy murderous Arm my Peace,  
And robb'd my Wishes of their dearest Object.

*D. San.* Hear me but speak.

*Xim.* Can'st thou suppose 'twill please me,  
To hear thy Pride triumphant, paint my Ruin,  
Vaunt thy vain Prowess, and reproach my Sorrows?

*D. San.* Those Sorrows, wou'd you hear my Story—

*Xim.* Hence.

To Regions distant, as thy Soul from Joy,  
Fly, and in gloomy Horrors waste thy Life:  
Remorse, and pale Affliction wait thee to  
Thy Rest, Repose forsake thee, frightful Dreams  
Alarm thy Sleeps, and in thy waking Hours,  
May Woes like mine pursue thy Steps for ever!

*Bel.* O charming Rage! how cordially she hates him!

*Enter King.*

*King.* What still in Tears, *Ximena*? Still complaining!  
Cannot thy Duty's full Discharge content thee?

Repin't

Repin'st thou at the Act of Providence?  
And think'st thy Cause still wrong'd in Heav'n's Decree?

*Xim.* O far, Sir, from my Soul be such a Thought,  
I bow submissive to high Heav'n's Appointment.  
But is Affliction impious in its Sorrow?

Tho' Vengeance to a Father's Blood was due,  
Is it less Glorious that I priz'd the Victim?  
Has Nature lost its Privilege to weep,  
When all that's valuable in Life is gone?  
O *Carlos, Carlos!* I shall soon be with thee.

*King.* Are then these Tears for *Carlos*—O *Ximena*?  
The vanquish'd *Sanchez* has deceiv'd thy Grief,  
And made this Trial of thy generous Heart,  
For know thy *Carlos* lives, and lives t' adore thee.

*Xim.* What means my Royal Lord?

*King.* Inform her, *Sanchez*.

*D. San.* The Fortune of the Combat I had told before,  
Had, Sir, her Fright endur'd my Speech.  
I wou'd have told you, Madam, as oblig'd  
In Honour to the conquering Sword of *Carlos*,  
How nobly, for your sake, he spar'd your Champion;  
When on the Earth succumbent, and disarm'd.  
I lay: 'Live *Sanchez*, said the generous Victor,  
'The Life that fights *Ximena*'s Cause, is Sacred;  
'Take back thy Sword, and at her Feet present  
'The glorious Trophy which her Charms have won,  
'The last Oblation, that Despair can make her.  
Toucht with the noble Fullness of his Heart,  
I flew to execute the grateful Charge;  
But, Madam, your Affright mistook the Victor,  
And your impatient Griefs refus'd me Audience.

*King.* Now think *Ximena*, one Moment think for *Carlos*.

*Xim.* O Love! O persecuted Heart!

Instruct me Heav'n to support my Fame,  
To right my Passion, and revere my Father.

*D. San.* And now with just Confusion, Sir, I own  
In me 'twas guilty Love, that drew my Sword;  
But since th' Event has crown'd a nobler Passion,  
I plead the Merit of that Sword's Defeat,  
Regret the Error, and intreat for Pardon.

*King.*



*King. Sanchez*, thy Crime is punisht in itself.  
 We late have heard of thy retracted Vows,  
 Which on thy strict Allegiance we enjoin  
 Thy Honour, instantly to ratify:  
 Suppress thy Tears, *Belzara*, he shall right thee.

*Xim.* 'Tis fixt, a Beam of heav'nly Light breaks forth,  
 And shews my ruin'd Peace its last Resource.

*Gar. Don Carlos*, Sir, attends your Royal Pleasure.

*King.* Has he your Leave, *Ximena*, to approach?

*Xim.* O Sir, yet hold, I dare not see him now.  
 While my depending Justice was my Guard,  
 I saw him fearless from Assaults of Love:  
 But now my vanquisht Vengeance dreads his Merit,  
 And conscious Duty warns me to avoid him;  
 Since then my Heart's impartial to his Virtues,  
 O do not call me cruel to his Love,  
 If I in Reverence to a Father's Blood,  
 Shou'd shut my Sorrows ever from his Sight;  
 For tho' you raise above Mankind his Merit,  
 And I confess it——still he has kill'd my Father——  
 Nay, tho' I grant the Fact may plead for Mercy,  
 Yet 'twould in me be impious to reward it;  
 My Eyes may mourn, but never must behold him more:  
 Yet, ere I part, let, Sir, my humble Sense  
 Applaud your Mercy, and confess your Justice:  
 Hence to some sacred Cloister I'll retire,  
 And dedicate my future Days to Heav'n——  
 'Tis done—O lead me to my peaceful Cell,  
 One Sigh for Carlos—Now vain World farewell.

*As Ximena is going off, Enter Alvarez and Alonzö.*

*Alv.* Turn, turn, *Ximena*, O prepare to hear  
 A Story will distract thy Sense with Joy,  
 Drive all thy Sorrows from thy sinking Heart,  
 And crown thy Duty with triumphant Love.  
 Pardon, dread Sir, this Tumult of my Soul,  
 That carries in my Rudeness my Excuse;  
 O press me not to tell Particulars,  
 But let my Tidings leap at once the Bounds  
 Of your Belief, and in one Burst of Joy

Inform

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Inform my Royal Master, that his Crown's Support,  
My vanquish'd Friend, thy Father, *Gormaz*, lives,  
He lives in Health confirm'd from Mortal Danger, [him:  
These Eyes have seen him, these blest Arms embrac'd  
The Means, th' Occasion of his Death suppos'd,  
Wou'd ask more Words than I have Breath to utter,  
*Alonzo* knows it all—O where's my *Carlos*?

*King*. Fly *Sanchez*! make him with this News, thy Friend.

*Alv.* O lead me, lead me, to his Heart's Relief.—

[*Exeunt.*

*Jim.* O Heav'n! *Alvarez* wou'd not sure deceive me.

*King.* Proceed, *Alonzo*, and impart the Whole,  
Whence was his Death so firmly credited,  
And his Recovery not before reveal'd?

*Alon.* My Liege, the great Effusion of his Blood  
Had such Effect on his deserted Spirits,  
That I, who saw him, judg'd him quite expir'd:  
But when the Abbot, at whose House he lay,  
With friendly Sorrow wash'd his hopeless Wound,  
His heaving Breast discover'd Life's Return:  
When calling strait for Help, on stricter Search,  
His Wound was found without a mortal Symptom:  
And when his Senses had resum'd their Function,  
His first Words spoke his generous Heart's Concern  
For *Carlos*, and *Ximena*; when being told  
How far her filial Vengeance had pursu'd him:  
Is't possible, he cry'd? Oh Heav'n! then wept,  
And begg'd his Life might be one Day conceal'd,  
That such exalted Merit of her Duty  
Might raise her Virtue worthy of his Love.

But Sir, to tell you how *Alvarez* met him,  
What generous Reconcilements pass'd between them,  
Wou'd ask more Time, than public Joy cou'd spare.  
Let it suffice, the Moment he had heard

*Ximena* had appeal'd brave *Carlos* to the Lists,  
We flew with Terror to proclaim him Living—  
But, Sir, so soon the Combat follow'd your  
Decree, that breathless we arriv'd too late,  
And had not his Physicians, prescrib'd  
His Wound Repose, himself had ventur'd forth  
To throw his Errors at your Feet for Pardon.

*King.*

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*King.* Not only Pardon, but our Love shall greet him.  
 Brave *Carlos* shall himself be Envoy of  
 Our Charge, and gratulate his blest Recovery:  
 Has he your Leave, *Ximena*, now t' approach you?

*Xim.* My Senses stagger with tumultuous Joy,  
 My Spirits hurry to my Heart's Surprise,  
 And sinking Nature faints beneath the Transport.

*Enter Alvarez, Sanchez, and Carlos.*

*King.* Look up, *Ximena*, and compleat thy Joy.

*Xim.* My *Carlos*! oh!

*Car.* *Ximena*! oh my Heart! [Embracing.

*Alv.* O *Carlos*! O *Ximena*! yet suppress  
 These Transports till kind *Gormaz*'s Hand confirms them:  
 First pay your Duty there, haste to his Feet,  
 And let his Sanction consecrate your Love.

*King.* Lose not a Moment from his Sight! O fly!  
 Tell him his King congratulates his Health,  
 And will with Loads of Honour crown his Virtues.  
 Nor in his Orisons let his Heart forget  
 The Hand of Heav'n, whose providential Care

*Has order'd All the Innocent to save,  
 To right the Injur'd, and reward the Brave.*



EPILOGUE.



# EPILOGUE;

Spoken by XIMENA.

Well, Sirs!

I'M come to tell you, that my Fears are over,  
 I've seen Papa, and have secur'd my Lover:  
 And troth I'm wholly on our Author's Side,  
 For bad (as Corneille made him) Gormaz dy'd,  
 My Part had ended as it first begun,  
 And left me still unmarried and undone,  
 Or, what were harder far than Both—a Nun.  
 The French, for Form indeed, postpones the Wedding,  
 But gives her Hopes within a Year of Bedding.  
 Time could not tie her Marriage Knot with Honour,  
 The Father's Death still left the Guilt upon her:  
 The Frenchman stopt her in that forc'd Regard,  
 The bolder Briton weds her in Reward:  
 He knew your Taste wou'd ne'er endure their Billing  
 Shou'd be so long deferr'd, when both were willing:  
 Your formal Dons of Spain an Age might wait,  
 But English Appetites are sharper set.  
 'Tis true, this Diff'rence we indeed discover,  
 That though like Lions you begin the Lover,  
 To do you Right, your Fury soon is over.  
 Beside, the Scene thus chang'd this Moral bears,  
 That Virtue never of Relief despairs:  
 But while true Love is still in Plays ill-fated,  
 No wonder you gay Sparks of Pleasure hate it;  
 Bloodshed discourages what should delight you,  
 And from a Wife, what little Rubs will fright you!  
 And Virtue not consider'd in the Bride,  
 How soon you yawn, and curse the Knot you've ty'd!

## E P I L O G U E.

*How oft the Nymph, whose pitying Eyes give Quarter,  
 Finds in her Captive she has caught a Tartar!  
 While to her Spouse that once so high did rate her,  
 She kindly gives Ten Thousand Pounds to hate her.  
 So on the other side some fighting Swain,  
 That languishes in Love whole Years in vain,  
 Impatient for the Feast, resolves he'll have her,  
 And in his Hunger vows he'll eat for ever;  
 He thinks of nothing but the Honey-Moon,  
 But little thought he could have din'd so soon:  
 Is not this true? Speak——Dearies of the Pit,  
 Don't you find too, how horribly you're bit?  
 For the Instruction therefore of the Free,  
 Our Author turns his just Catastrophe:  
 Before you wed let Love be understood,  
 Refine your Thoughts, and chase it from the Blood.  
 Nor can you then of lasting Joys despair,  
 For when that Circle holds the British Fair,  
 Your Hearts may find Heroick Daughters there.*





THE  
COMICAL LOVERS,  
A  
COMEDY.



K 2





## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

|                                                           |             |
|-----------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| <i>Palamede</i> , a Courtier,                             | Mr. Wilks.  |
| <i>Rhodophil</i> , Captain of the Guard,                  | Mr. Booth.  |
| <i>Celadon</i> , a Courtier, brother to <i>Doralice</i> , | Mr. Cibber. |
| <i>Jasper</i> , Servant to <i>Celadon</i> .               |             |

### W O M E N.

|                                                              |                   |
|--------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| <i>Melantha</i> , an affected Lady,                          | Mrs. Bracegirdle. |
| <i>Doralice</i> , Wife to <i>Rhodophil</i> ,                 | Mrs. Porter.      |
| <i>Florimel</i> , a Maid of Honour,                          | Mrs. Oldfield.    |
| <i>Flavia</i> , a Maid of Honour.                            |                   |
| <i>Olinda</i> ,                                              | } Sisters.        |
| <i>Sabina</i> ,                                              |                   |
| <i>Melissa</i> , Mother to <i>Olinda</i> and <i>Sabina</i> . |                   |
| <i>Philotis</i> , Servant to <i>Melantha</i> .               |                   |
| <i>Beliza</i> , Servant to <i>Doralice</i> .                 |                   |

T H E



T H E  
COMICAL LOVERS.

---

A C T I. S C E N E I.

*The S C E N E is Walks near the Court.*

*Enter Celadon, Doralice, meeting each other: He in a Riding Habit. They embrace.*

*Cel.* D E A R Doralice!

*Dor.* My dear Brother! welcome! a thousand Welcomes. Methinks this Year you have been absent, has been so tedious! I hope as you have made a pleasant Voyage, so you have brought your Good Humour back again to Court.

*Cel.* I never yet knew any Company I could not be merry in, except it were an old Woman's.

*Dor.* Or at a Funeral.

*Cel.* Nay, for that you shall excuse me; for I was never merrier than I was at a Creditor's of mine, whose Book perish'd with him. But what new Beauties have you at Court? How do *Melissa's* two fair Daughters?

*Dor.* When you tell me which of them you are in love with, I'll answer you.

*Cel.* Which of them, naughty Sister! What a Question's there? with both of 'em, with each and singular of 'em,

*Dor.* Bless me! you are not serious!

*Cel.* You look as if it were a Wonder, to see a Man in love; Are they not handsome?

*Dor.* Ay, but both together——

*Cel.* Ay, and both asunder too: Why, I hope, there are but Two of 'em; the tall singing and dancing one, and the little Innocent one?

*Dor.* But you can't marry both?

*Cel.* No, nor either of 'em, I trust in my Constitution: But I can keep them Company, I can sing and dance with 'em, and treat 'em; and that, I take it, is somewhat better than musty marrying them: Marriage is poor Folks Pleasure, that cannot go to the Cost of Variety: But I am out of danger of that with these two, for I love 'em so equally, I can never make Choice between 'em: Had I but one Mistress, I might go to her to be merry, and she perhaps be out of Humour, there were a Visit lost: But here, if one of 'em frowns upon me, the other will be the more obliging, on purpose to recommend her own Gaiety; besides a thousand Things I cou'd name.

*Dor.* And none of 'em to any purpose.

*Cel.* Well, if you will not be cruel to a poor Lover, you might oblige me, by carrying me to their Lodgings.

*Dor.* You know I am always busy about the Queen.

*Cel.* But once or twice only, till I am a little flush'd in my Acquaintance with other Ladies, and have learn'd to pay for myself. I promise you I'll make all the haste I can to end your Trouble, by being in love somewhere else.

*Dor.* You would think it hard to be deny'd now.

*Cel.* And Reason good. Many a Man hangs himself for the loss of one Mistress; how do you think then I should bear the loss of two, especially in a Court where I think Beauty is but thin sown?

*Dor.* There's one *Florimel*, the Queen's Ward, a new Beauty, as wild as you, and a vast Fortune.

*Cel.* I am for her before the World; bring me to her, and I'll release you of your Promise for the other two.

*Dor.* Well, if I do promise, will you swear not to attempt any other Woman in the mean time?

*Ca.*



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*Cel.* Swear! by all the——

*Dor.* Hold! before you swear——What do you think of those two mask'd Ladies, that are coming yonder?

*Cel.* Why, I say that a rash Oath is better let alone than repented——Dear Sister, don't disturb my Contemplations. *[Putting her by.*

*Dor.* Oh! your Servant, Sir.

*[Exit Doralice.]*

*Enter Phormio, walking over the Stage hastily: After him Florimel and Flavia, masked.*

*Fla.* Phormio, Phormio, you will not leave us——

*Phor.* In Faith, I have a little Business—— *[Exit Phor.]*

*Cel.* Cannot I serve you in the Gentleman's room Ladies?

*Fla.* Which of us wou'd you serve?

*Cel.* Either of you, or both of you.

*Fla.* Why cou'd you not be constant to one?

*Cel.* Constant to one! I have been a Courtier, a Soldier, and a Traveller to good purpose, if I must be constant to one. Give me some twenty, some forty, some a hundred Mistresses: I have more Love than any one Woman can turn her to.

*Flor.* Bless us! let us be gone, Cousin; we two are nothing in his Hands.

*Cel.* Yet, for my part, I can live with as few Mistresses as any Man: I desire no Superfluities, only for necessary Change, or so, as I shift my Linen.

*Flor.* A pretty odd kind of a Fellow this; he fits my Humour rarely—— *[Aside.]*

*Fla.* You are as unconstant as the Moon.

*Flor.* You wrong him, he's as constant as the Sun, he would see all the World round in twenty four Hours.

*Cel.* 'Tis very true, Madam; but like him, I would visit and away.

*Flor.* For what an unreasonable thing it were to stay long, be troublesome, and hinder a Lady of a fresh Lover?

*Cel.* A rare Creature this!——Besides, Madam, how like a Fool a Man looks when after all his Eagerness of

two Minutes before, he shrinks into a faint Fit, and a cold Compliment.—Ladies both, into your Hands I commit myself; share me betwixt you.

*Fla.* I'll have nothing to do with you, since you cannot be constant to one.

*Cel.* Nay, rather than lose any of you, I'll do more; I'll be constant to a hundred of you: Or (if you will needs fetter me to one) agree the matter between yourselves, and the most handsome take me.

*Flor.* Tho' I am not she, yet since my Mask's on, and you cannot convince me, have a good faith of my Beauty, and for once I take you for my Servant.

*Cel.* And for once I'll make a blind Bargain with you; strike Hands; it's a Match, Mistress.

*Flor.* Done, Servant.

*Cel.* Now I'm sure I have the worst on't; for you see the worst of me, and that I don't of you, 'till you shew your Face——Yet now I think on't, you must be handsome.——

*Flor.* What kind of Beauty do you like?

*Cel.* Just such a one as yours.

*Flor.* What's that.

*Cel.* Such an oval Face, clear Skin, hazle Eyes, thick brown Eye-brows and Hair as you have for all the World.

*Fla.* But I can assure you, she has nothing of all this.

*Cel.* Hold thy peace, *Envy*——Nay, I can be constant an' I set on't.

*Flor.* 'Tis very well, *Celadon*, you can be constant to one you have never seen, and have forsaken all you have seen.

*Cel.* It seems you know me then: Well, if thou should'st prove one of my cast Mistresses, I would use thee most damnably, for offering to make me love thee twice.

*Flor.* You are i'th' right: An old Mistress, or Servant, is like an old Tune, the Pleasure on't is past when we have once learn'd it.

*Fla.* But what Woman in the World would you wish her like?

*Cel*

*Cel.* I have heard of one *Florimel*, the Queen's Ward would she were as like her for Beauty, as she is for Humour.

*Fla.* Do you hear that, Cousin?— [*To Flor. aside.*

*Flo.* *Florimel's* not handsome: Besides, she's unconstant, and only loves for some few Days.

*Cel.* If she loves for shorter time than I, she must love by Winter-Days and Summer-Nights, i'faith.

*Flor.* When you see us together you shall judge: In the mean time adieu, sweet Servant.

*Cel.* Why you won't be so inhuman, to carry away my Heart, and not so much as to tell me where I may hear News on't.

*Flor.* I mean to keep it safe for you; for if you had it, you would bestow it worse: Farewel, I must see a Lady.

*Cel.* So must I too, if I can pull off your Mask.

*Flor.* You will not be so rude, I hope?

*Cel.* By this Light I will.

*Flor.* By this Leg but you shan't.

[*Exeunt Flor. and Fla. running.*

*Cel.* Then by this Hand, next time I shall take better hold, Mrs. *Nimblefoot*. [*Exit.*

*Enter Doralice and Beliza.*

*Dor.* *Beliza*, bring the Lute into this Arbour; the Walks are empty: I would hear the Song the Princess *Almathea* bid me learn. [*They go in and sing.*

*Enter Palamede, in a Riding-Habit, and hears the Song.*  
*Re-enter Doralice and Beliza.*

*Bel.* Madam, a Stranger.

*Dor.* I did not think to have had Witnesses of my bad singing.

*Pal.* If I have err'd, Madam, I hope you'll pardon the Curiosity of a Stranger; for I may well call myself so, after five Years absence from the Court. But you have freed me from one Error.

*Dor.* What's that, I beseech you?

*Pal.* I thought good Voices and ill Faces had been inseparable



inseparable; and that to be fair, and to sing well, had been only the Privilege of Angels.

*Dor.* And how many more of these fine things can you say to me?

*Pal.* Very few, Madam; for if I should continue to see you some Hours longer, you look so killingly, that I should be mute with wonder.

*Dor.* This will not give you the Reputation of a Wit with me: You travelling *Monseurs* live upon a Stock you have got abroad for the first Day or two: To repeat with a good Memory, and apply with a good Grace, is all your Wit; And commonly your Gullets are sow'd up like Cormorants; when you have regorg'd what you have taken in, you are the leanest Things in Nature.

*Pal.* Then, Madam, I think you had best make that use of me; let me wait on you for two or three Days together, and you shall hear all I have learnt of Extraordinary in other Countries; and one thing which I never saw till I came home, that is a Lady of a better Voice, better Face, and better Wit than any I have seen abroad. And after this, if I should not declare myself most passionately in love with you, I should have less Wit than yet you think I have.

*Dor.* A very plain and pithy Declaration. I see, Sir, you have been travelling in *Spain* or *Italy*, or some of the Hot Countries, where Men come to the Point immediately. But are you sure these are not Words of course? for I would not give my poor Heart an occasion of complaint against me, that I engag'd it too rashly, and then could not bring it off.

*Pal.* Your Heart may trust itself with me safely: I shall use it very civilly while it stays, and never turn it away, without fair Warning to provide for itself.

*Dor.* First then, I do receive your Passion with as little Consideration on my part, as ever you gave it me on yours: And now see what a miserable wretch you have made yourself.

*Pal.* Who, I miserable? Thank you for that. Give me Love enough, and Life enough, and I defy Fortune.

*Dor.*

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*Dor.* Know then, thou Man of vain Imagination, know to thy utter Confusion, that I am Virtuous.

*Pal.* Such another Word, and I give up the Ghost.

*Dor.* Then to strike you quite dead, know that I am marry'd too.

*Pal.* Art thou marry'd? O thou horrible virtuous Woman!

*Dor.* Yes, marry'd to a Gentleman; young, handsome, rich, valiant, and with all the good Qualities that will make you despair and hang yourself.

*Pal.* Well, in spite of all that, I'll love you: Fortune has cut us out for one another; for I am to be marry'd within these three Days; marry'd past Redemption to a young, fair, rich, and virtuous Lady; and it shall go hard but I will love my Wife as little as I perceive you do your Husband.

*Dor.* Remember I invade no Property: My Servant you are only tell you are marry'd.

*Pal.* In the mean time, you are to forget you have a Husband.

*Dor.* And you that you are to have a Wife.

*Bel.* [*Aside to her Lady.*] O Madam, My Lord's just at the end of the Walks, and if you make not haste, will discover you.

*Dor.* Some other time, new Servant, we'll talk farther of the Premises; in the mean while break not my first Commandment, that is not to follow me.

*Pal.* But where then shall I find you again?

*Dor.* At Court. Yours for two Days, Sir.

*Pal.* And Nights, I beseech you, Madam.

[*Exeunt Dor. and Bel.*]

*Pal.* Well, I'll say that for thee, thou art a very dextrous Executioner; thou hast done my business at one Stroke; yet I must marry another—And yet I must love this; and if it leads me into some little Inconveniences, as Jealousies, and Duels, and Death, and so forth; yet while sweet Love is in the Case, Fortune do thy worst, and avant Mortality,

*Enter*

*Enter Rhodophil.**Rho.* How, *Palamede*![Sees *Palamede*.]*Pal.* *Rhodophil*!*Rho.* Who thought to have seen you in *Sicily*? What brought you home from Travel?*Pal.* The Commands of an old rich Father.*Rho.* And the Hopes of burying him.*Pal.* Both together, as you see, have prevail'd on my Good-nature. In few Words, my old Man has already married me, for he has agreed with another old Man, as rich and as covetous as himself; the Articles are drawn, and I have given my Consent for fear of being disinherited; and yet know not what kind of Woman I am to marry.*Rho.* Sure your Father intends you some very ugly Wife, and has a mind to keep you in Ignorance, till you have shot the Gulf.*Pal.* I know not that; but obey I will, and must.*Rho.* Then I cannot chuse but grieve for all the good Girls, and Courtezans of *France* and *Italy*; they have lost the most kind-hearted, doating, prodigal humble Servant in *Europe*.*Pal.* All I could do in these three Years I staid behind you, was to comfort the poor Creatures for the Loss of you. But what's the reason that in all this time a Friend could never hear from you?*Rho.* Alas, Dear *Palamede*, I have had no Joy to write, nor indeed to do any thing in the World to please me: The greatest Misfortune imaginable is fallen upon me!*Pal.* Pr'ythee, what's the matter?*Rho.* In one Word, I am marry'd: wretchedly marry'd; and have been above these two Years. Yes, faith, the Devil has had power over me, in spite of my Vows and Resolutions to the contrary.*Pal.* I find you have sold yourself for filthy Lucre; she's Old, or ill-condition'd.*Rho.* No, none of these: I am sure she's Young; and for her Humour, she laughs, sings and dances, eternally; and



and which is more, we never quarrel about it, for I do the same.

*Pal.* You're very Unfortunate indeed: Then the Case is plain, she's not handsome.

*Rbo.* A great Beauty too, as People say.

*Pal.* As People say! Why, you should know that best yourself.

*Rbo.* Ask those that have smelt a strong Perfume two Years together what's the Scent.

*Pal.* But here are good Qualities enough for one Woman.

*Rbo.* Ay, too many, *Palamede*: If I could put 'em into three or four Women, I should be content.

*Pal.* O, now I have found it, you dislike her for no other reason, but because she's your Wife.

*Rbo.* And is not that enough? All that I know of her Perfections now, is only by Memory: I remember indeed that about two Years ago, I lov'd her passionately; but those golden days are gone, *Palamede*: yet I lov'd her a whole half Year, double the natural term of any Mistress, and I think in my Conscience I could have held out another Quarter; but then the World began to laugh at me, and a certain Shame of being out of Fashion seiz'd me: At last, we arriv'd at that Point, and there was nothing left in us to make us new to one another. Yet still I set a good Face upon the matter, and am infinite fond of her before Company; but when we are alone, we walk like two Lions in a Room, she one way and I another: and we lie with our Backs to each other, so far distant, as if the Fashion of great Beds was only invented to keep Husband and Wife sufficiently asunder.

*Pal.* The truth is, your Disease is very desperate; but though you cannot be cur'd, you may be patch'd up a little; you must get you a Mistress, *Rodophil*: That indeed is living upon Cordials; but, as fast as one fails, you must supply it with another.

*Rbo.* Truth is, I have been thinking on't, and have just resolv'd to take your Counsel; and, faith, considering the Disadvantages of a marry'd Man, I have provided

vided well enough for an humble Sinner, that is not ambitious of great Matters.

*Pal.* What is she for a Woman?

*Rbo.* One of the Stars of *Syracuse*, I assure you: young enough, fair enough, and, but for one Quality, just such a Woman as I could wish for; being a Town-Lady, without any Relation to the Court: yet she thinks herself undone, if she be not seen three or four times a day with the Princess: and for the King, she haunts and watches him so narrowly in a Morning, that she prevents even the Chymists, who beset his Chamber, to turn their Mercury into his Gold.

*Pal.* Yet hitherto methinks, you are no very unhappy Man?

*Rbo.* With all this, she's the greatest Gossip in Nature; for, besides the Court, she's the most eternal Visiter of the Town; and yet manages her time so well, that she seems Ubiquitary. For my part, I can compare her to nothing but the Sun; for, like him, she takes no rest, nor ever sets in one place, but to rise in another.

*Pal.* I confess she had need be handsome with these Qualities.

*Rbo.* No Lady can be so curious of a new Fashion, as she is of a new *French* Word. She is the very Mint of the Nation; and as fast as any Bullion comes out of *France*, coins it immediately into our Language.

*Pal.* And her Name is——

*Rbo.* No naming; that's not like a Cavalier: Find her if you can by my Description; and I am not so ill a Painter, that I need write the Name beneath the Picture.

*Pal.* Well then, how far have you proceeded in your Love?

*Rbo.* 'Tis yet in the Bud, and what Fruit it may bear, I cannot tell; for this insufferable Humour of haunting the Court is so predominant, that she has hitherto broken all her Assignations with me, for fear of missing her Visit there.

*Pal.*

*Pal.* That's the hardest Part of your Adventure; but, for ought I see, Fortune has us'd us both alike; I have a strange kind of Mistress too at Court, besides her I am to marry.

*Rho.* You have made haste to be in love then; for if I am not mistaken, you are but this Day arriv'd.

*Pal.* That's all one, I have seen the Lady-already, who has charm'd me; seen her in these Walks, courted her, and received for the first time an Answer that does not put me into Despair.

*Rho.* Have you seen your honourable Mistress yet?

*Pal.* No, but I was just going as I met you.

*Rho.* Then don't let me hinder you: for to tell you the Truth, I have a small Affair upon my hands.

*Pal.* Why then dear *Rodophil*——

*Rho.* No Ceremony: We shall meet, and compare Notes.

*Pal.* Positively.

*Rho.* Adieu——

[*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Melantha, looking in a Pocket-Glass, and Philotis.*

*Phil.* Count *Rodophil's* a fine Gentleman indeed, Madam; and I think deserves your Affection.

*Mel.* Let me die but he is a fine Person; he sings and dances *en François*, and writes the *Billets Doux* to a Miracle.

*Phil.* And those are no small Talents to a Lady that understands and values the *French Air*, as your Ladyship does.

*Mel.* How charming is the *French Air*! and what an *Etourdy Bête* is one of our untravell'd Islanders! When he would make his Court to me, let me die, but he is just *Esop's* Ass, that would imitate the Courtly *French* in his Addresses; but instead of those, comes pawing upon me, and doing all things so *mal adroitly*.

*Phil.* 'Tis great pity *Rodophil's* a marry'd Man, that you may not have an honourable Intrigue with him.

*Mel.* Intrigue, *Philotis*! that's an old Phrase; I have laid that Word by: Amour, Affair, sounds better. But thou



thou art Heir to all my cast Words, as thou art to my old Ward-robe. Oh Count *Rodophil*! *Ab mon cher*! I could live and die with him.

*Enter Palamede, and a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, This is my Lady.

*Pal.* Then this is she that is to be divine, and Nymph, and Goddes, and with whom I am to be desperately in love.

*[Bows to her, delivering her a Letter.]*

This Letter, Madam, which I present you from your Father, has given me both the happy Opportunity, and the Boldness to kiss the fairest Hands in *Sicily*.

*Mel.* Came you lately from *Palermo*, Sir?

*Pal.* But yesterday, Madam.

*Mel.* *[Reading the Letter.]* Daughter, receive the Bearer of this Letter, as a Gentleman whom I have chosen to make you happy; (O *Venus*, a new Servant sent me! and let me die, but he has the Air of a Gallant Homme.) His Father is the rich Lord *Cleodemus* our Neighbour. I suppose you will find nothing disagreeable in his Person, or his Converse; both which he has improved by Travel. The Treaty is already concluded, and I shall be in Town within these three Days; so that you have nothing to do, but to obey your careful Father.

*[To Pala.]* Sir, my Father, for whom I have a blind Obedience, has commanded me to receive your passionate Addresses; but you must also give me leave to avow, that I cannot merit 'em from so accomplish'd a Cavalier.

*Pal.* I want many things, Madam, to render me accomplish'd; and the first and greatest of them is your Favour.

*Mel.* Let me die, *Philotis*, but this is extremely French; but yet Count *Rhodophil*——A Gentleman, Sir, that understands the *Grande Monde* so well, who has haunted the best Conversations, and who, in short, has voyag'd, may pretend to the good Graces of any Lady.

*Pal.* *[Aside]* Hey-day! *Grande Monde*! Conversation! Voyag'd! and good Graces! I find my Mistress is one of those that run mad in new French Words.

*Mel.*

*Mel.* I suppose, Sir, you have made the Tour of France, and, having seen all that's fine there, will make a considerable Reformation in the Rudeness of our Court: For let me die, but an unfashion'd, untravell'd, mere *Sicilian*, is a *Bête*; and has nothing in the World of an *bonête homme*.

*Pal.* I must confess, Madam, that——

*Mel.* And what new Minuets have you brought over with you? Their Minuets are to a Miracle! and our *Sicilian* Jigs are so dull and sad to 'em.

*Pal.* For Minuets, Madam——

*Mel.* And what new Plays are there in vogue? And who danc'd best in the *Grande Ballet*? Come, sweet Servant, you shall tell me all.

*Pal.* [*Aside.*] Tell her all? Why she asks all, and will hear nothing——To answer in Order, Madam, to your Demands——

*Mel.* I am thinking what a happy Couple we shall be! for you shall keep up your Correspondence abroad, and every thing that's new writ in France, and fine, I mean, all that's delicate, and *bien Tourné*, we will have first.

*Pal.* But, Madam, our Fortune——

*Mel.* I understand you, Sir; you'll leave that to me: For the Manage of a Family, I know it better than any Lady in Sicily.

*Pal.* Alas, Madam, we——

*Mel.* Then we will never make Visits together, nor see a Play, but always apart; you shall be every Day at the King's *Levee*, and I at the Queen's; and we will never meet, but in the Drawing-Room.

*Phil.* Madam, the new Prince is just pass'd the end of the Walk.

*Mel.* The new Prince say'st thou? Adieu, dear Servant, I have not made my Court to him these two long Hours, Oh, 'tis the sweetest Prince! So *obligeant*, *charmant*, *ravissant*, that——Well, I'll make haste to kiss his Hands; and then make half a score Visits more, and be with you again in a Twinkling.

[*Exit, running with Phil.*]

*Pal.* [*Solus.*] Now Love of thy Mercy blefs me from this

this Tongue; it may keep the Field against a whole Army of Lawyers, and that in their own Language, *French* Gibberish. 'Tis true, in the Day-time, 'tis tolerable when a Man has Field-room to run from it; but to be shut up in a Bed with her, like two Cocks in a Pit; Humanity cannot support it. I must kiss all Night in my own Defence, and hold her down like a Boy at Cuffs; nay, and give her the rising Blow every time she begins to speak. [Exit,



## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Celadon meeting Doralice.*

*Dor.* **B**Rother! what makes you here, about the Queen's Apartments? which of the Ladies are you watching for?

*Cel.* Any of 'em that will do me the good Turn, to make me soundly in Love.

*Dor.* Then I'll bespeak you one; you will be desperately in love with *Florimel*. So soon as the Queen heard you were return'd, she gave you her for a Mistress.

*Cel.* Thank her Majesty: but to confess the Truth, my Fancy lies partly another way.

*Dor.* That's strange: *Florimel* vows you are in love with her already——

*Cel.* She wrongs me horribly: If ever I saw or spoke with this *Florimel*!

*Dor.* Well, take your Fortune, I must leave you.

[Exit Doralice.]

*Enter Florimel, sees him, and is running back.*

*Cel.* Nay Faith, I am got betwixt you and Home, you are my Pris'ner, Lady Bright, till you resolve me  
one



one Question, [*She signs.*] is she dumb? I-gad, I think, she is. What, a Vengeance, dost thou at Court with such a rare Face, without a Tongue to answer to a kind Question? Art thou dumb indeed? then thou can'st tell no Tales—— [*Goes to kiss her.*]

*Flor.* Hold, hold, you are not mad!

*Cel.* Oh, my Miss in a Masque! have you found your Tongue?

*Flor.* 'Twas time, I think; what had become of me, if I had not?

*Cel.* Methinks your Lips had done as well.

*Flor.* Yes, if my Masque had been over 'em, as it was when you met me in the Walks.

*Cel.* Well, will you believe me another time? Did I not say you were intolerably handsome. They may talk of *Florimel* if they will, but i'faith she must come short of you.

*Flor.* Have you seen her then?

*Cel.* I look'd a little that way, but I had soon enough of her; she is not to be seen twice without a Surfeit.

*Flor.* However, you are beholden to her, they say she loves you.

*Cel.* By Fate she shall not love me; I have told her a piece of my Mind already: Pox o' these coming Women, they set a Man to Dinner, before he has an Appetite.

[*Flavia at the Door.*]

*Fla.* *Florimel*, you are call'd within——

*Cel.* I hope in the Lord you are not *Florimel*?

*Cler.* Ev'n she at your Service; the same kind and coming *Florimel*, you have described.

*Cel.* Why then we are agreed already; I am as kind and coming as you for the Heart of you: I knew at first we two were good for nothing but one another.

*Flor.* But, without Rallery, are you in love?

*Cel.* So horribly much, that contrary to my own Maxims, I think in my Conscience I cou'd marry you.

*Flor.* No, no, 'tis not come to that yet: But if you are really in love, you have done me the greatest Pleasure in the World.

*Cel.*

*Cel.* That Pleasure, and a better too I have in store for you.

*Flor.* This Animal called a Lover, I have long'd to see these two Years.

*Cel.* Sure you walk'd with your Masque on all the while; for if you had been seen, you could not have been without your Wish.

*Flor.* I warrant you mean an ordinary whining Lover: but I must have other Proofs of Love e'er I believe it.

*Cel.* You shall have the best that I can give you.

*Flor.* I would have a Lover, that if need be, should hang himself, drown himself, break his Neck, and poison himself, for very Despair. He that will scruple this, is an impudent Fellow, if he says he's in love.

*Cel.* Pray, Madam, which of these four would you have your Lover do? for a Man's but a Man, he cannot hang, and drown, and break his Neck, and poison himself, all together.

*Flor.* Well then, because you are but a Beginner, and I would not discourage you, any one of these shall serve your turn in a fair way.

*Cel.* I am much deceiv'd in those Eyes of yours, if a Treat, a Song, and the Fiddle, be not a more acceptable Proof of Love to you, than any of those tragical ones you have mention'd.

*Flor.* However, you will grant it is but decent you shou'd be pale, lean, and melancholy, to shew you are in love; and that I shall require of you when I see you next.

*Cel.* When you see me next? Why, you do not make a Rabbit of me, to be lean at twenty-four Hours warning? In the mean while, we burn Day-light, lose Time, and Love.

*Flor.* Would you marry me without Consideration?

*Cel.* Ay, to choose; for they that think on't, twenty to one, would never do it: hang fore-cast; to make sure of one good Night is as much, in reason, as a Man should expect from this ill World.

*Flor.* Methinks a few more Years, and Discretion, would

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would do well ; I do not like this going to Bed so early, it makes one so weary before Morning.

*Cel.* That's much, as your Pillow is laid before you go to Sleep.

*Flor.* Shall I make a Proposition to you? I will give you a whole Year of Probation to love me in, to grow reserv'd, discreet, sober, and faithful, and to pay me all the Services of a Lover.—

*Cel.* And at the End of it you'll marry me?

*Flor.* If neither of us alter our Minds before——

*Cel.* By this Light, a necessary Clause——but if I pay in all the aforesaid Services before the Day, you shall be oblig'd to take me sooner into Mercy.

*Flor.* Provided if you prove unfaithful, then your time of a twelve Month to be prolong'd : so many Services, I will bate you so many Days or Weeks ; so many Faults, I will add to your Prenticeship so much more : and of all this I only to be the Judge. If you like it, follow me, Captive.

[*She pulls him.*]

*Cel.* March on, Conqueror. [*Exeunt Cel. and Flor.*]

*Enter Palamede solus.*

*Pal.* 'Tis pretty odd, that my Mistress should so much resemble *Rhodophil's*! The same News-monger, the same passionate Lover of a Court ; the same, but Basta!——since I must marry her, I'll say nothing of her, because he shall not laugh at my Misfortune.

*Enter Rhodophil.*

*Rho.* Well, *Palamede*, how go the Affairs of Love? You've seen your Mistress?

*Pal.* I have so.

*Rho.* And how, and how? has the old *Cupid*, your Father, chosen well for you? Is he a good Woodman?

*Pal.* She's much handsomer than I could have imagin'd : In short, I love her, and will marry her.

*Rho.* Then you are quite off your old Mistress?

*Pal.* You are mistaken, I intend to love 'em both, as a reasonable Man ought to do. For since all Women have



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have their Faults and Imperfections, 'tis fit that one of them should help out the t'other.

*Enter Doralice, walking by and Reading.*

*Pal.* Ods my Life! *Rhodophil*, will you keep my Counsel?

*Rbo.* Yes: Where's the Secret?

*Pal.* There 'tis. [*Shewing Doralice.*] I may tell you, as my Friend *sub Sigillo*, &c. This is that very numerical Lady, with whom I am in love.

*Rbo.* By all that's Virtuous, my Wife. [*Aside.*

*Pal.* You look strangely; how do you like her? Is she not very handsome.

*Rbo.* Sure he abuses me. [*Aside.*] Why the Devil do you ask my Judgment? [*To him.*

*Pal.* You are so dogged now, you think no Man's Mistress handsome but your own. Come, you shall hear her talk too; she has a Wit, I assure you.

*Rbo.* This is too much *Palamede*. [*Going back.*

*Pal.* Pr'ythee do not hang back so: Of an old try'd Lover, thou art the most bashful Fellow,

[*Pulling him forwards.*

*Dor.* Were you so near and would not speak, dear Husband?

[*Looking up.*

*Pal.* Husband quoth-a! I have cut out a fine Piece of Work for myself. [*Aside.*

*Rbo.* Pray, Spouse, how long have you been acquainted with this Gentleman?

*Dor.* Who, I acquainted with this Stranger? To my best knowledge I never saw him before.

*Enter Melantha at the other end.*

*Pal.* Thanks, Fortune, thou hast help'd me. [*Aside.*

*Rbo.* *Palamede*, this must not pass so; I must know your Mistress a little better.

*Pal.* It shall be your own Fault else. Come, I'll introduce you.

*Rbo.* Introduce me! Where?

*Pal.* There to my Mistress. [*Pointing to Melantha, who swiftly passes over the Stage.*

*Rbo.* Who! *Melantha*! O Heavens, I did not see her.

*Pal.*

*Pal.* But I did, I am an Eagle where I love : I have seen her this half hour.

*Dor.* [*Afide.*] I find he has Wit, he has got off so readily ; but it would anger me if he should love *Melantha*.

*Rbo.* [*Afide.*] Now I could e'en wish it were my Wife he lov'd, I find he is to be married to my Mistress.

*Pal.* Shall I run after, and fetch her back again, to present you to her ?

*Rbo.* No, you need not ; I have the Honour to have some small Acquaintance with her.

*Pal.* [*Afide.*] O *Jupiter* ! What a Blockhead was I, not to find it out ? My Wife that must be, is his Mistress. I did a little suspect it before : Well, I must marry her, because she's handsome, and because I hate to be disinherited, for a younger Brother, which I am sure I shall be if I disobey ; and yet I must keep in with *Rhodophil*, because I love his Wife.

[*To Rhodo.*] I must desire you to make my Excuse to your Lady, if I have been so unfortunate to cause any Mistake, and withal to beg the Honour of being known to her.

*Rbo.* O, that's but reason. Hark you, Spouse, Pray look upon this Gentleman as my Friend ; whom, to my knowledge, you have never seen before this Hour.

*Dor.* I am so obedient a Wife, Sir, that my Husband's Commands shall ever be a Law to me.

*Enter Melantha again hastily, runs to embrace Doralice.*

*Mel.* O my Dear, I was just going to pay my Devoirs to you ; I had not time this Morning, for making my Court to the King, and our new Prince. Well, never Nation was so happy, and all that, in a young Prince ; and he's the kindest Person in the World to me, let me die if he is not.

*Dor.* He has been bred up far from Court, and therefore—

*Mel.* That imports not : Tho' he has not seen the *Grande Monde*, and all that, let me die but he has the Air of the Court most absolutely.

*Pal.*

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*Pal.* But yet, Madam, he——

*Mel.* O Servant, you can testify, that I am in his good Graces. Well, I cannot stay long with you, because I have promised him this Afternoon——But hark you, my Dear, I'll tell you a Secret.

*Rho.* The Devil's in me that I must love this Woman. [*Whispers to Dor.*  
[*Aside.*

*Pal.* The Devil's in me that I must marry this Woman. [*Aside.*

*Mel.* [*Raising her Voice.*] So the Prince and I——But you must make a Secret of this, my Dear, for I would not for the World your Husband should hear it, or my Tyrant there that must be.

*Pal.* Well, fair Impertinent, your Whisper is not lost, we hear you. [*Aside.*

*Dor.* I understand then, that——

*Mel.* I'll tell you my Dear, the Prince took me by the Hand, and press'd it *à la derobbée*, because the King was near, made the *doux yeux* to me, and said a thousand Gallantries, or let me die, my Dear.

*Dor.* Then I am sure you——

*Mel.* You are mistaken, my Dear.

*Dor.* What! before I speak?

*Mel.* But I know your Thoughts. You think, my Dear, that I assum'd something of *fierce* into my Countenance, to *rebuté* him; but quite contrary, I regarded him, I know not how to express it in our dull Sicilian Language, *d'un ayre enjoué*; and said nothing but *adautre*, *adautre*, and that it was all *Grimace*, and would not pass upon me.

*Enter Flavia, Melantha sees her, and runs away from Doralice.*

[*To Flavia.*] My Dear, I must beg your pardon, I was just making a Loose from *Doralice*, to pay my Respects to you: Let me die, if I ever pass time so agreeably, as in your Company; and if I would leave it for any Ladies in *Sicily*.

*Fla.* Here's the new Beauty, *Florimel*, is coming this way. Enter



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*Enter Florimel, Melantha runs to her.*

*Mel.* O dear Madam! I have been at your Lodgings, in my new Galeche so often, to tell you of a new Amour betwixt two Persons whom you would little suspect for it; that, let me die, if one of my Coach-horses be not dead, and another quite tir'd, and sunk under the Fatigue.

*Flor.* O, *Melantha!* I can tell you News, the Prince is coming this way.

*Mel.* The Prince! O sweet Prince! He and I are to———and I forgot it———Your pardon, sweet Madam, for my Abruptness. Adieu, my Dears. Servant *Rhodophil*; Servant, Servant; Servant all.

*[Exit running.]*

*Rhodophil goes to Florimel and Flavia. [Whispers.]*

*Dor.* *[To Pal.]* Why do you not follow your Mistress, Sir?

*Pal.* Follow her! Why at this rate she'll be at the Indies within this half hour.

*Dor.* However, if you can't follow her to-day, you'll meet her at Night, I hope.

*Rbo.* *[To himself.]* I begin to hate this *Palamede*, because he is to marry my Mistress: Yet break with him I dare not, for fear of being quite excluded from her Company. 'Tis a hard Case, when a Man must go by his Rival to his Mistress: But 'tis at worst, but using him like a Pair of heavy Boots in a dirty Journey; after I have foul'd him all Day, I'll throw him off at Night.—

*Pal.* But can you, in Charity, suffer me to be mortified, without affording me some Relief? If it be but to punish that Sign of a Husband there; that lazy Matrimony, that dull insipid Taste, who leaves such delicious Fare at home, to dine abroad on worse Meat, and to pay dear for't into the Bargain.

*Dor.* All this is in vain: Assure yourself, I will never admit of any Visit from you in private.

*Pal.* That is to tell me in other Words, my Condition is desperate.

*Dor.* I think you in so ill a Condition, that I am resolv'd to pray for you this very Evening, in the close

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Walk behind the Terras; for that's a private Place, and there I am sure no body will disturb my Devotions. And so Good-night, Sir. [Exit.

*Pal.* This is the newest way of making an Appointment I ever heard of: Let Women alone to contrive the Means: I find we are but Dunces to 'em. Well, I will not be so prophane a Wretch as to interrupt her Devotions; but to make 'em more effectual, I'll down upon my Knees, and endeavour to join my own with 'em.

*Fla.* *Celadon!* What makes him here?

[*Exeunt all but Flavia.*

*Enter to her Celadon, Olinda, Sabina; they walk over the Stage together; He seeming to court them.*

*Olin.* Nay, sweet *Celadon*——

*Sab.* Nay, dear *Celadon*.

*Fla.* O-ho! I see his Business now, 'tis with *Melissa's* two Daughters: Look, look, how he peeps about to see if the Coast be clear; like a Hawk that will not plume if she be look'd on——

[*Exeunt Celadon, Olinda, Sabina.*

So——at last he has truss'd his Quarry.

*Enter Florimel.*

*Flor.* Did you see *Celadon* this way?

*Fla.* If you had not ask'd the Question, I should have thought you had come from watching him; he is just gone off with *Melissa's* Daughters.

*Flor.* *Melissa's* Daughters! He did not court 'em I hope.

*Fla.* So busily, he lost no time: While he was teaching the one a Tune, he was kissing the other's Hand.

*Flor.* O a fine Gentleman!

*Fla.* And they so greedy of him! Did you never see two Fishes about a Bait, tugging it this way and t'other way: For my part, I look'd at least he should have lost a Leg or Arm i'th' Service——Nay, never vex yourself, but e'en resolve to break with him.

*Flor.*

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*Flor.* No, no, 'tis not come to that yet; I'll correct him first, and then hope the best from Time.

*Fla.* From Time! Believe me there's little Good to be expected from him. I never knew the old Gentleman with the Scythe and the Hour-glass bring any thing but grey Hairs, thin Cheeks, and loss of Teeth: You see *Celadon* loves others.

*Flor.* There is the more hope he may love me amongst the rest: Hang't, I would not marry one of these solemn Fops: Give me a Servant that is an High-Flyer at all Games, that is bounteous of himself to many Women; and yet whenever I pleas'd to throw out the Lure of Matrimony, should come down with a Swinge, and fly the better at his own Quarry.

*Fla.* But are you sure you can take him down when you think good?

*Flor.* Nothing more certain.

*Fla.* What Wager will you venture upon the Tryal?

*Flor.* Any thing.

*Fla.* My Maidenhead to yours.

*Flor.* That's a good one, who shall take the Forfeit?

*Fla.* Well, I'll go and write a Letter as from these two Sisters, to summon him immediately; it shall be deliver'd before you. I warrant you see a strong Combat betwixt the Flesh and the Spirit: If he leaves you to go to them, you'll grant he loves them better?

*Flor.* Not a jot the more: A Bee may pick of many Flowers, and yet like some one better than all the rest.

*Fla.* But then your Bee must not leave his Sting behind him.

*Flor.* Well, make the Experiment however: I hear him coming, and a whole Noise of Fiddlers at his Heels. Hey-day, what a mad Husband shall I have!

*Enter Celadon.*

*Fla.* And what a mad Wife will he have? Well, I must go a little way, but I'll return immediately and write it: You'll keep him in discourse the while. [*Exit. Fla.*

*Cel.* Where are you, Madam? What do you mean to



run away thus? Pray stand to't, that we may dispatch this Business. Caught! by all that's Impudent. [*Aside.*

*Flor.* I think you mean to watch me, as they do Witches, to make me confess I love you. Lord, what a Bustle have you kept this Afternoon? What with Eating, Singing and Dancing, I am so wearied, that I shall not be in case to hear any more Love this fortnight.

*Cel.* Nay, if you surfeit on't before tryal, Mercy on you when I have marry'd you.

*Flor.* But what King's Revenue do you think will maintain this extravagant Expence?

*Cel.* I have an intolerable Father, a rich old Rogue, if he would once die! Lord, how long does he mean to make it e'er he dies?

*Flor.* As long as ever he can, I'll pass my Word for him.

*Cel.* I think then we had best consider him as an obstinate old Fellow, that is deaf to the News of a better World, and ne'er stay for him.

*Flor.* But e'en marry and get him Grand-Children in abundance, and Great Grand-Children upon them, and so inch him and shove him out of the World by the very force of new Generations.—If that be the way, you must excuse me.

*Cel.* But dost thou know what it is to be an old Maid.

*Flor.* No, nor hope I shan't these twenty Years.

*Cel.* But when that time comes, in the first place thou wilt be condemn'd to tell Stories, how many Men thou might'st have had; and none believe thee: Then thou growest froward, and impertinently weariest all thy Friends to solicit Man for thee.

*Flor.* Away with your old Common place Wit: I am resolv'd to grow fat, and look young till Forty, and then slip out of the World with the first Wrinkle, and the Reputation of Five-and-twenty.

*Cel.* Well, what think you now of a Reckoning betwixt us?

*Flor.* How do you mean?

*Cel.*

*Cel.* To discount for so many Days of my Years Service, as I have paid in since Morning.

*Flor.* With all my heart.

*Cel.* *Imprimis*, for a Treat: *Item*, for my Glafs-Coach: *Item*, for sitting bare, and playing with your Fan: And lastly and principally, for my Fidelity to you this long Hour and half.

*Flor.* For this I bate you three Weeks of your Service: Now hear your Bill of Faults; for your comfort, 'tis a short one.

*Cel.* I know it.

*Flor.* *Imprimis*, *Item*, and Sum total, for keeping Company with *Melissa's* Daughters.

*Cel.* How the duce came you to know of that? Gad, I believe the Devil plays booty against himself, and tells you of my Sins. [Aside.]

*Flor.* The Offence being so small, the Punishment shall be proportionable; I will set you back only half a Year.

*Cel.* You're most Unconscionable: Why then do you think we shall come together? There's none but the old Patriarchs could live long enough to marry you at this rate. What, do you take me for some Cousin of *Metbusalem's*, that I must stay an hundred Years before I come to beget Sons and Daughters?

*Flor.* Here's an impudent Lover, he complains of me, without offering to excuse himself; *Item*, a Fortnight more for that.

*Cel.* So there's another Puff in my Voyage has blown me back to the North of *Great-Britain*.

*Flor.* All this is nothing to your Excuse for the two Sisters.

*Cel.* Faith, if I ever did more than kifs 'em, and that but once——

*Flor.* What could you have done more to me?

*Cel.* An hundred times more; as thou shalt know, dear Rogue, at time convenient.

*Flor.* You talk, you talk: Cou'd you kifs 'em, tho' but once, and never think of me?

*Cel.* Nay, if I had thought of thee, I had kiss'd 'em over a thousand times with the very force of Imagination.

*Flor.* The Gallants are mightily beholden to you; you have found 'em out a new way to kiss their Mistresses, upon other Women's Lips.

*Cel.* What wou'd you have? You are my *Sultana* Queen, the rest are but in the nature of your Slaves: I may make some slight Excursion in the Enemy's Country for Forage, or so, but I ever return to my Head Quarters.

*Enter Boy with a Letter.*

*Cel.* To me?

*Boy.* If your Name be *Celadon*. [*Celad. reads softly.*

*Cel.* [*To the Page.*] Child, come hither Child, here's Money for thee: So, be gone quickly, good Child, before any body examines thee: Thou art in a dangerous place, Child—[ *thrusts him out.*] Very good, the Sitters send me word they will have the Fiddles this Afternoon, and invite me to sup there—Now cannot I forbear, and I should be hang'd, tho' I scap'd a Scouring to lately for it. Yet I love *Florimel* better than both of 'em together.—There's the Riddle on't, But only for the sweet sake of Variety. [*Aside.*]—Well, we must all sin, and all repent, and there's an end on't.

*Flor.* What is it that makes you fidge up and down so?

*Cel.* Faith I am sent for by a very dear Friend, and 'tis upon a Business of Life and Death.

*Flor.* On my Life, some Woman.

*Cel.* On my Honour, some Man; do you think I would lye to you?

*Flor.* But you engag'd to sup with me.

*Cel.* But I consider it may be scandalous to stay late in your Lodgings. Adieu, dear Creature, if ever I am false to thee again—— [*Exit Celadon.*

*Flor.* See what constant Metal you Men are made of! He begins to vex me in good earnest. Hang him, let him go and take enough of 'em; and yet methinks I can't endure he should neither. Lord, that such a  
Mad.



cap as I should ever live to be jealous ! I must after him.  
Some Ladies would discard him now, but I,  
*A fitter way for my Revenge will find,*  
*I'll marry him, and serve him in his kind.*

[Exit Flor.]



ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter Rhodophil meeting Doralice and Flavia. Rhodophil and Doralice embrace.*

Rho. MY own dear Heart !  
Dor. My own true Love ! [She starts back.]  
I had forgot myself, to be so kind ; indeed I am very angry with you, Dear, you are come an Hour after you appointed : If you had staid a Minute longer, I was just considering whether I should stab, hang, or drown my self. [Embracing him.]

Rho. Nothing but the King's Business could have hinder'd me ; and I was so vex'd, that I was just laying down my Commission, rather than have fail'd my Dear. [Kissing her Hand.]

Fla. Why, this is Love as it should be, betwixt Man and Wife ; such another Couple would bring Marriage into Fashion again. But is it always thus betwixt you !

Rho. Always thus ! this is nothing. I tell you there is not such a pair of Turtles in all Sicily : there is such an eternal Cooing and Kissing betwixt us, that indeed it is scandalous before Company.

Dor. Well, if I had imagin'd I should have been this fond Fool, I would never have marry'd the Man I lov'd : I marry'd to be happy, and have made my self miserable, by over-loving. Nay, and now my Case is desperate, for I have been married above these two Years, and find my self every Day worse and worse in Love ; nothing but Madness can be the end on't.

*Fla.* Doat on to the Extremity, and you are happy.

*Dor.* He deserves so infinitely much, that the truth is, there can be no doating in the Matter; but to love well, I confess is a Work that pays itself: 'tis telling Gold, and after taking it for one's pains.

*Rbo.* By that I should be a very covetous Person, for I am ever pulling out my Money, and putting it into my Pocket again.

*Dor.* Oh dear *Rhodophil*!

*Rbo.* Oh sweet *Doralice*! [*Embracing each other.*]

*Fla.* [*Afide.*] Nay, I'm resolv'd I'll never interrupt Lovers: I'll leave them as happy as I found 'em.

[*Steals away.*]

*Rbo.* What, is she gone?

[*Looking up.*]

*Dor.* Yes, and without taking Leave.

*Rbo.* Then there's enough for this trime.

*Dor.* Yes, sure, the Scene's done, I take it.

[*Parting from her. They walk contrary on the Stage, he with his Hands in his Pocket, Whistling; she singing a dull melancholy Tune.*]

*Rbo.* Pox o' your dull Tune, a Man can't think for you.

*Dor.* Pox o' your damn'd Whistling, you can neither be Company to me yourself, nor leave me to the Freedom of my own Fancy.

*Rbo.* Well, thou art the most provoking Wife.

*Dor.* Well, thou art the dullest Husband, thou art never to be provok'd.

*Rbo.* I was never thought dull till I marry'd thee, and now thou hast made an old Knife of me, thou hast whetted me so long till I have no Edge left.

*Dor.* I see you are in the Husband's Fashion, you reserve all your Good-humour for your Mistresses, and keep your ill for your Wives.

*Rbo.* Pr'ythee leave me to my own Cogitations; I am thinking over all my Sins, to find for which of them 'twas I marry'd thee.

*Dor.* Whatever your Sin was, mine's the Punishment.

*Rbo.* My Comfort is, thou art not Immortal; and when that blessed, that divine Day comes, of this Departure,

ture, I'm resolv'd I'll make one Holy-day more in the Almanack, for thy sake.

*Dor.* Ay, you had need make a Holy-day for me, for I am sure you have made me a Martyr.

*Rho.* Then setting my victorious Foot upon thy Head, in the first Hour of thy Silence, (that is, the first Hour thou art dead, for I despair of it before) I will swear by thy Ghost, an Oath as terrible to me, as *Styx* is to the Gods; never more to be in danger to the Bonds of Matrimony—

*Dor.* And I'm resolv'd to marry the very same Day thou dy'st, if it be to shew how little I'm concern'd for thee.

*Rho.* Pr'ythee, *Doralice*, why do we quarrel thus, a-days? Ha! This is but a kind of heathenish Life, and does not answer the ends of Marriage. If I have err'd propose what reasonable Atonement may be made before we sleep, and I shall not be refractory: But withal consider, I have been marry'd these three Years, and be not too Tyrannical.

*Dor.* Why should you talk of a Peace, when you can give no Security for Performance of Articles?

*Rho.* Then since we must live together, and both of us stand upon our Terms, as to the matter of dying first, let us ev'n make ourselves as merry as we can with our Misfortunes. Why there's the Devil on't, if thou couldst make thy Favours but a little less easy, or but a little more unlawful, thou should'st see what a Termagant Lover I would prove. I have taken such Pains to like thee *Doralice*, that I have fancy'd thee all the fine Women in the Town to help me out: But now there's none left for me to think on, my imagination is quite jaded. Thou art a Wife and thou wilt be a Wife, and I can make thee another no longer. [Exit *Rho*.

*Dor.* Well, since thou art a Husband, and wilt be a Husband, I'll try if I can't find out another that won't think me a Wife.

*Enter Melantha and Flavia to her.*

*Mel.* Dear, my Dear, pity me, I am so chagrin to-day,



day, and have had the most signal Affront at Court! I went this Afternoon to do my *Devoir* to the Princess, and help'd to make her Court some half an Hour: After which, she went to take the Air, chose out two Ladies to go with her, that came in after me, and left me most barbarously behind her.

*Fla.* You are the less to be pitied, *Melantha*, because you subject yourself to these Affronts, by coming perpetually to Court, where you have no Business nor Employment.

*Mel.* I declare I had rather of the two, be *railly'd*, nay *mal traittée* at Court, than be deify'd in the Town; for positively, nothing can be so *ridicule* as a mere Town Lady.

*Fla.* And therefore I would e'en advise you to quit the Court, and live either wholly in the Town; or, if you like not that, in the Country.

*Dor.* In the Country! nay, that's to fall beneath the Town; for they live there upon our Offals here: Their Entertainment of Wit is only the remembrance of what they had when they were last in Town; they live this Year upon last Year's Knowledge, as the Cattle do all Night, by chewing the Cud of what they eat in the Afternoon.

*Mel.* And then they tell for News such unlikely Stories: A Letter from one of us is such a Present to 'em, that the poor Souls wait for the Carrier's Day with such Devotion, that they cannot sleep the Night before.

*Fla.* No more than I can the Night before I am to go a Journey.

*Dor.* Or I, before I am to try on a new Gown.

*Mel.* A Song that's stale here, will be new there a Twelvemonth hence: And if a Man of the Town by chance come amongst 'em, he's reverenc'd for teaching 'em the Tune.

*Dor.* A Friend of mine, who makes Songs sometimes came lately out of the West, and vow'd he was so put out of Countenance with a Song of his: For at the first Country Gentleman's he visited, he saw three Taylors  
cross-

cross-legg'd upon the Table in the Hall, who were tearing it out as loud as they could sing.

—*After the Pangs of a desperate Lover, &c.*

And all that Day he heard nothing else, but the Daughters of the House, and the Maids, humming it over in every Corner, and the Father whistling it.

*Fla.* Indeed I have observ'd of my self, that when I am out of Town but a Fortnight, I am so humble, that I would receive a Letter from my Taylor or Mercer, for a Favour.

*Mel.* When I have been at Grass in the Summer, and am new come up again, methinks I am to be turn'd into Ridicule by all that see me: But when I have been once or twice at Court, I begin to value my self again, and to despise my Country Acquaintance.

*Fla.* There are places where all People may be adored, and we ought to know ourselves so well as to chuse 'em. But I see we shall leave *Melantha* where we found her; for the Town and Country are become more dreadful to her than the Court, where she was affronted. But you forget, we are to wait on the Princess. Come *Doralice*.

*Dor.* Farewel, *Melantha*.

*Mel.* Adieu, my Dear.

*Fla.* You are out of Charity with her; and therefore I shall not give your Service.

*Mel.* Do not omit it, I beseech you; for I have such a Tender for the Court, that I love it even from the Drawing Room to the Lobby, and can never be *Rebutté* by any Usage. But hark you, my Dear, one thing I had forgot of great Concernment.

*Dor.* Quickly then, we are in haste.

*Mel.* Do not call it my Service, that's too vulgar; but do my *Baïse-Mains* to the Princess.

*Dor.* To do you Service then, we will do your *Baïse-Mains* to the Princess.

[*Exeunt Fla. and Dor.*]

*Enter Philotis with a Paper in her Hand.*

*Mel.* O, are you there, Minion? And, well, are not you

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you a most precious Damsel, to retard all my Visits for want of Language, when you know you are paid so well for furnishing me with new Words for my daily Conversation? Let me die, if I have not run the risque already, to speak like one of the Vulgar; and if I have one Phrase left in all my Store that is not threadbare, and fit for nothing but to be thrown to Peasants.

*Phil.* Indeed, Madam, I have been very diligent in my Vocation; but you have so drain'd all the *French* Plays and Romances, that they are not able to supply you with Words for your daily Expences.

*Mel.* Drain'd! What a Word's there? *Epuisée*, you Sot, you. Come, produce your Morning's Work.

*Phil.* 'Tis here, Madam. [*Shows the Paper.*]

*Mel.* O, my *Venus*! fourteen or fifteen Words to serve me a whole Day! Let me die, at this rate I cannot last till Night. Come read your Works: Twenty to one, half of them will not pass Muster neither.

*Phil.* *Sottises*. [*Reads.*]

*Mel.* *Sottises*, *bon*, that's an excellent Word to begin withal, as for Example: He or she said a thousand *Sottises* to me. Proceed.

*Phil.* *Figure*: As what a *Figure* of a Man is there? *Naive* and *Naiveté*.

*Mel.* *Naivé*; as how?

*Phil.* Speaking of a thing that was naturally said; it was so *naïve*, or such an innocent Piece of Simplicity; 'twas such a *Naiveté*.

*Mel.* Truce with your Interpretations; make haste.

*Phil.* *Foible*, *Chagrin*, *Grimace*, *Embarasse*, *double Entendre*, *Equivoque*, *Eclaircissement*, *Suittè Beveue*, *Façon*, *Panchant*, *Coup d'etourdy*, and *Ridicule*.

*Mel.* Hold, hold; how did they begin?

*Phil.* They began at *Sottises*, and ended *en Ridicule*.

*Mel.* Now give me your Paper in my Hand, and hold you my Glass, while I practise my Airs for the Day. [*Melantha laughs in the Glass.*] How does that Laugh become my Face?

*Phil.* Sovereignly well, Madam.

*Mel.* Sovereignly! Let me die, that's not amiss, that Word



Word shall not be yours, I'll invent it, and bring it up myself; my new Head shall be yours upon't: Not a Word of the Word, I charge you.

*Phil.* I am dumb, Madam.

*Mel.* That Glance, how suits it with my Face?

[*Looking in the Glass again.*]

*Phil.* 'Tis so *Languissant*.

*Mel.* *Languissant*! That Word shall be mine too, and my last *Indian Gown* thine for't. That Sigh.

[*Looks again.*]

*Phil.* 'Twill make many a Man sigh, Madam, 'tis a mere *Incendiary*.

*Mel.* Take my blue Petticoat for that Truth. If thou hast any more of these Phrases, let me die, but I could give away all my Wardrobe, and go naked for 'em.

*Phil.* Go naked! Then you would be a *Venus*, Madam. O *Jupiter*! What had I forgot? This Paper was given me by *Rhodophil's* Page.

*Mel.* [*Reading the Letter.*]—*Beg the Favour from you—Gratify my Passion—so far—Assignment—in the Grotto—behind the Terras—Clock this Evening.*—Well, for the *Billet-doux*, there's no Man in *Sicily*, must dispute with *Rhodophil*; they are so *French*, so *Gallant*, and so *Tendre*, that I cannot resist the Temptation of the Assignment. Now go you away, *Philotis*, it imports me to practise what I shall say to my Servant when I meet him.

[*Exit Philotis.*]

*Rhodophil*, you'll wonder at my Assurance to meet you here; let me die, I am so out of breath with coming, that I can render you no Reason for it. Then he will make this Repartee; Madam, I have no reason to accuse you for that which is so great a Favour to me. Then I reply, But why have you drawn me to this solitary Place? Let me die, but I am apprehensive of some Violence from you. Then says he, Solitude, Madam, is most fit for Lovers; but by this fair Hand—Nay now, I vow you're rude, Sir: O fie, fie, fie, I hope you'll be honourable?—You'd laugh at me if I shou'd, Madam—What do you mean to ravish a Kiss by main force? Ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit Pala.*]

*Palamede and Doralice meet; she with a Book in her Hand seems to start at sight of him.*

*Dor.* 'Tis a strange thing that no Warning will serve your turn; and that no Retirement will secure me from your Impertinent Addresses! Did I not tell you that I was to be private here at my Devotions?

*Pal.* Yes; and you see I have observ'd my Cue exactly: I am come to relieve you from them. Come, shut up, shut up your Book; the Man's come who is to supply your Necessities.

*Dor.* Then it seems, you are so impudent to think it was an Affignation? This I warrant was your lewd Interpretation of my innocent Meaning.

*Pal.* *Venus* forbid that I should harbour so unreasonable a Thought of a fair young Lady, that you should lead me hither into Temptation. I confess I might think indeed it was a kind of honourable Challenge, to meet privately, without Seconds, and decide the Difference betwixt the two Sexes: But I hope you'll forgive me if I thought amiss.

*Dor.* You thought too, I'll lay my Life on't, that you might as well make Love to me, as my Husband does to your Mistress.

*Pal.* I was so unreasonable to think so too.

*Dor.* And then you wickedly inferr'd, that there was some Justice in the Revenge of it: Or at least but little Injury; for a Man to endeavour to enjoy that, which he accounts a Blessing, and which is not valu'd as it ought by the dull Possessor. Confess your Wickedness; did you not think so?

*Pal.* I confess I was thinking so, as fast as I could; but you think so much before me, that you will let me think nothing.

*Dor.* 'Tis the very thing that I design'd: I have fore-stall'd all your Arguments, and left you without a Word more, to plead for Mercy. If you have any thing farther to offer, ere Sentence pass——Poor Animal! I brought you hither only for my Diversion.

*Pal.* That you may have, if you'll make use of me  
the

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the right way ; but I tell thee, Woman, I'm now past talking.

*Dor.* But it may be, I came hither to hear what fine things you could say for yourself.

*Pal.* You would be very angry, to my Knowledge, if I should lose so much time to say many of 'em ; and by this Hand you would——

*Dor.* Fie, *Palamede*, I am a Woman of Honour.

*Pal.* I see you are ; you have kept touch with your Affignation, and before we part, you shall find that I am a Man of Honour——yet I have one Scruple of Conscience——

*Dor.* I warrant you will not want some naughty Argument or other to satisfy yourself——I hope you are afraid of betraying your Friend ?

*Pal.* Of betraying my Friend ! I am more afraid of being betray'd by you to my Friend. You Women now are got into the way of telling first yourselves : A Man who has any care of his Reputation will be loth to trust it with you.

*Dor.* O, you charge your Faults upon our Sex : You Men are like-Cocks, you never make Love, but you clap your Wings, and crow when you have done.

*Pal.* Nay, rather you Women are like Hens ; you never lay, but you cackle an Hour after, to discover your Nest——but I'll venture it for once.

*Dor.* To convince you that you are in the wrong. I'll retire into the dark *Grotto*, to my Devotion, and make so little Noise that it shall be impossible for you to find me.

*Pal.* But if I do find you——

*Dor.* Ay, if you do find me——

[*She runs in, and he after her.*]

*Enter Rhodophil and Melantha.*

*Mel.* Let me die, but this Solitude, and that *Grotto* are scandalous ; I'll go no farther : Besides, you have a sweet Lady of your own.

*Rho.* But a sweet Mistress, now and then, makes my sweet Lady so much more sweet.

*Mel.*



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*Mel.* I hope you will not force me ?

*Rho.* But I will if you desire it.

*Pal.* [*Within.*] Where the Devil are you, Madam ? S'death I begin to be weary of this Hide and Seek : If you stay a little longer, 'till the Fit's over, I'll hide in my turn, and put you to the finding of me.

[*He enters and sees Rho. and Mel.*

How *Rhodophil* and my Mistress !

*Mel.* My Servant to apprehend me ! This is *Suprenant au dernier.*

*Rho.* I must on, there's nothing but Impudence can help me out.

*Pal.* *Rhodophil*, how came you hither in so good Company ?

*Rho.* As you see, *Palamede* ; an effect of pure Friendship ; I was not able to live without you.

*Pal.* But what makes my Mistress with you ?

*Rho.* Why, I heard you were here alone, and could not in Civility but bring her to you.

*Mel.* You'll pardon the Effects of a Passion, which I may now avow for you, if it transported me beyond the Rules of *bien Seance.*

*Pal.* But who told you I was here ? They that told you that, may tell you more for ought I know.

*Rho.* O, for that matter, we had Intelligence.

*Pal.* But let me tell you, we came hither so privately, that you could not trace us.

*Rho.* Us ! what us ? You are alone.

*Pal.* Us ! The Devil's in me for mistaking. Me, I meant : Or Us ; that is, You are me, or I you, as we are Friends, that's Us.

*Dor.* *Palamede, Palamede !*

[*Within.*

*Rho.* I should know that Voice : Who's within there, that calls you ?

*Pal.* Faith, I can't imagine ; I believe that place is haunted.

*Dor.* *Palamede, Palamede !*

[*Within.*

*Rho.* Lord, lord, what shall I do ? Well, dear Friend, to let you see I scorn to be jealous, and that I dare trust my Mistress with you, take her back, for I would not willingly

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willingly have her frighted; and I am resolv'd to see who's there? I'll not be daunted with a Bug-bear, that's certain, pr'ythee dispute it not, it shall be so; nay, do not put me to swear, but go quickly; there's an Effect of pure Friendship for you now.

*Enter Doralice, and looks amaz'd, seeing them.*

*Rbo.* *Doralice!* I am Thunder-struck to see you here.

*Pal.* So am I, quite Thunder-struck; was it you that call'd me within? (I must be Impudent)

*Rbo.* How came you hither, Spouse!

*Pal.* Ay, how came you hither? And which is more, how could you be here without my Knowledge?

*Dor.* [*To her Husband.*] O, Gentleman, have I caught you i'faith? Have I broke forth in ambush upon you? I thought my Suspicions would prove true.

*Rbo.* Suspicions! This is very fine, Spouse. Pr'ythee what Suspicions?

*Dor.* O, you feign Ignorance: Why of you and *Melantha*; here have I staid these two Hours, waiting with all the Rage of a passionate loving Wife, but infinitely jealous; to take you two together; for hither I was certain you would come.

*Rbo.* But you are mistaken, Spouse, in the occasion; for we came hither on purpose to find *Palamede*, on Intelligence he was gone before.

*Pal.* I'll be hang'd then, if the same Party, who gave you Intelligence I was here, did not tell your Wife you would come hither: Now I smell the Malice out on both Sides.

*Dor.* Was it so, think you? Nay, then I'll confess my part of the Malice too. As soon as ever I spy'd my Husband and *Melantha* come together, I had a strange Temptation to make him jealous in Revenge; and that made me call *Palamede*, *Palamede*, as though there had been an Intrigue between us.

*Mel.* Nay, I vow there was an Appearance of an Intrigue between us too.

*Pal.* To see how things will come about.

*Rbo.*

*Rho.* And was it only thus, my dear *Doralice*?

[*Embraces.*

*Dor.* And did I wrong n'own *Rhodophil*, with a false Suspicion?

[*Embracing him.*

*Pal.* [*Afide.*] Now I am confident we had all four the same Design: 'Tis a pretty odd kind of Game this, where each of us plays for double Stakes: This is just Thrust and Parry with the same Motion; I am to get his Wife, and yet to guard my own Mistress. But I am vilely suspicious, that, while I conquer in the right Wing, I shall be routed in the left: For both our Women will certainly betray their Party, because they are each of them for gaining two, as well as we; and I much fear,

*If their Necessities and ours were known,*

*They have more need of two, than we of one.*

[*Exeunt, embracing one another.*

*Enter Melissa, after her Olinda and Sabina.*

*Mel.* I must take this Business up in time: This wild Fellow begins to haunt my House again. Well, I'll be bold to say, 'tis as easy to bring up a young Lion, without Mischief, as a Maidenhead of fifteen, to make it tame for a Husband's Bed: Not but that the young Man is handsome, rich, and young; and I could be content he should marry one of them: But to seduce 'em both in this Manner!—Well, I'll examine them apart; and if I can find out which he loves, I'll offer him his choice—*Olinda*, come hither, Child.—

*Olin.* Your Pleasure, Madam?

*Mel.* Nothing but your Good, *Olinda*. What think you of *Celadon*?

*Olin.* Why, I think he's a very mad Fellow; but yet I have some Obligements to him: He teaches me new Airs on the *Guitarre*, and talks wildly to me, and I to him.

*Mel.* But tell me in earnest, do you think he loves you?

*Olin.* Can you doubt it? There were never two so cut out for one another; we both love Singing, Dancing, Treats



Treats and Musick. In short, we are each other's Counter part.

*Mel.* But does he love you seriously?

*Olin.* Seriously! I know not that; if he did, perhaps I should not love him: But we sit and talk, and we wrangle and are Friends: When we are together we never hold our tongues, and then we have always a Noise of Fiddles at our Heels; he hunts me merrily as the Hound does the Hare: and either this is Love, or I know it not.

*Mel.* Well, go back, and call *Sagina* to me. [*Olinda goes behind*] This is a Riddle past my finding out: whether he loves her or no is the Question; but this I am sure of, she loves him.—O my little Favourite, I must ask you a Question concerning *Celadon*: Is he in love with you?

*Sab.* I think indeed he does not hate me, at least if a Man's Word may be taken for it.

*Mel.* But what Expressions has he made you?

*Sab.* Truly the Man has done his part: he has spoken civilly to me, and I was not so young but I understood him.

*Mel.* And you could be content to marry him?

*Sab.* I have sworn never to marry; besides, he's a wild young Man; yet to obey you, Mother, I would be content to be sacrific'd.

*Mel.* No, no, we wou'd but lead you to the Altar.

*Sab.* Not to put off the Gentleman neither; for if I have him not, I am resolv'd to die a Maid, that's once Mother——

*Mel.* Both my Daughters are in love with him, and I cannot yet find he loves either of them.

*Olin.* Mother, Mother, yonder's *Celadon* in the Walks.

*Mel.* Peace, Wanton, you had best ring the Bells for Joy. Well, I'll not meet him, because I know not which to offer him, yet he seems to like the youngest best, I'll give him opportunity with her. *Olinda*, do you make haste after me.

*Olin.* This is something hard though. [*Exit Melissa.*

*Enter*

*Enter Celadon.*

*Cel.* You see, Ladies, the least Breath of yours brings me to you: I have been seeking you at your Lodgings, and from thence came hither after you.

*Sab.* 'Tis well you found us.

*Cel.* I found you! Half this Brightness betwixt you two was enough to have lighted me; I could never miss my way: Here's fair *Olinda* has Beauty enough for one Family? Such a Voice, such a Wit, so noble a Stature, so white a Skin.

*Olin.* I thought he would be particular at last. [*Aside.*]

*Cel.* And young *Sabina*, so sweet an Innocence; such a Rose-bud newly blown. This is my goodly Palace of Love, and that my little with drawing Room.

—A word, Madam—

[*To Sab.*]

*Olin.* I like not this [*Aside.*] Sir, if you are not too busy with my Sister I would speak with you.

*Cel.* I come Madam—

*Sab.* Time enough, Sir; pray finish your Discourse  
—And as you were a saying, Sir—

*Olin.* Sweet, Sir—

*Sab.* Sister, you forget my Mother bid you make haste.

*Olin.* Well, go you and tell her I am coming—

*Sab.* I can never endure to be the Messenger of ill News; but if you please, I'll send her word you won't come.—

*Olin.* Minion, Minion, remember this—

[*Exit Olinda.*]

*Sab.* She's horribly in love with you.

*Cel.* Lord, who could love that walking Steeple! she's so high, that every time she sings to me, I am looking up for the Bell, that tolls to Church—Ha! give me my little fifth Rate that lies so snug—She, hang her a *Dutch*-built bottom; she's so tall there's no boarding her. But we lose time—Madam let me seal my Love upon your Mouth. [*Kiss.*] Soft and Sweet, by Heaven! Sure you wear Rose-Leaves between your Lips.

*Sab.* Lord, Lord, what's the Matter with me! My Breath grows so short I can scarce speak to you.

*Cel.*

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*Cel.* No Matter, give me thy Lips again, and I'll speak for thee.

*Sab.* You don't love me——

*Cel.* I warrant thee sit down by me, and kiss again;—She warms faster than *Pigmalion's* Image. [*Aside.*] [*Kiss.*]——I marry, Sir, this was the original Use of Lips; talking, eating, and drinking came by the by——

*Sab.* Nay, pray be civil, will you be at quiet?

*Cel.* What would you have me sit still and look upon you like a little puppy Dog, that's taught to beg with his Fore-Leg up.

*Enter Florimel.*

*Flor.* *Celadon* the faithful! in good time, Sir——

*Cel.* In very good, *Florimel*; for Heaven's sake help me quickly.

*Flor.* What's the matter?

*Dor.* Do you not see here's a poor Gentlewoman in a Swoon! (Swoon away!) I have been rubbing her this half Hour, and cannot bring her to her Senses.

*Flor.* Alas! how came she so?

*Cel.* O barbarous, do you stay to ask Questions, run for Charity.

*Flor.* Help, help, alas poor Lady—— [*Exit Flor.*]

*Sab.* Is she gone?

*Cel.* Thanks to my Wit that help'd me at a Pinch: I thank Heaven, I never pump'd for a Lye in my Life yet.

*Sab.* I am afraid you love her, *Celadon*.

*Cel.* Only as a civil Acquaintance, or so: But however to avoid Slander, you had best be gone before she comes again.

*Sab.* I can find a Tongue as well as she——

*Cel.* Ay, but the Truth is, I'm a kind of a scandalous Person, and for you to be seen in my Company—— Stay in the Walks, by this Kiss I'll be with you presently. [*Exit Sab.*]

*Enter Florimel running.*

*Flor.* Help, help, I can find no body.

*Cel.* 'Tis needless now, my Dear, she's recovered and gone off, but so wan and weakly——

*Flor.*



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*Flor.* Umh! what was your Business here, *Celadon*?

*Cel.* Charity, Charity, christian Charity; you saw I was labouring for Life with her.

*Flor.* But how came you hither? Not that I care——  
But, only to be satisfy'd. [Sings.]

*Cel.* You are jealous, in my Conscience.

*Flor.* Who, I jealous! Then I wish this Sigh may be the last that ever I may draw. [Sighs.]

*Cel.* But why do you sigh then?

*Flor.* Nothing but a Cold, I cannot fetch my Breath well——But what will you say, if I wrote the Letter you had to try your Faith?

*Cel.* Hey-day! this is just the Devil and the Sinner; you lay Snares for me, and then punish me for being taken; here's trying a Man's Faith indeed: What, do you think I had the Faith of a Stock, or of a Stone? Nay, and you go to tantalize a Man——'Gad, I love upon the Square, I can endure no Tricks to be used to me. [Olinda and Sabina at the Door peeping.]

*Olin. Sab. Celadon, Celadon!*

*Flor.* What Voices are those?

*Cel.* Some Comrades of mine that call me to play——  
Pox on 'em they'll spoil all—— [Aside.]

*Flor.* Pray let's see 'em.

*Cel.* Hang 'em, Tatter-de-malions, they are not worth your fight: Pray, Gentlemen, be gone, I'll be with you immediately.

*Sab.* No, we'll stay here for you.

*Flor.* Do your Gentlemen speak with treble Voices. I'm resolv'd to see what Company you keep.

*Cel.* Nay, good my Dear—— [He lays hold of her to pull her back, she lays hold of Olinda, by whom Sabina holds; so that he pulling, they all come in.]

*Flor.* Are these your Comrades? [Sings.] 'Tis Strephon calls, what would my Love? Why do you not roar out like a great Bass-Viol, Come follow to the Myrtle Grove——Pray, Sir, which of these fair Ladies is it, for whom you were to do the Courtesy; for it were unconscionable to leave you to 'em both. What, a Man's but a Man, you know.

*Olin.*

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*Olen.* The Gentleman may find an Owner.

*Sab.* Though not of you.

*Flor.* Pray agree whose the lost Sheep is, and take him.

*Cel.* 'Slife they'll cry me anon, and tell my Marks.

*Sab.* Can Flesh and Blood endure this?

*Flor.* How now, my *Amazon* in *decimo sexto*?

*Sab.* Come away, Sister, we shall be jeer'd to death else.

[*Exeunt Olinda and Sabina.*]

*Flor.* What do you look that way for? You can't forbear leering after the forbidden Fruit—But when e'er I take a Wencher's Word again——

*Cel.* A Wencher's Word; why should you speak so contemptibly of the better half of Mankind? I'll stand up for the Honour of my Vocation.

*Flor.* You are in no fault, I warrant——

*Cel.* Not to give a fair Lady the Lye, I am in fault; but otherwise——Come let us be Friends, and let me wait upon you to your Lodgings.—

*Flor.* This Impudence shall not save you from my Table book. *Item,* A Month more for this Fault——

*Cel.* Pshah! Pshah! You shall see I will so belabour you with Constancy and Flames, and Darts, and blank Verse, and soft Things, and all that, that before I part with you, I will reduce that unmerciful long Scroll in your Table book, to within two seconds of the critical Minute.

*Flor.* Say you so, Sir? I have a good mind to put you to a Proof of your Gallantry——What would you say if I should make you an Affignation at the Masquerade to-night? But by the way, I have a mind to play deep there, and for fear I should baulk my Fortune for want of a good Sum, you shall lend me two or three hundred Pistoles.

*Cel.* Ah! dear Madam, this is the least Proof you could have made of me. I have just that Sum in my strong Box, and the Minute you meet me at the Masquerade, they are positively at your Service—I'll bring 'em myself——But how shall I know you?

*Flor.* O! I'll shew you my Face——But you promise  
not

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not to mention the word Love to any Woman before I come.

*Cel.* Fie, fie, doubt my Constancy! you might as well suspect my Honour.

*Flor.* Well, remember then I depend upon both—  
Adieu, I am in haste.

*Cel.* One Minute will break no Squares, I'll warrant you.

*Flor.* No, no, no more, I shall give you a Surfeit of my Company.

*Cel.* A Surfeit! why you have but tantalized me all this while.

*Flor.* What would you have?

*Cel.* An Hand, a Lip, or any Thing that you can spare; when you have conjur'd up a Spirit, you must give him some Employment, or he'll tear you to pieces.

*Flor.* Well, well, because I won't discourage your Constancy—there, there's a Lock of my Hair set in Diamonds to help your Contemplation—Now not one Word or Step farther, but take your leave in dumb shew, and be gone.

*Cel.* Oh! [Bowling, and affecting a Sigh.

*Flor.* Oh Impertinent!

*So have I seen in Tragick Scenes a Lover,  
With dying Eyes his parting Pains discover,  
While the soft Nymph looks back to view him far,  
And speaks her Anguish with her Handkercher:  
Again they turn, still ogling as before,  
Till each gets backward to the distant Door,  
Then, when the last, last Look their Grief betrays,  
The Act is ended, and the Musick plays.*

[Exeunt, mimicking this,





**A C T IV. S C E N E I.**

*Enter Palamede, Rodophil, in Masquerade, with Flam-  
beaux before them.*

*Pal.* **T**HIS Masquerading, *Rodophil*, is a most  
glorious Invention.

*Rbo.* I believe it was invented first by some jealous  
Lover, to discover the haunts of his jilting Mistress,  
or by some distressed Servant, to get an Opportunity  
with another Man's Wife.

*Pal.* No, no, it must be the Invention of a Woman,  
there's so much Subtlety and Love in it.

*Rbo.* Let the Invention be whole it will, I'm sure  
'tis extremely pleasant; for to go unknown is the next  
degree to going invisible. [*Enter Beliza.*] *Beliza*, What  
makes you here?

*Bel.* Sir, my Lady sent me after you, to let you  
know she finds herself a little indispos'd, so that she can-  
not be at Court, but is retired to rest in her own Apart-  
ment, where she shall want the Happiness of your dear  
Embraces to-night.

*Rbo.* A very fine Phrase, *Beliza*, to let me know my  
Wife desires to lie alone.

*Pal.* I doubt, *Rodophil*, you take the pains to in-  
struct your Wife's Women in these Elegancies.

*Rbo.* Tell my dear Lady, that since I must be so un-  
happy, as not to wait on her to-night, I will lament  
bitterly for her Absence: 'Tis true, I shall stay a little  
here at Court to-night, but without her I shall take no  
Divertisement.

*Bel.* I shall do your Commands, Sir. [*Exit Beliza.*

*Rbo.* She's sick as aptly for my purpose, as if she had  
contriv'd it so.

*Pal.* Sick! And lies alone! Then it's possible she may  
have contriv'd it for my purpose. Mum!

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*Rbo.* Well! if ever Woman was a Help-meet for a Man, my Spouse is so; for within this Hour I received a Note from *Melantha*, that she would be here in Masquerade in Boy's Habit, to rejoice with me before she enter'd into Fetters, for I find she loves me better than *Palamede*, only because he's to be her Husband: There's something of Antipathy in the Word Marriage to the very Nature of Love: Marriage is the mere Ladle of Affection, that cools it, when 'tis never so fiercely boiling over.

*Pal.* Dear *Rodophil*, I must beg your pardon, there's an occasion fall'n out, which I had forgot: I can't be at the Masquerade to-night.

*Rbo.* Dear *Palamede*, I am sorry we sha'n't have one Course together at the Herd; but I find your Gamelies single: Good fortune to you with your Mistress.

[Exit.

*Pal.* So, he has wish'd me good Fortune with his Wife, there's no sin in this then. Here's fair leave given. Well, I must go visit the Sick: I cannot resist the Temptations of my Charity. O what a Difference will she find betwixt a dull resty Husband, and the free Spirit of a Lover! He sets out like a Carrier's Horse, plodding on because he knows he must, with the Bells of Matrimony chiming so melancholy about his Neck, in pain till he's at his Journey's-end, and despairing to get thither. [Clashing of Swords.] Hark! What Noise is that? Swords! nay then have with you.— [Exit.

*Re-enter Palamede with Rodophil, and Doralice in Man's Habit.*

*Rbo.* Friend, your relief was very timely, otherwise I had been oppress'd.

*Pal.* What was the Quarrel?

*Rbo.* What I did, was in rescue of this Youth.

*Pal.* What Cause could he give 'em.

*Dor.* The common Cause of fighting in Masquerade; they were drunk, and I was sober.

*Rbo.* Have they not hurt you?

*Dor.* No, but I'm exceeding ill with the fright on't.

*Pal.*

*Pal.* Let's lead him to some Place, where he may refresh himself.

*Rbo.* Do you conduct him then.

*Pal.* How cross this happens to my Design of going to *Doralice*! for I'm confident she was sick on purpose that I should visit her. Hark you, *Rodophil*, cou'd not you take care of this Stripling? I am partly engag'd to-night.

*Rbo.* You know I have Business; but come, Youth, if it must be so——

*Dor.* No, good Sir, don't give yourself that trouble; I shall be safer, and better pleas'd with your Friend here.

*Rbo.* Farewel then, once more I wish you a good Adventure.

*Pal.* Damn this Kindness, now must I be troubled with this young Rogue, and miss my Opportunity with *Doralice*. [*Exit Rhodophil alone; Palamede with Doralice.*]

*The Scene opens to the Masquerade; Company of all sorts, and some at play. Celadon looking on.*

*Cel.* Let me see, I am to lend *Florimel* three hundred Pistoles to-night; and if she had press'd me for three hundred and two, I must positively have borrow'd a Couple to have made up the Sum: She was resolv'd to leave me without a Cross in my Pocket, I find; wisely presuming, that while I want Money for my *Menu pleasures*, I shall the oftner come to her for Consolation:—Suppose now I should baulk her Design, and fairly venture one hundred of them to win a couple more to 'em——Stay——let me see——I have the Box, and throw——A *Don* sets me ten Pistoles, I nick him——Ten more——I sweep them too——Now in all reason he is nettled and sets me Twenty.——Um! Say you so, my little *Don*, says I——Slap! I win them too. Now he kindles, and butters me with Forty——they are all my own. In fine, he is vehement, and bleeds on to Fourscore, or an Hundred: And I, not willing to tempt Fortune, come away a moderate Winner of about two hundred Pistoles——Ay! ay, exactly the Sum I have occasion for——Ha!



*Enter Flavia and Florimel in Masquerade.*

I'gad, and here comes another thing ; I have always occasion for a fine Woman, by *Jupiter*.

*Flor.* Do you think he won't know me ?

*Fla.* Not if you keep your Design of passing for an *African*.

*Flor.* Well, now I shall make a fair Tryal of him ; For I have a strange mind to know if his Conscience will let him be as great a Rogue to *Melissa's* Daughters, as he has been to me.

*Fla.* I never doubt his Conscience for any thing — See, he is making to the Bait already.

*Cel.* If your Wit and Face, Madam, comes up to what the rest of your Person promises, there's one Heart gone astray, to my knowledge.

*Flor.* 'Tis true, Sir, I have been flatter'd in my own Country with the Reputation of a little Handsomeness ; but how it will pass in *Sicily*, is a Question.

*Cel.* Why, Madam, are not you of *Sicily* ?

*Flor.* No, Sir, of *Morocco*, I only came hither to see some of my Relations, who are settled here, and turn'd Christians, since the Expulsion of my Countrymen the *Moors*.

*Cel.* Are you then a *Mohometan*.

*Flor.* A *Musselman*, at your Service.

*Cel.* A *Mussel-woman*, say you ? I protest by your Voice I should have taken you for a certain Christian, a dy of my Acquaintance.

*Flor.* It seems you are in love then ; if so, Sir, I have done with you : 'Twill be dangerous for a poor brown *African* to invade the Dominions of a *Sicilian* Complexion.

*Cel.* Pshah ! Some little liking I might have, but that was only a Morning Dew, 'tis drawn up by the Sunshine of your Beauty. I find your *African Cupid* is a much surer Archer, than ours of *Europe* — Yet ———— would I could see you ———— One Look would secure your Conquest.

*Flor.* No, no, I'll reserve my Face to gratify your Imagination with ———— But in earnest, do you love me.

*Cel.*

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*Cel.* Ay, by *Alba*, do I most intollerably : You have Wit in abundance : by your Motion I see you dance to a Miracle ; by your Voice, I'm sure you sing like an Angel ; and if one were but to see your Face, I'll warrant it looks like a *Cberubim*.

*Flor.* But can you be constant upon occasion ?

*Cel.* Constant ! Ay, by *Mabomet*.

*Flor.* You swear like a *Turk*, Sir ; but take heed, our Prophet is a severe Punisher of Promise-breakers.

*Cel.* Pshah ! Madam, your Prophet is a *Cavalier* I warrant, I honour him for the handsome Provision he has made for us Lovers in the other World, as black Eyes, young Limbs, and fresh Mistresses every day in the Week. Ah ! go thy ways, little *Mabomet*, I'faith thou shalt always have my good Word.

*Flor.* Hold, hold, Sir, we are a little too particular, all the Company are at play, you see ; if you have a mind to venture your Money, I'll make one with you immediately—In the mean time, when you have an idle Thought to throw away, bestow it on your Servant *Fatyma*.

*Cel.* This Lady *Fatyma* pleases me most infinitely.

*Fla.* False, or true, Madam ?

*Flor.* False, as Water ; but by Fire, Air, and Earth, I'll fit him for't. Have you the high Dice about you !

*Fla.* I have 'em.

*Flor.* By your leave, Sir, what's your Game ?

*Cel.* Raffle, Madam——Come, set what you please, 'tis no matter what I lose ; the greatest Stake, my Heart, is gone already.

*Flor.* There, [She sits, and he throws.

*Cel.* So, I have a good Chance, two Quaters and a Six.

*Flor.* Two Sixes and a Trey wins it [Sweeps the Money.

*Cel.* Very well, Madam——Come, I'll try my Fortune once again——What have I here ? two Sixes and a Quater——Come an hundred Pistoles more upon that Throw.

*Flor.* I'm at you, Sir.—*Flavia*, the high Dice.

*Fla.* There.

*Flor.* Three Fives, I have won you Sir.

*Cel.* Blood and Furies ! it would never have vex'd me to have lost my Money to a *Christina*, but to a *Pagan* ! an *Infidel* !——

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*Fla.* Come, come, Madam, e'en give over while you are a Winner.

*Cel.* I hope the Lady is not under the Curb of a Governess, Madam; you'll give her leave to do what she pleases with her own, sure.

*Flor.* Since you are so brisk, Sir, come, there's your hundred pistoles again, cover 'em, and I am at you.

*Cel.* Stay, Madam—I will cover you, tho' I'm skip'd for't, give me the Box—Here—Fresh Dice.

*Flor.* I'll throw with the old ones.

*Cel.* There, Madam—Just in, faith! Two Fives and an Ace.

*Flor.* Come on, Sir—Three Fours—it's mine.

*Cel.* Umh!—Loll! loll! de doll! What the Devil did I mean to play with this *Brunet* of *Afric*?

*Fla.* May the Lady have leave to go now, Sir?

*Cel.* If your Ladyship had never come hither, there wou'd have been no great Loss of your Company. Come, Madam, this Diamond Locket to twenty Pistoles.

*Flor.* Some Lady's Favour, I presume; I am loth to win it.

*Cel.* Upon Honour, Madam, my own Hair, design'd only for an old Aunt that lives in the Country.

*Flor.* Nay then, Sir, if it be your own, I won't undervalue it—There's thirty Pistoles against it: Have-at-it—Two Sixes and a Five—I stand fair for't. [*He throws.*] 'Tis mine, Sir.

*Cel.* Consume and grind the Souls of these Dice! Not one Stake in Five: The Devil—if ever I touch Box again. Ah, Plague of your Jest.

*Flavia shakes the Box at him, and goes out laughing at Flor.* A pretty Figure I shall make to *Florimel* by and by—Now will I steal into a Corner, and laugh at myself most unmercifully: For my Condition is so ridiculous, that 'tis past cursing. [*Exit.*]

*The Scene changes into an eating House, Bottles of Wine on the Table. Palamede, and Doralice in Man's Habit.*

*Dor.* Now cannot I find in my Heart to discover myself, though I long he should know me. [*Aside.*]

*Pal.*



*Pal.* I tell thee, Boy, now I have seen thee safe, I must be gone: I have no leisure to throw away on thy raw Conversation. I am a Person that understand better things, I—

*Dor.* Were I a Woman, Oh how you'd admire me! Cry up every Word I said, and scruce your Face into a submissive Smile.

*Pal.* Ay, Boy, there's Dame Nature in the Case: He who cannot find Wit in a Mistress, deserves to find nothing else, Boy. But these are Riddles to thee, Child, and I have not leisure to instruct thee: I have Affairs to dispatch, great Affairs, I am a Man of Business.

*Dor.* Come, you shall not go; you have no Affair but what you may dispatch here, to my knowledge.

*Pal.* I now find thou art a Boy of more Understanding than I thought thee; a very lewd wicked Boy.

*Dor.* You are mistaken, Sir, I would only have you shew me a more lawful Reason why you would leave me, than I can why you should not, and I'll not stay you; for I am not so young, but I understand the pressing Occasions of Mankind as well as you.

*Pal.* A very forward and understanding Boy! Thou art in great danger of a Page's Wit, to be brisk at Fourteen and dull at Twenty. But I'll give thee no farther Account, I must and will go.

*Dor.* My Life on't, your Mistress is not at home.

*Pal.* This Imp will make me very angry. I tell thee, young Sir, she's at home, and at home for me; and, which is more, she is a-bed for me, and sick for me.

*Dor.* For you only?

*Pal.* Ay, for me only,

*Dor.* But how do you know she's sick a-bed?

*Pal.* She sent her Husband. Word so.

*Dor.* And are you such a Novice in Love, to believe a Wife's Message to her Husband?

*Pal.* Why, what the Devil should be her Meaning else?

*Dor.* It may be, to go in Masquerade as well as you; to observe your Haunts, and keep you company without your Knowledge.

*Pal.* Nay, I'll trust her for that; she loves me too well to disguise herself from me.

*Dor.* If I were she, I wou'd disguise myself on purpose to try your Wit, and come to my Servant like a Riddle, read me and take me.

*Pal.* I cou'd know her in any shape; my good Genius would prompt me to find out a handsome Woman; There's something in her that would attract me to her without my Knowledge.

*Dor.* Yet still my Mind gives me, that you have met her disguis'd to-night, and have not known her.

*Pal.* This is the most pragmatrical, conceited, little Fellow, he will needs understand my Business better than myself. I tell thee once more, thou dost not know my Mistress.

*Dor.* And I tell you once more, that I know her better than you do.

*Pal.* The Boy is resolv'd to have the last Word. I find I must go without a Reply. [Exit.]

*Dor.* Ah Mischief, I have lost him with my fooling.

*Palamede, Palamede, 'tis I, Doralies, [He returns; she plucks off her Peruke, and puts it on again, when he knows her.]*

*Pal.* O Heavens! Is it you, Madam?

*Dor.* Now, where was your good Genius, that wou'd prompt you to find me out?

*Pal.* Why, you see I was not deceiv'd; you yourself were my good Genius.

*Enter Rodophil, and Melantha in Boy's Habit. Rhodophil sees Palamede kissing Dorahice's Hand.*

*Rbo.* *Palamede!* Again am I fallen into your Quarters? What! ingaging with a Boy?

*Pal.* I was just chastizing this young Villain; he was running away without paying his Share of the Reckoning.

*Rbo.* Then I find I was deceiv'd in him.

*Pal.* Yes, you are deceiv'd in him; 'Tis the archest Rogue, if you did but know him.

*Mal.* Good Rhodophil, let's go off *A-la-darobber*, for fear I should be discover'd.

*Rbo.* There's no retiring now, I warrant you for Discovery: Now have I the oddest Thought to entertain you

you before your Servant's Face, and he never the wifer; 'twill be the prettiest juggling Trick to cheat him when he looks upon us.

*Mel.* This is the strangest Caprice in you.

*Pal.* [*To Doralice.*] This *Rhodophil's* the unluckiest Fellow to me! This is now the second time he has barr'd the Dice, when we were just ready to have nick'd him; but if ever I get the Box again——

*Dor.* Do you think he will know me? Am I like myself.

*Pal.* No more than a Picture in the Hangings.

*Dor.* Nay, then he can never discover me, now the wrong side of the Arras is turned towards him.

*Pal.* At least, 'twill be some pleasure to me to enjoy what Freedom I can, while he looks on; I will storm the Out-works of Matrimony even before his Face.

*Rho.* What Wine have you there, *Palamede*?

*Pal.* Old *Chios*, or the Rogue's damn'd that drew it.

*Rho.* Come, to the most constant of Mistresses; that I believe is yours, *Palamede*.

*Dor.* Pray spare your Seconds; for my part, I am but a weak Brother.

*Pal.* Now to the truest of Turtles; that is, your Wife, *Rodophil*, that lies sick at home in the Bed of Honour.

*Rho.* Now let's have one common Health, and so have done.

*Dor.* Then, for once, I'll begin it. Here's to him that has the fairest Lady in *Sicily* in Masquerade to-night.

*Pal.* This is such an obliging Health, I'll kiss thee, dear Rogue, for thy Invention. [*Kisses her.*]

*Rho.* He who has this Lady, is a happy Man, without Dispute. [*Kisses her.*]——I'm the most concern'd in this, I am sure. [*Aside.*]

*Pal.* Was it not well found out, *Rodophil*?

*Mel.* Ay, this was *bien trouvé*, indeed.

*Dor.* [*To Melantha.*] I suppose I shall do you a kindness, to enquire if you have been in *France*, Sir?

*Mel.* To do you service, Sir.

*Dor.* O, *Monseigneur*, *votre valet bien humble*. [*Saluting her.*]

*Mel.* Et *votre esclave*, *Monseigneur*, de tout mon Cœur  
[*Returning the salute.*]



*Dor.* I suppose, sweet Sir, you are the Hope and Joy of some thriving Citizen, who has pinch'd himself at home to breed you abroad, where you have learn'd your Exercises, as it appears most awkwardly, and are return'd, with the Addition of a new lac'd Coat, and a long Wig, to your good old Father, who looks at you with his Mouth, while you spout *French* with your *Mon Monsieur*.

*Pal.* Let me kiss thee again for that, dear Rogue.

*Mel.* And you, I imagine, are my young Master, whom your Mother durst not trust upon Salt Water, but left you to be your own Tutor at Fourteen; to be very brisk and *Entreprenant*; to endeavour to be debauch'd ere you had learnt the knack on't; to value yourself upon an Intrigue before you get it, and to make it the height of your Ambition to get a Player for your Mistress.

*Rbo.* [*Embracing Melantha.*] Oh dear young Bully, thou hast tickled him with a *Reparties* I faith.

*Mel.* You are one of those that applaud our Country Plays, where Drums, and Trumpets, and Blood and Wounds are Wit.

*Rbo.* Again, my Boy! Let me kiss thee most abundantly.

*Dor.* You are an Admirer of the dull *French* Poetry, which is so thin, that 'tis the very Leaf-Gold of Wit, the very Wafers and whipp'd Cream of Sense, for which a Man opens his Mouth, and gapes to swallow nothing: And to be an Admirer of such profound Dulness, one must be endow'd with a great Perfection of Impudence and Ignorance.

*Pal.* Let me embrace thee most vehemently.

*Mel.* I'll sacrifice my Life for *French* Poetry. [*Advancing.*

*Dor.* I'll die upon the Spot for our Country Wit.

*Rbo.* [*To Melantha.*] Hold, hold, young Mars. *Palamede*, draw back your Hero.

*Pal.* 'Tis time; I shall be drawn in for a Second else, at the wrong Weapon.

*Mel.* Oh, that I were a Man for thy sake!

*Dor.* You'll be a Man as soon as I shall.

*Enter a Messenger to Rodophil.*

*Mess.* Sir, the King has instant Business with you. I  
saw

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saw the Guard drawn up by your Lieutenant, before the Palace-Gate, ready to march.

*Rbo.* 'Tis somewhat sudden; say that I am coming.  
*Exit Messenger.*] Now, *Palamede*, what think you of this Sport? This is some sudden Tumult, will you along?

*Pal.* Yes, yes, I will go; but the Devil take me if ever I was less in Humour. Why, the Pox, could they not have staid their Tumult till to-morrow? Then I had done my Business, and been ready for 'em. Truth is, I had a little transitory Crime to have committed first; and I am the worst Man in the World at repenting, till a Sin be thoroughly done: But what shall we do with the two Boys,

*Rbo.* Let 'em take a Lodging in the House, till the Business be over.

*Dor.* What, lie with a Boy? For my part, I own it, I cannot endure to lie with a Boy.

*Pal.* The more's my Sorrow, I cannot accommodate you with a better Bed-fellow

*Mel.* Let me die, if I enter into a pair of Sheets with him that hates the *French*. [*Exit.*]

*Dor.* Pish, take no care for us, but leave us in the Streets; I warrant you, as late as it is, I'll find my Lodging as well as any drunken Bully of 'em-all. [*Exit.*]

*Rbo.* I'll fight in mere revenge, and wreak my Passion  
On all that spoil this hopeful Assignment. [*Aside.*]

*Pal.* I am sure we fight in a good Quarrel.  
*Rogues may pretend Religion and the Laws,*  
*But a kind Mistress is the good old Cause.* [*Exeunt.*]

*The Scene changes again to the Masquerade; Celadon looking on at the Gaming-Table.*

*Cel.* What Witchcraft made me put it into Fortune's power to jilt me thus; not only to lose my Money, but, in all probability, my Mistress along with it! Well! I foresee what it will come to—she'll quarrel with me upon't, I suppose—so that I have nothing to do but to set a good Face upon the matter, and e'en begin with her first—Here she comes, Faith, and Mrs. *Nimble-Tongue,*

*Tongue*, my evil Genius, along with her! *Jasper*, come hither, [*Whispers his Man*.]—that's all.

*Jas.* I'll endeavour, Sir.

*Enter Florimel and Flavia unmask'd.*

*Flor.* So, Sir! I'm as good as my Word you see.

*Cel.* I am sorry you came so late, Madam, for the Company's broke up you see. Am I to wait upon you home, or will you be so kind to take a hard Lodging with me to-night?

*Flor.* No, Sir, you shall have the Honour, if you please, to see me to my own Lodgings.

*Cel.* No more Words then, but let's away to prevent discovery.

*Fla.* Dear Sir! You are in mighty haste to be rid of the Lady, methinks.

*Cel.* O fie, Madam, but if the Lady shou'd want sleep, you know, 'twould spoil the Lustre of her Eyes to-morrow, and then Ten to One but she loses half a dozen Conquests by it.

*Flor.* No, no, Sir, I am a peaceable Princess, and content with my own, I mean your Heart and Purse: For the truth is, I have lost my Money in Masquerade to-night, and I am come to claim your Promise of supplying me.

*Cel.* Madam, you make me entirely happy in your Commands; to-morrow Morning my Servant shall wait upon you with three hundred Pistoles.

*Flor.* But I left my Company with Promise to return to play.

*Cel.* Pshaw! Play upon Tick, and lose the *Indies*, I'll discharge it all to-morrow.

*Flor.* No, no, to-night, if you'll oblige me.

*Cel.* *Jasper*, go and bring me three hundred Pistoles immediately.

*Jas.* Sir——[*Staring*.]

*Cel.* Do you expostulate, you Rascal? How he stares! Why you impudent Rogue, you have not been diverting your self with the Inside of my strong Box, have you? I'll be hang'd if this Villain has not lost all my Gold at play:



play: If you have, confess it immediately, Sirrah; and then perhaps I'll pardon you: But if you offer to stand in a Lye, Dog, I'll have no mercy on you. Come, did you lose it?

*Jas.* Sir, 'tis not for me to dispute with you——  
As to the Gold, Sir——I——confess——I——I——

*Cel.* O do you so, Sir? Do you hear him, Madam, this impudent Rogue confesses he has lost it.

*Flor.* Ay, as sure as e'er he had it, I dare swear for him: But commend me to you for a kind Master, that can let your Servant play off three hundred Pistoles without the least Sign of Anger to him.

*Fla.* 'Tis a sign he has a greater Bank in store upon occasion.

*Cel.* Well, Madam, I must confess, I have more by me than I will speak of at this time: But till you have given me Satisfaction——

*Flor.* You Satisfaction, what for my being disappointed of your Promise.

*Cel.* Don't tell me of a Promise, Madam, my Promise was made upon a Supposition, that your Conduct would deserve it; but since I see, Madam, how little regard you have to your Reputation and your Money, and all that, Madam——

*Flor.* What do you mean?

*Cel.* Mean! What, you have done nothing to make a Man jealous, I warrant: Going out a Gaming in Masquerade at unreasonable Hours, and losing your Money at play is no fault with you, I suppose? What do I mean? Have not you been Gaming, Madam, and extravagantly lost your Money? Your Money, Madam, Death! that Loss above all provokes me.

*Fla.* I believe you, because she comes to you for more.

*Flor.* Is this the mighty Quarrel then? But suppose, Sir, I am able to clear myself.

*Cel.* I won't suppose any such thing, Madam, I know it all impossible, there's no Excuse in Nature can be found for it: I'll stop my Ears if you but offer it.

*Flor.* You'll hear me sure.

*Cel.* To do this in the Beginning of an Amour, and  
to

to a jealous Servant as I am : Had I all the Wealth of Peru after such an Extravagance, I would not part with a single *Marevedis* to you.

*Flor.* To this I answer——

*Cel.* Answer nothing at all, Madam, for it will but inflame the Quarrel between us : I must come to my self by little and little, and when I am ready for Satisfaction, if you can think of any that's proper for an injur'd Lover to take, I'll then perhaps consult my Honour, whether I shall receive it or no.

*Flor.* Pshah ! Pshah ! this Anger's all affected, a mere Pretence to sham me off of the Promise you made.

*Cel.* Very fine ! sham you, Madam !

*Flor.* Sir, you'll find I know you at last.

*Cel.* And you'll find, Madam, that I know you, and so well too, that my poor Heart akes for't : I knew by your staying so long, you had lost your Money ; and therefore I once had it in my Mind to go home to Bed without speaking to you : But since I knew you'd certainly come to borrow more of me, I was resolv'd to stay and—

*Flor.* And let me have it ; that will be kind indeed.

*Cel.* No, no, Madam, to reproach you, to declare my Grievances, which are great and many.

*Fla.* What Money he may have about him, I can't tell, but I'm sure he does not want for Impudence.

*Cel.* And therefore I must tell you, Madam——

*Flor.* I'll hear of nothing but the Money.

*Fla.* Ay, stick to that, Madam.

*Cel.* Do you think me a Person to be us'd so ?——

*Flor.* Look you, Sir, I won't quarrel with you : Where's the Money ?

*Cel.* By your Favour, Madam, we will quarrel.

*Flor.* Money, Money.

*Cel.* I am angry, and can hear nothing.

*Flor.* Money, Money, Money, Money.

*Cel.* I thank my Stars, I never was so barbarously us'd in all my Life.

*Flor.* Then you are resolv'd to stand it out, I see ?

*Cel.* Madam, I have Sense enough to know when I'm affronted.

*Flor.* And intend to push this Quarrel to an Extremity?

*Cel.* I shall venture to carry it up to the Provocation, Madam.

*Flor.* Very well, Sir, and because your Resentment shan't want a fresh Occasion to support it, know then I have lost no Money to-night, and only pretended that I had, to make a Tryal of your Generosity, (*Tosses a Purse.*) And now, Sir, I presume the Quarrel lies a little of my Side, so that as soon as you please, Sir, that extraordinary Treasure, your Heart, is again at your own disposal.

*Cel.* O Madam! the least I can do in return, is to let go the slippery hold I had of your Ladyship's: And because you shan't say I keep any thing that belongs to you, Madam, take back your Picture and your Handkerchief.

*Flor.* I have nothing of yours to keep; therefore take back your liberal Promises, take 'em in Imagination.

*Cel.* Not to be behind hand with you in Airs, Madam—Here I give you back your Locket of Diamonds: Take you that in Imagination——

*Flor.* No, Sir, I happen'd to have secur'd that in reality, ever since your Imagination lost it to the Lady *Fatyma*. *[Shows the Locket.]*

*Cel.* Oh! the Devil, if the Lady *Fatyma* be turn'd Christian again, I am routed to all Intents and Purposes.

*Flor.* By *Alba*! and so you are, Sir: By *Mahomet* you are; and to let you see I scorn to keep any of your Heathen-Offerings, there, there's your Money again; take it back with your Oaths and Protestations, they're never the worse for wearing, I assure you: Therefore take 'em spick and span, as they are for the use of your new *Seraglio*.

*Fla.* Now come away in Triumph, Madam, the Day's your own.

*Flor.* Let him go first, I'll stay and keep the Honour of the Field.

*Cel.*



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*Cel.* I shall not part with that, Madam; I'll not retreat, if you stay till Midnight.

*Fla.* So, so; here's like to be more Blows, I find; But I'll e'en leave 'em to fight out their Weapons by themselves. [*Aside.*] [*Exit.*]

[*Florimel and Celadon walk carelessly by one another, humming a several Tune——*]

*Cel.* Well, to see how ridiculous a thing Passion is! How like a Fool a Man looks, when he has quarrell'd with the Woman he would give one of his Eyes to be reconcil'd to.

*Flor.* And a Lover that expects his Mistress should be reconcil'd to him without his making the first Motion, must certainly have a strong Proof of his Ignorance.

*Cel.* Then (as I have often said) for a Woman to lay Snares for a Man, and punish him for being taken——To have no regard to the Frailties of Human Nature. Well! Nay, for a Man to be inclin'd to ask her Pardon; and she to be so unmerciful, as not by one single Look, or Word, to encourage his Penitence.

*Flor.* Well, if ever I engage with another Servant, I fancy I shall have more Wit, than to tempt him in a Disguise again; For 'tis certainly as direct a Folly, as to throw a *Venice-Glass* to the Ground to try if it wou'd not break: And to part with him upon't, is superlatively ridiculous.

*Cel.* Madam, if it were not to please some People; I don't see any such great Necessity of some People's parting.

*Flor.* I protest, I fancy some People often do it, only because perhaps they imagine other People have a mind to it.

*Cel.* And suppose a Man were directly to ask some Women's Pardon, ten to one they'd have Stomach enough to refuse it.

*Flor.* A modest Lover may be refus'd any thing: But there is a certain graceless Assurance in some Men, that some rattle-brain'd Women are strangely bewitch'd to.

*Cel.* Come! come! since it must out then——I do confess——that I fancy you think that I have been in  
the

the wrong: Not but at the same time you must own, that the worst you can say of me is, that you could not put yourself into any Shape that I did not like you in.

—In short,

*Tho' most of my Crime is, I have lov'd you thrice over,  
From whence you this Use, and Advantage discover,  
When you're a new Mistress, I'm as oft a fresh Lover.*

[Exeunt.



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The WALKS.*

*Enter Palamede, Stratton. Palamede with a Letter in his Hand.*

*Pal.* **T**HIS Evening, say'st thou? Will they be both here?

*Stra.* Yes, Sir; both my old Master, and your Mistress's Father: The old Gentleman rid hard this Journey; they say it shall be the last time they will see the Town; and both of them are so pleas'd with this Marriage, which they have concluded for you, that I am afraid they will live some Years longer to trouble you with the Joy of it.

*Pal.* But this is such an unreasonable thing, to impose upon me to be marry'd to-morrow; 'tis hurrying a Man to Execution, without giving him time to say his Prayers. Go now and provide your Master's Lodgings.

*Stra.* I go, Sir. [Exit.

*Pal.* It vexes me to the Heart, to leave all my Designs with *Doralice* unfinish'd; to have flown her so often to a Mark, and still to be bob'd at Retrieve: If I had but once enjoy'd her—

*Enter Doralice.*

*Dor.* Who's that you are so mad to enjoy, *Palamede*?

*Pal.* You may easily imagine that, sweet *Doralice*.

*Dor.*

*Dor.* More easily than you think I can: I met just now with a certain Man, who came to you with Letters from a certain old Gentleman, yclep'd your Father; whereby I am given to understand, that to-morrow you are to take an Oath in the Church to be grave henceforward, to go ill-dress'd and Slovenly, to get Heirs for your Estate, and to dandle 'em for your Diversion; and in short, that Love and Courtship are to be no more.

*Pal.* Now have I so much Shame, to be thus apprehended in this manner, that I can neither speak, nor look upon you; I have abundance in me, that I find: But if you have any Spark of true Friendship in you, retire a little with me; and bestow your Charity upon a poor dying Man. A little Comfort from a Mistress, before a Man is going to give himself into Marriage, is as good as a lusty dose of strong Water to a dying Malefactor; it takes away the Sense of Hanging from him.

*Dor.* No, good *Palamede*; I must not be so injurious to your Bride: 'Tis ill drawing from the Bank to-day, when all your ready Money is payable to-morrow.

*Pal.* A Wife is only to have the ripe Fruit that falls of itself.

*Dor.* But a Wife for the first Quarter is a Mistress.

*Pal.* But when the second comes.

*Dor.* When it does come, you are so given to Variety, that you would make a Wife of me in another Quarter.

*Pal.* No, never, except I were marry'd to you: Marry'd People can never oblige one another; for all they do is Duty, and consequently there can be no Thanks: But Love is more frank and generous, than he is honest; he's a liberal Giver, but a cursed Paymaster.

*Dor.* I declare I will have no Gallant; but if I wou'd, he should never be a marry'd Man: A marry'd Man is but a Mistress's half Servant; for a Lover that comes to me that smells o' th' Wife! S'life, I wou'd as soon wear her old Gown after her, as her Husband.

*Pal.* Am I then to be discarded for ever? Pray do but mark how terrible that Word sounds. For ever!  
Oh *Doralice*.

*Dor.*



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*Dor.* Come come, *Palamede*, we have drawn off already as much of our Love as would run clear; after Possessing, the rest is but Jealousies, and Disquiets, and Quarrelling and Piecing.

*Pal.* Nay, after one great Quarrel, there's never any found Piecing; the Love is apt to break in the same place again.

*Dor.* I declare, I would never renew an old Love; that's like him, who trims an old Coach for ten Years together, when he might buy a new one cheaper.

*Pal.* Well, Madam, I am convinc'd that 'tis best for us not to have gone any farther; but Gad the strongest Reason is, because I can't help it.

*Dor.* The only way to keep us new to one another, is never to go any farther; as they keep Grapes, by hanging them upon a Line, they must touch nothing if you would preserve 'em fresh.

*Pal.* But then they wither, and grow dry in the very keeping: However, I shall have a Warmth for you, and an Eagerness every time I see you; and if I chance to out live *Melantha*——

*Dor.* And if I chance to out-live *Rhodophil*——

*Pal.* Well, I'll cherish my Body as well as I can upon that Hope. 'Tis true, I would not directly murder the Wife of my Bosom; but to kill her civilly, by the way of Kindness, I'll put as far as another Man: I'll begin to-morrow Night, and be very wrathful with her, that's resolv'd on.

*Dor.* Well, *Palamede*, here's my Hand, I'll venture to be your second Wife, for all your threatnings.

*Pal.* In the mean time I'll watch you hourly, as I would the ripeness of a Melon, and I hope you'll give me leave, now and then, to look on you, and see if you are not ready to be cut yet.

*Dor.* No, no, that must not be, *Palamede*, for fear the Gardener should come and catch you taking up the Glass.

*Enter Rhodophil.*

*Rbo.* [*Aside.*] Billing so sweetly, now I am confirm'd in

in my Suspicions : I must put an end to this, ere it go farther. [*To Doralice.*] Cry your Mercy, Spouse, I fear I have interrupted your Recreations.

*Dor.* What Recreations ?

*Rbo.* Nay, no Excuses, good Spouse, I saw a fair Hand convey'd to Lip, and prest, as tho' you had been squeezing soft Wax together for an Indenture. *Palamede*, you and I must clear this Reckoning ; why wou'd you have seduc'd my Wife ?

*Pal.* Why wou'd you have debauch'd my Mistress ?

*Rbo.* What do you think of that civil Couple, that play'd at a Game call'd *Hide and seek*, last Evening in the Grotto ?

*Pal.* What do you think of that innocent Pair, who made it their Pretence to seek for others, but came indeed to hide themselves there ?

*Rbo.* All things consider'd, I begin vehemently to suspect, that the young Gentleman I found in your Company last Night, was a certain Youth of my Acquaintance.

*Pal.* And I have an odd Imagination, that you never could have suspected my small Gallant, if your little villainous *French* Man had not been a false Brother.

*Rbo.* Farther Arguments are needless : Draw off : I shall speak to you now by the way of *Bilbo*.

[*Claps his Hand to his Sword.*]

*Pal.* And I shall answer you by the way of *Danger-field*.

[*Claps his Hand on his.*]

*Dor.* Hold, hold, are not you two a Couple of mad fighting Fools, to cut one another's Throats for nothing ?

*Pal.* How, for nothing ? he courts the Woman I must marry.

*Rbo.* And he courts you, whom I have marry'd.

*Dor.* But you can neither of you be jealous of what you love not.

*Rbo.* Faith, I am jealous, and that makes me partly suspect I love you better than I thought.

*Dor.* Pish ! a mere jealousy of Honour.

*Rbo.* Gad, I'm afraid there's something else in't ; for *Palamede* has Wit ; and if he loves you, there's something

thing more in you than I have found; some rich Mine for ought I know, that I have not yet discovered.

*Pal.* 'Slike, what's this? here's an Argument for me to love *Melantha*; for he has lov'd her, and he has Wit too, and, for ought I know there may be a Mine in her too; but if there be, I'm resolv'd I'll dig for't.

*Dor.* [*To Rhodophil.*] Then I have found my Account in raising your Jealousy; O! 'tis the most delicate sharp Sauce to a cloy'd Stomach; it will give you a new Edge, *Rhodophil*.

*Rho.* And a new Point too, *Doralice*, if I cou'd be sure thou art honest.

*Dor.* If you are wise, believe me for your own sake: Love and Religion have but one thing to trust to; that's a sound Faith. Consider, if I have play'd false, you can never find it out by any Experiment you can make upon me.

*Pal.* *Rhodophil*, you know me too well, to imagine I speak for fear; and therefore, in consideration of our past Friendship, I will tell you, and bind it by all things holy, that *Doralice* is innocent.

*Rho.* Friend, I believe you, and vow the same for your *Melantha*; but the Devil on't is, How shall we keep 'em so?

*Pal.* What dost thou think of a blessed Community betwixt us four, for the Solace of the Women, and the Relief of the Men? Methinks it would be a pleasant kind of Life; Wife and Husband for the standing Dish, and Mistress and Gallant for the Desert.

*Rho.* Then, I think, *Palamede*, we had as good make a firm League, not to invade each other's Property.

*Pal.* Content, I say, from henceforth let all Acts of Hostility cease betwixt us; and that in the usual Form of Treaties, as well by Sea as by Land, and in all fresh Waters.

*Dor.* I will add one Proviso, that whosoever breaks the League, either with War abroad, or by Neglect at home, both the Women shall revenge themselves by the help of the other Party.

*Rho.*



*Rbo.* That's but reasonable. Come away, *Doralice*, I have a great Temptation to be sealing Articles.

*Pal.* Hast thou so? Nay then, [*Claps him on the Shoulder.*] fall on *Macduff*. And curs'd be he that first cries, Hold, enough. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Florimel in Man's Habit.*

So! 'gad, I think I am a very pretty Fellow! 'Twill be rare now to out-do this mad *Celadon* in all his Tricks, and get both his Mistresses from him; then I shall revenge myself upon all three, and save my own Stake into the Bargain; for I find I do love the Rogue in spite of all his Infidelities. Yonder they are, and this way they must come——If Clothes, Noise, Nonsense, and a pert Air will carry them, I'll push as fair for their Favours as the briskest Beau of 'em all.

*Enter to her Celadon, Olinda, Sabina.*

*Olin.* Never mince the matter!

*Sab.* You have left your Heart with *Florimel*; we know it.

*Cel.* You know you wrong me; when I am with *Florimel* 'tis still your Prisoner, it only draws a longer Chain after it.

*Flor.* Is it e'en so! then farewell poor *Florimel*.

[*Aside.*]

*Cel.* But let's leave the Discourse; 'tis all Digression that does not speak of your Beauties——

*Flor.* Now for me in the Name of Impudence!——  
[*Walks with them.*] They are the greatest Beauties, I confess, that ever I beheld——

*Cel.* How now, what's the meaning of this young Fellow?

*Flor.* And therefore I cannot wonder that this Gentleman, who has the Honour to be known to you, shou'd admire you——since I that am a Stranger——

*Cel.* And a very impudent one, as I take it, Sir——

*Flor.* Am so extremely surpriz'd, that I admire, love, am wounded, and dying in a Moment.

*Cel.* I have seen him somewhere, but where I know not;

not; pr'ythee, my Friend, leave us, dost thou think we do not know our Way in Court?

*Flor.* I don't pretend to instruct you in your way, for you see I do not go before you; but you cannot possibly deny me the Happiness to wait upon these Ladies; me, who——

*Cel.* Thee, who shall be beaten most unmercifully, if thou dost follow them.

*Flor.* You will not draw so near Court, I hope?

*Cel.* Pox on him, an impertinent Puppy, I don't know what to do with him: let's walk away faster, and be rid of him——

*Flor.* O, take no care for me, Sir, you shall not lose me; I'll rather mend my Pace, than not wait on you——

*Olin.* I begin to like this Fellow——

*Cel.* You make very bold here in my Seraglio, and I shall find a time to tell you so, Sir.

*Flor.* When you find a time to tell me on't, I shall find a Time to answer you: but pray what do you find in yourself so extraordinary, that you should serve these Ladies better than I; let me know what 'tis you value yourself upon, and let them judge betwixt us.

*Cel.* I am somewhat more a Man than you.

*Flor.* That is, you are so much older than I: Do you like a Man ever the better for his Age, Ladies?

*Sab.* Well said, young Gentleman.

*Cel.* Pish, thee! a young raw Creature, thou hast ne'er been under the Barber's Hands yet.

*Flor.* No, nor under the Barber-Surgeon's yet, as you have been.

*Cel.* 'Slife, what would'st thou be at? I am madder than thou art.

*Flor.* The Devil you are: I'll tope with you—I'll sing with you—I'll dance with you—I'll swagger with you——

*Cel.* I'll fight with you.

*Flor.* Out upon fighting: tis grown so common a Fashion, that a modish Man contemns it; a Man of Garniture and Feather is above the Dispensation of the Sword: What's your Opinion, Ladies?

*Olin.*

*Olin.* O, Sir, no young Creature can endure a Man that's quarrellsome.

*Sab.* This is the rarest Gentleman, I could live and die with him.

*Olin.* You and I are merry, and just of an Humour, Sir, therefore we two should love one another.

*Sab.* And you and I are just of an Age, Sir; and therefore, methinks, we should not hate one another.

*Cel.* Then I perceive, Ladies, I am a Cast-away, a Reprobate with you: Why faith this is hard Luck now, that I should be no less than one whole Flour in getting your Affections, and must now lose 'em in a quarter of it.

*Olin.* No matter, let him rail; does the loss afflict you, Sir?

*Cel.* No in faith does it not; for if you had not forsaken me, I had you; so the Willows may flourish, for any Branches I shall rob them of.

*Sab.* However, we have the Advantage to have left you; not you us.

*Cel.* That's only a certain Nimbleness in Nature you Women have to be first inconstant; but if you had made the more haste, the Wind was veering too upon my Weathercock; the best on't is, *Florimel* is worth both of you.

*Flor.* 'Tis like she'll accept of their Leavings.

*Cel.* She will accept on't; and she shall accept on't; I think I know more of her Mind than you, Sir.

*Enter Melissa.*

*Mel.* Daughters, there's a poor Collation within that waits for you.

*Flor.* Will you walk, musty Sir?

*Cel.* No, merry Sir, I wo'not; I have surfeited of that old Woman's Face already.

*Flor.* Begin some Frolick then; what will you do for her?

*Cel.* Faith, I am no Dog, to show Tricks for her; I cannot come aloft for an old Woman.

*Flor.*



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*Flor.* Dare you kiss her? I never was dar'd by any Man—By your leave, old Madam—Now, Sir, here's *Florimel's* Health to you— [Kisses her.]

*Mel.* Away, Sir; a sweet young Man as you are, to abuse the Gift of Nature so.

*Cel.* Good Mother, do not commend me so; I am Flesh and Blood, and you do not know what you may pluck upon that reverend Person of yours—Come on, follow your Leader.

*Flor.* Stand fair, Mother—

*Cel.* What with your Hat on?—Lie thou there—

*Flor.* And thou too—

[He plucks off her Hat, and she her Peruke, and discovers herself.]

*Omnes.* *Florimel!*

*Flor.* My kind Mistresses, how sorry I am, I can do you no further Service: I think I had best resign you to *Celadon*, to make amends for me.

*Cel.* Lord what a Misfortune it was that the Gentleman could not hold forth to you.

*Olin.* We have lost *Celadon* too.

*Mel.* Come away; this is past enduring.

[Exeunt *Melissa* and *Olinda*.]

*Sab.* Well! if ever I believe a Man to be a Man for the sake of a Peruke and Feather again—

*Flor.* Come *Celadon*, shall we make Accounts even? Lord! what a hanging Look was there; indeed if you had been recreant to your Mistress, or had forsworn your Love, that Sinner's Face had been but decent; but for the virtuous, the innocent, the constant *Celadon!*—

*Cel.* This is not very heroic in you now, to insult over a Man in his Misfortunes; but take heed, you have robb'd me of my two Mistresses; and I shall grow desperately constant, and all the Tempest of my Love will fall upon your Head, I shall so pay you.

*Flor.* Who, you pay me? You are a Bankrupt, cast beyond all possibility of recovery.

*Cel.* If I am a Bankrupt, I'll be a very honest one; when I cannot pay my Debts, at least I'll give you up the possession of my Body.

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*Flor.* No, I'll deal better with you; since you are unable to pay, I'll give in your Bond.

*Cel.* Faith, that's so generously said, that the least I can do now, is to pay it off like a Man of Honour, both Principle and Interest.

*Flor.* How do you mean?

*Cel.* Why since I see nothing but ready Love will satisfy you, I'll e'en make up your Accounts, and marry you.

*Flor.* Which is as much as to say, if I'll forgive you the Debt, you'll pay me.

*Cel.* Pshah, pshah, the Funds of this Constitution are better able to pay than you imagine—Come, come, I'll put you into an handsome Pension, make you my Wife, that is, sole Teller of my Exchequer, and then you may pay yourself.

*Flor.* Well, for Assurance—

*Cel.* Look you, Madam, no Airs, for by those Breeches—

*Flor.* Which I, when ever I do marry, am resolved to wear, till all the World calls me *Florimel the Wilful*.

*Enter Doralice, Rodophil, Palamede and Flavia.*

*Dor.* *Florimel.*

*Flor.* Nay, now I shall have no Mercy.

*Pal.* Dear *Celadon*, I give you Joy, for I perceive by the Lady's Breeches you are marry'd.

*Flor.* So, so, *Flavia* has given them all their Lessons, I find. Remember this— [Aside to *Flavia*.

*Fla.* Come, come, Madam, never mince the matter, for to tell you the truth, I knew your Inclinations, and because I was willing to give you a handsome pretence to follow 'em too, I have brought down all your Friends upon you, to speak a good Word for a poor honest Gentleman, that, I know, has not Assurance enough to do it himself: And now, Sir, I suppose your Quarrel and mine's at an end— [To *Celadon*.

*Cel.* I am extremely oblig'd to your good Intentions, Madam, and if you please to add one more Favour to em, I shall confess myself your humble Servant, as long as I live.

*Fla.*

*Fla.* To my poor Power, Sir, you may command me.

*Cel.* Only that you would be pleas'd, Madam, to use your Interest with the good Company, that they would engage *Florimel* never to be Friends with me.

*Flor.* O, dear Sir, I grant that without your making any Interest for't; but pray how come you to be afraid on't?

*Cel.* Because I am sure, as soon as ever you are, you'll marry me.

*Flor.* Do you fear it?

*Cel.* No, 'twill come with a Fear.

*Flor.* If you think so, I will not stick with you for an Oath.

*Cel.* I require no Oath till we come to Church, and then, after the Priest, I hope; for I find it will be my Destiny to marry thee.

*Flor.* If ever I say a Word after the black Gentleman for thee, *Celadon*—

*Cel.* Then I hope you'll give me leave to bestow a faithful Heart elsewhere.

*Flor.* Ay, but if you'll have one, you must bespeak it: for I am sure you have none ready made.

*Rho.* What say you, Madam? Shall he marry *Flavia*?

*Flor.* No, she'll be too cunning for him.

*Dor.* What say you to *Olinda* then? She's tall, and fair, and bonny.

*Flor.* And foolish, and apish, and fickle.

*Pal.* But *Sabina's*, pretty and loving, and young and innocent

*Flor.* And dwarfish, and childish, and fond, and flip-pant; if he marries her Sister, he will get Maypoles; and if he marries her, he will get Fairies to dance about them.

*Cel.* Nay, then the case is clear, *Florimel*; if you take 'em all from me, 'tis because you reserve me for yourself.

*Flor.* But this Marriage is such a Bug-bear to me; much might be done if we could invent but any way to make it easy.

*Cel.* Some foolish People have made it uneasy by drawing the Knot faster than they need: But we that are wiser, will loosen it a little.



*Flor.* 'Tis true indeed, there's some Difference between a Girdle and a Halter.

*Cel.* As for the first Year, according to the laudable Custom of new-marry'd People, we shall follow one another up into Chambers, and down into Gardens, and think we shall never have enough of one another—— So far 'tis pleasant enough, I hope.

*Flor.* But after that, when we begin to live like Husband and Wife, and never come near one another—— what then, Sir?

*Cel.* Why then our only Happiness must be to have one Mind, and one Will, *Florimel*.

*Flor.* One Mind, if you please; but pr'ythee let's have two Wills, for I find one will be little enough for me alone. But how if those two Wills should meet and clash, *Celadon*?

*Cel.* I warrant thee for that, Husbands and Wives keep their Wills far enough asunder for ever meeting: One thing let's be sure to agree on, that is, never to be jealous.

*Flor.* No, but e'en love one another as long as we can, and confess the Truth when we can love no longer.

*Cel.* When I have been at play, you shall never ask me what money I have lost.

*Flor.* When I have been abroad, you shall never enquire who treated me.

*Cel.* Provided always, that whatever Liberties we take with other People, we continue very honest to one another.

*Flor.* As far as will consist with a pleasant Life.

*Cel.* Lastly, whereas the Names of *Husband* and *Wife* hold forth nothing, but Clashing and Cloying, and Dullness, and Faintness in their Signification; they shall be abolish'd for ever betwixt us.

*Flor.* And instead of those, we'll be marry'd by the more agreeable Names of *Mistress* and *Gallant*.

*Cel.* None of my Privileges to be infring'd by thee, *Florimel*, under the Penalty of a Month's Fasting Nights.

*Flor.* None of my Privileges to be enfring'd by thee *Celadon*, under the Penalty of Cuckoldom.

*Cel.* Well, if it be my fortune to be made a Cuckold, I had rather thou should'st make me one, than any one  
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*in Sicily*: And for my Comfort, I shall have thee oftner than any of thy Servants.

*Flor.* La ye now, is not such a Marriage as good as Wenching, *Celadon*?

*Cel.* This is very good; but not so good, *Florimel*.

*Omn.* A Wedding! A Wedding!

*Pal.* So, so! Here's every body's Business done but mine.

*Rbo.* Here comes a finall Emiffary, *Palamede*; and I fancy, in order to finish it——

*Enter Philotis hastily.*

*Pal.* Ha! well, my dear, what News?

*Pbi.* O, Sir, I am glad I have found you!

*Pal.* What's the Matter?

*Pbi.* My Lady has just now received a Letter from her Father, with an absolute Command to dispose herself to marry you to-morrow.

*Pal.* And she takes it to death, I presume.

*Pbi.* O, dear Sir, she's under a greater Misfortune than the Apprehension of being marry'd to so fine a Gentleman.

*Pal.* O, dear Madam—but pray what is it?

*Pbi.* Why, Sir, she is in so unconsolable a Concern for her being out of Favour with the Princess, that she protests, she'll neither, eat, drink, sleep, nor marry, till she has made her Peace with her.

*Pal.* That's hard.

*Pbi.* Now, Sir, you must know, upon these extraordinary Occasions, she always practises what she is to do and say beforehand; and in order to it, she is just coming into this part of the Walks; where by her own Direction, Sir, I am to personate the Princess, and to receive her with all imaginable Coldness, while she uses all the Efforts of her *French* Airs and Phrases to recommend herself into my good Graces.

*Pal.* Very good; but what is my part all this while?

*Pbi.* Why, Sir, if you'll desire the good Company to retire a little—you shall bolt out upon her while she is in the very Agony of her good Breeding, and worry her  
N 3 with

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with her own Phrases, till you force her to lend a reasonable Ear to your Addresses.

*Pal.* Admirable! *Rodophil.*

*Rbo.* We understand you—we'll be all ready at the next Corner to give you a lift upon occasion.

[*Exeunt all but Palamede and Philotis.*]

*Phi.* You must be sure to take no Repulses, and I warrant you do her business—Here is a List of her Phrases for the Day—ply her home with 'em, right or wrong, upon any occasion: Foil her at her own Weapons; for she's like one of the old *Amazons*, she'll never marry, except it be a Man who has first conquer'd her.

*Pal.* Say you so? Faith, I'll lay her on to the best of my Assurance then: But you won't forget, I hope, to give me a Prompt upon occasion.

*Phi.* O, dear Sir, if you doubt my Memory, put some Token upon my Finger to refresh it—That Diamond would do admirably.

*Pal.* There 'tis, and I ask your Pardon heartily for calling your Memory in question.

*Phi.* Here she comes; to your Post.

[*Pal. retires.*]

*Enter Melantha.*

*Mel.* O! are you there, Madam?—Come, are you perfect in the Princess?

*Phi.* Yes, Madam, particularly in all the reserv'd Airs your Ladyship was pleas'd to shew me.

*Mel.* Very well—move a little that way—so—now you are the Princess, and alone; and now is my time to introduce myself, and make my court to you in my new *French Phrases*. Stay, let me read my Catalogue—*Suite, Figure, chagrin, naiivete, and Let me die,* for the Parenthesis of all.

*Pal.* [*Aside.*] Do, persecute the Princess in Imagination, and I'll persecute thee as fast in Effigy.

*Mel.* Madam, the Princess! Let me die, but this is a most horrid Spectacle, to see a Person who makes so grand a Figure in the Court, without the *Suite* of a Princess, and entertaining your *Chagrin*, all alone; (*Naiivete* should have been there, but the disobedient Word would not come in)

*Phi.*



*Phi.* You take an unreasonable time, Madam, I design'd this Hour for Solitude.

*Pal.* [To Melantha.] Let me die, Madam, if I have not waited here these two long Hours, without so much as the *Suite* of a single Servant to attend me; entertaining myself with my own *Chagrin*, till I had the Honour to see your Ladyship, who are a Person that makes so considerable a Figure in the Court.

*Mel.* Truce with your *Douceurs*, good Servant; you see I am addressing the Princess; pray do not embarrass me——Embarrass me! what a delicious *French Word* do you make me lose upon you too! [To Philotis.] Your Highness, Madam, will please to pardon the *Coup de'etourdy* which I made, in not sooner finding you out to be a Princess. But, let me die, if this *Eclaircissement*, which is made this Day of your Quality, does not ravish me; and give me leave to tell you——

*Pal.* But first give me leave to tell you, Madam, that I have so great a Tender for your Person, and such a *Paunchant* to do you Service, that——

*Mel.* What, must I still be troubled with your *Satirises*? There's another Word lost, that I meant for the Princess, (with a mischief to you.) But your Highness, Madam——

*Pal.* But your Ladyship, Madam——

*Mel.* I say, your Highness, Madam——

*Phil.* Away impertinent.

*Mel.* Impertinent! Oh, I am the most unfortunate Person this Day breathing; that the Princess should thus *Rompere en visiere*, without occasion; let me die, but I'll follow her to Death, till I make my Peace.

*Pal.* [Holding her.] And let me die, but I'll follow you to the Infernals, till you pity me.

*Mel.* [Turning towards him angrily.] Ay, 'tis long of you that this *Malheur* is fall'n upon me; your Impertinence has put me out of the good Graces of the Princess, and all that; which has ruin'd me, and all that; and therefore, let me die, but I'll be reveng'd, and all that.

*Pal.* *Façon, Façon*, you must, and shall love me, and all that; for my old Man is coming up, and all that; and I am *deses peré au dernier*, and will not be disinherited, and all that.

*Mel.* How durst you interrupt me so *mal à propos*, when you know I was practising my Addresses to the Princess?

*Pal.* But why would you address yourself so much a *Contretemps* then?

*Mel.* Ah, *Mal Peste!*

*Pal.* and *Pbi.* *Ab, j'enrage!*

*Mel.* *Ad'autres, ad'autres:* He mocks himself of me, he abuses me: *Ab me unfortunat.* [Cries.

*Pbi.* Indeed you mistake him, Madam, he does but accommodate his Phrase to your refin'd Language; pursue your Point, Sir. [To him.

*Pal.* *Ab, qu'il fait beau dans ces bocages:* [Singing.

*Ab, que le ciel donne un bon jour!*

There I was with you with a Minuet.

*Mel.* Let me die now, but this singing is fine, and extremely *French* in him. [Laughs.] But then that he shou'd use my own Words, as it were in contempt of me, I cannot bear it. [Cries.

*Pal.* *Ces beaux & Sejours, ces doux ramages.* [Singing.

*Mel.* *Ces beaux & Sejours, ces doux ramages,*

*Ces beaux Sejours nous invitent à l'amour.*

[Singing after him.

*Pal.* Let me die now but that was fine. Ah, now for three or four brisk *Frenchmen*, to be put into masking Habits, and to sing it on a Theatre; how witty it would be! And then to dance helter-skelter, to a *Chanson à boire*: *Toute la terre, toute la terre est à moy.* What's matter, though it were made, and sung two or three Years ago in *Cabarets*; how it would attract the Admiration, especially of every one that's an *Eveilleé!*

*Mel.* Well; I begin to have a *Tendre* for you; but yet, upon Condition, that——when we are marry'd, you—— [Pal. sings while she speaks.

*Pbi.* You must drown her Voice; if she makes her *French* Conditions, you are a Slave for ever.

*Mel.*

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*Mel.* First, will you engage—that

*Pal.* *Fa, la, la, la, &c.*

[*Louder.*

*Mel.* Will you hear the Conditions?

*Pal.* No, I will hear no Conditions! I am resolv'd to win you *en François*; to be very airy with abundance of Noise, and no Sense; *Fa, la, la, la, &c.*

*Mel.* Hold, hold, I am vanquish'd with your *Gaieté d'esprit*. I am yours, and will be yours, *sans nulle reserve*; and, let me die, if I do not think myself the happiest Nymph in *Sicily*—My dear *French Dear*, stay but a Minute till I *racomode* myself with the Princess; and then I am yours, *Jusqu' a la mort*. [Going off.

*Enter Celadon, Florimel, Rhodophil, Doralice, and Flavia, singing.*

*Omn.* *A Palamede! A Palamede!*

*Pal.* [*Fanning himself.*] Poo! I never thought before, Wooing was so laborious an Exercise; I'gad, if she were worth a Million, I deserve her.

*Mel.* Ah me, was ever Nymph under such Confusion? I shall have all the *Tendre* of my *Belle Passion* turn'd into Ridicule—I hope, Servant, you did not lay this Ambuscade to be Witnesses of my *Foibles*.

*Pal.* Not I, upon Honour, Madam, but 'tis impossible for us great Conquerors to fight without Witnesses of our Glory.

*Dor.* Come, come, Madam, consider the Pains he has taken to deserve you, and don't rob him of the Glory of confessing it——We are all your Friends, give him your Hand.

*Mel.* Dear, my Dear, don't give me this Confusion—I can't do it—he must take it if he has it.

*Pal.* Thus I seize it then as my Right of Conquest. And now, Madam, I take you Prisoner for Life.

*Mel.* Oh barbarous, and plunder me of all!

*Pal.* All in good time, Madam.

*Cel.* And now, *Palamede*, your Business is done.

*Rho.* And now, *Doralice*, since your Friend and mine are likely to be busy for some few Months at least, I think we had e'en as good mind our own Business as



stand idle—From this Day forward, I'll never dine but at home.

*Dor.* Why truly, he that's always running to an Eating-house, will find, at the Year's End, ne'er the less Account in his House-keeping. When the Meal's ready at home, somebody must sit down to it.

*And high-fed Palates to their Cost discover,  
That Husbands Leavings often feast the Lover.*

[Exeunt omnes.]



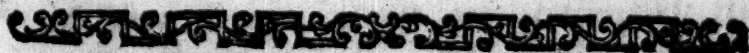
THE



THE  
NON-JUROR.  
A  
COMEDY.

—————*Pulchra Laverna*  
*Da mihi fallere; da Jussum, Sanctumque videri,*  
*Noctem Peccatis, & Fraudibus objice Nubem.*

HOR.



THE  
NON-UROR.  
A  
COMEDY.

THE  
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THE  
NON-UROR.  
A  
COMEDY.





# TO THE KING.

SIR,

**I**N a Time, when all Communities Congratulate Your MAJESTY on the Glories of Your Reign, which are continually rising from the Prosperities of Your People; be graciously pleas'd, *Dread Sir*, to permit the lowest of Your Subjects from the Theatre, to take this Occasion of offering their most Humble Acknowledgments for Your Royal Favour and Protection.

Yours

## D E D I C A T I O N.

YOUR Comedians, SIR, are an Unhappy Society, whom some Severe Heads think wholly Useless, and others Dangerous to the Young and Innocent: This Comedy is therefore an Attempt to remove that Prejudice, and to shew, what Honest and Laudable Uses may be made of the *Theatre*, when its Performances keep close to the true Purposes of its Institution: That it may be necessary to divert the Sullen and Disaffected from busying their Brains to disturb the Happiness of a Government, which (for want of proper Amusements) they often enter into Wild and Seditious Schemes to reform: And that it may likewise make those very Follies the Ridicule and Diversion even of those that committed them. Our Labours have at least this Glory to boast, That since Plays were first Exhibited in *England*, they were never totally suppress'd but by those very People, that turn'd our *Church* and *Constitution*, into *Irreligion* and *Anarchy*.

OF all Errors, those that are the Effect of *Superstition* make us naturally most obstinate; it is therefore no wonder, that the Blinded Profelytes of our Few Non-juring Clergy, are so hard to be recovered by the clearest Evidences of Sense and Reason. But when a *Principle* is once made truly *Ridiculous*, it is not in the Power of Human Nature not to be *asham'd* of it. From which Reflection, I was first determin'd to attack those *lurking* Enemies of our Constitution from the Stage: And though my Success has far exceeded my Expectation, yet I grieve, when I (perhaps with Vanity) imagine it might have had thrice the good Effect on the Minds of Your MAJESTY'S People, were it not under the *Misfortune* of being written by a *Comedian*. I am therefore in some  
Terror,

## DEDICATION.

Terror, notwithstanding its Publick Applause, to reflect how far Your MAJESTY, in Your Wisdom, may think it proper to with-hold Your Pardon for the Unlicensed Boldness of my Undertaking. I am sensible it may be justly urg'd against me, That even *Truth* and *Loyalty* might have lost their Lustre, by appearing reduc'd to want the Defence of so inconsiderable a Champion: But as I never believ'd the best Play could be supported in an Ill Cause; so was I assur'd the worst might pass, with Favour, in a Good one. And though my Duty and Concern has made me more careful in the Conduct of this, than any of my former Endeavours; I am convinc'd, that what may have been extraordinary in the Success of it, is utterly owing to a happy Choice of the Subject: And as its meeting no Opposition from our Publick Malecontents, seems, in some degree, an Argument of the Clear and Honest Truth of those Principles it vindicates; so may it of the equal Falshood of the Rebellious and Unchristian Tenets it exposes. Nay, I have yet a farther Hope, that it has even discovered the Strength and Number of the *Misguided* to be much less, than may have been artfully insinuated; there being no Assembly where People are so free, and apt to speak their Minds, as in a Crowded *Theatre*; Of which Your MAJESTY may have lately seen an Instance, in the Insuppressible Acclamations that were given on Your appearing to Honour this Play with your Royal Presence.

BUT were the Disaffected yet as Numerous as some Few may wish them, What Honest *Englishman* can ever think them formidable, that considers his Security in the Wisdom of Your MAJESTY'S *Counsels*, and Your Heroick *Resolution* to Execute them? And as every Action of Your Regal Power  
has



# DEDICATION.

has shewn the Nation, that Your greatest *Glory*  
and *Delight* is in being the *Father* of Your *People* ;  
so may it Convince its Enemies, that *they* will  
always find You **KING** of Your *Subjects*.——

But I am wandering into Thoughts that awe me  
into Silence ; and humbly beg Leave to Subscribe  
myself,

*May it please Your MAJESTY,*

*Your MAJESTY's*

*most dutiful,*

*and most obedient,*

*subject and Servant,*

**COLLEY CIBBER.**



# PROLOGUE.

Written by N. ROWE, Esq;

**T**O Night, ye Wigs and Tories both be safe,  
Nor hope, at one another's Cost, to laugh :  
We mean to souse old Satan and the Pope ;  
They've no Relations here, nor Friends, we hope.  
A Tool of theirs supplies the Comic Stage  
With just Materials for Satyrick Rage :  
Nor think our Colours may too strongly paint  
The stiff Non-juring Separation-Saint.  
Good Breeding ne'er commands us to be civil  
To those who give the Nation to the Devil ;  
Who at our surest, best Foundations strike,  
And hate our Monarch, and our Church alike :  
Our Church,—which, aw'd with Reverential Fear,  
Scarcely the Muse presumes to mention here.  
Long may She These her worst of Foes defy,  
And lift her Mitred Head triumphant to the Sky :  
While theirs—But Satyr silently disdains  
To name, what lives not, but in Madmen's Brains.  
Like Bawds, each lurking Pastor seeks the Dark,  
And fears the Justice's enquiring Clerk.  
In close back Rooms his routed Flocks he rallies,  
And reigns the Patriarch of blind Lanes and Allies.  
There safe, he lets his thundring Censures fly,  
Unchristens, damns us, gives our Laws the Lie,  
And excommunicates Three-Stories high,  
Why, from a Land of Liberty they hate,  
Still will they linger in this Free-born State ?  
Here, ev'ry Hour, fresh hateful Objects rise,  
Peace, and Prosperity afflict their Eyes :  
With Anguish, Prince and People they survey,  
Their just Obedience, and His righteous Sway.

Ship

## PROLOGUE.

*Ship of, ye Slaves, and seek some passive Land,  
Where Tyrants after your own Hearts command.  
To your Transalpine Master's Rule resort,  
And fill an empty abdicated Court:  
Turn your Possessions here to ready Rhine,  
And buy ye Lands and Lordships at Urbino.*

## Dramatis Personæ.

### M E N.

|                   |             |
|-------------------|-------------|
| Sir John Woodvil, | Mr. Mills.  |
| Colonel Woodvil,  | Mr. Booth.  |
| Mr. Heartly,      | Mr. Wilks.  |
| Docter Wolf,      | Mr. Gibber. |
| Charles,          | Mr. Walker. |

### W O M E N.

|               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| Lady Woodvil, | Mrs. Porter.   |
| Maria,        | Mrs. Oldfield. |

The SCENE, an Anti-chamber of  
Sir JOHN's House in LONDON.

THE



THE  
NON-JUROR.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

*Sir John Woodvil, and the Colonel.*

*Col.* **P**RAY consider, Sir.

*Sir John.* So I do, Sir, that I am her Father, and will dispose of her as I please.

*Col.* I don't dispute your Authority, Sir: But as I am your Son too, I think it my Duty to be concern'd for your Honour: Have not you countenanced his Adresses to my Sister? Has not she receiv'd them? How then is it possible, That either you or she with Honour can recede?

*Sir John.* Why, Sir? Suppose I was about buying a Pad-nag for your Sister, and upon Enquiry should find him not sound: Pray, Sir, would there be any great Dishonour in being off o'the Bargain?

*Col.* With Submission, Sir, I don't take that to be the Case. Mr. *Heartly's* Birth and Fortune are too well known to you; and I dare swear he may defy the World to lay a Blemish upon his Principles.

*Sir John.* Why then, Sir, since I must be catechiz'd, I must tell you, I don't like his Principles: For I am inform'd he is a Time-server, one that basely flatters the Government, and has no more Religion than you have.

*Col.*

*Col.* Sir, we don't either of us think it proper to make boast of our Religion; but if you please to enquire, you will find we go to Church as orderly as the rest of our Neighbours.

*Sir John.* Ay! to what Church!

*Col.* —St. James's Church—The establish'd Church.

*Sir John.* Establish'd Church!

*Col.* Sir——

*Sir John.* Nay, you need not stare, Sir; and before he values himself upon going to Church, I would first have him be sure he is a Christian.

*Col.* A Christian, Sir!

*Sir John.* Ay, that's my Question, Whether he is yet christened? I mean by a Pastor, that had a Divine, Uninterrupted, Successive Right to mark him as a Sheep of the true Fold?

*Col.* Is it possible! are you an *Englishman*, and offer, Sir, a Question so uncharitable, not only to him, but the whole Nation?

*Sir John.* Nay, Sir, you may give yourself what Airs of Amazement you please;—I won't argue with you; you are both of you too harden'd to be converted now; but since you think it your Duty, as a Son, to be concern'd for my Errors, I think it as much mine, as a Father, to be concern'd for yours—I'll only tell you of them, if you think fit to mend them—so—if not—take the Consequence.

*Col.* [*Aside.*] O! give me Temper, Heav'n! this vile nonjuring Zealot! what poisonous Principles has he swell'd him with!—Well, Sir, since you don't think it proper to argue upon this Subject, I'll wave it too: But if I may ask it without Offence, are these your only Reasons for discountenancing Mr. *Heartly's* Addresses to my Sister?

*Sir John.* These! are they not flagrant! would you have me marry my Daughter to a Pagan! for so he is, and all of you, till you are regularly Christians. In short, Son, expect to inherit no Estate of mine, unless you resolve to come into the Pale of the Church, of which I profess myself a Member.

*Col.*

Col. I thought I always was, Sir, and hope I am so still unless you have lately been converted to the *Roman*.

Sir John. No, Sir, I abhor the Thoughts on't; and protest against their Errors as much as you do.

Col. If so, Sir, Where's our Difference?

Sir John. Difference! 'twould make you tremble, Sir, to know it! but since 'tis fit you should know it, look there—[Gives him a Book] read that, and be reform'd.

Col. What's here? [Reads] *The Case of Schism, &c.* Thank you, Sir; I have seen enough of this in the *Daily Courant*, to be sorry it's in any Hands, but those of the common Hangman.

Sir John. Prophanation!

Col. And though I always honour'd your Concern for the Church's Welfare, I little thought 'twas for a Church that is establish'd no where?

Sir John. O! Perverseness! but there is no better to be expected from your Course of Life: This is all the Effects of your modern Loyalty, your Conversation at *Button's*. Will you never leave that foul Nest of Heresy and Schism?

Col. Yes, Sir, when I see any Thing like it there; and should think myself oblig'd to retire, where such Principles were started—I own I use the Place, because I generally meet there instructive or diverting Company.

Sir John. Yes, fine Company indeed, *Arians*, Party-Poets, Players and Presbyterians.

Col. That's a very unusual Mixture, Sir; but if a Man entertains me innocently, am I oblig'd to enquire into his Profession, or Principles? Would not it be ridiculous for a Protestant that loves Musick, to refuse going to the *Opera*, because most of the Performers are Papists? But, Sir, this seems foreign to my Business; Mr. *Heartly* intends this Morning to pay his Respects to you, in hopes to obtain your final Consent; and desired me to be present, as a Mediator of Articles between you.

Sir John. I am glad to hear it.

Col. That's kind indeed, Sir.

Sir John. May be not, Sir—for I will not be at home when he comes.

Col.



*Col.* Nay, pray, Sir, 'twill be but Civility, at least, to hear him.

*Sir John.* And because I won't tell a Lie for the Matter, I'll go out this Moment.

*Col.* Good Sir.

*Sir John.* But because I won't deceive him neither, tell him, I would not have him lose his Time, in fooling after your Sister——In short, I have another Man in my Head for her. [Exit Sir John.]

*Col.* Another Man! 'twould be worth one's while now to know him——Pray Heaven this nonjuring Hypocrite has not got some beggarly Traytor in his Eye for her——I must rid the House of him at any rate, or all the Settlement I can hope from my Father is a Castle in the Air; nor can indeed his Life be safe, while such a Villain makes it an Act of Conscience to endanger it: If his Eyes are not soon open'd against him, The Crown's more likely to inherit his Estate, than I am; and though the Government has been very favourable upon those Occasions, it is but a melancholy Business to petition for what might have been one's Birthright. My Sister may be ruin'd too——Here she comes; if there be another Man in the Case, she no doubt can let me into the Secret.

*Enter Maria.*

Sister, good Morrow——I want to speak with you.

*Mar.* Nay but pr'ythee, Brother, don't put on that wise politic Face then: Why you look as if the Minority had like to have carried a Question.

*Col.* Come, come, a Truce with your Rallery; what I have to ask of you is serious, and I beg you would be so in your Answer.

*Mar.* Well then, provided it is not upon the Subject of Love, I will be so—but make haste too—for I have not had my Tea yet.

*Col.* Why it is, and is not upon that Subject.

*Mar.* O! I love a Riddle dearly——come——let's hear it.

*Col.* Nay pish——if you will be serious say so.

*Mar.* O Lard! Sir, I beg your Pardon——there——there's my whole Form and Features totally disengag'd, and

and lifeless at your Service ; now put them in what Posture of Attention you think fit.

[*She leans against him, with her Arms awkwardly falling on to her Knees.*]

*Col.* Was there ever such a giddy Devil !—pr'ythee stand up. I have been talking with my Father, and he declares positively you shall not receive any farther Addresses from Mr. *Heartly*.

*Mar.* Are you serious ?

*Col.* He said it this Minute, and with some Warmth too.

*Mar.* I am glad on't with all my Heart.

*Col.* How ! glad !

*Mar.* To a Degree ; Do you think a Man has any more Charms for me for my Father's liking him ? No, Sir, if Mr. *Heartly* can make his Way to me now, he is oblig'd to me only : Besides, now it may have the Face of an Amour indeed : Now one has something to struggle for, there's Difficulty, there's Danger, there's the dear Spirit of Contradiction in it too. O I like it mightily.

*Col.* I am glad this does not make you think the worse of *Heartly*—but, however, a Father's Consent might have clapt a Pair of Horses more to your Coach perhaps, and the Want of that, may pinch your Fortune.

*Mar.* Burn Fortune ; Am not I a fine Woman ? And have not I above five thousand pounds in my own Hands ?

*Col.* Yes, Sister, but with all your Charms, you have had it in your hands almost these four Years ; pray consider that too.

*Mar.* Pshaw ! and have not I had the full Swing of my own Airs and Humours these four Years ! But if I'll humour my Father, I'll warrant he'll make it three or four thousand more, with some unlick'd Lout of a Fellow to snub me into the Bargain : A comfortable Equivalent truly—No, no, let him light his Pipe with his Consent if he pleases. Wilful against Wise for a Wager.

*Col.* Well said ; nothing goes to your Heart I find.

*Mar.* No, no, Brother ; the Suits of my Lovers shall not be ended, like those at Law, by dull Council on both Sides, I'll hear nothing but what the Plaintiff himself can say to me ; 'twould be a pretty Thing indeed to confine

my

my Airs to the Directions of a Solicitor, to look kind, or cruel, only as the Jointure propos'd, is, or is not, equal to the Fortune my Father designs me: What do you think I'll have my Features put into the *Gazette* to be dispos'd of, like a parcel of dirty Acres, by an old Master in Chancery to the fairest Bidder? No, if I must have an ill Match, I'll have the pleasure of playing my own Game at least.

Col. There spoke the Spirit of a free-born *English-woman*.—Well, I am glad you are not startled at the first Part of my News however; but farther—Pray, Sister, has my Father ever propos'd any other Man to you?

Mar. Any other Man! let me know why you ask, and I'll tell you.

Col. Why the last Words he said to me, were, That he had another Man in his Head for you.

Mar. And who is it? Who is it? tell me, dear Brother, quickly.

Col. Why you don't so much as seem surpriz'd at it!

Mar. No, but impatient, and that as well you know.

Col. Why how now, Sister? [Gravely.]

Mar. Why sure, Brother, you know very little of Female Happiness, if you suppose the Surprise of a new Lover ought to shock a Woman of my Temper—don't you know that I am a *Coquette*?

Col. If you are, you are the first that ever was sincere enough to own her being so.

Mar. To a Lover I grant you; but I make no more of you than a Sister, I can say any Thing to you.

Col. I should have been better pleas'd if you had not own'd it to me—it's a hateful Character.

Mar. Ay, it's no Matter for that, its violently pleasant, and there's no Law against it, that I know of. You had best advise your Friend *Heartly* to bring in a Bill to prevent it: All the discarded Toasts, Prudes, and superannuated Virgins would give him their Interest I dare swear: Take my Word, Coquetry has govern'd the World from the Beginning, and will do so to the End on't.

Col. *Heartly's* like to have a hopeful Time on't with you.

Mar. Well, but don't you really know who it is my Father intends me?

Col.



*Col.* Not I really, but I imagin'd you might, and therefore thought to advise with you about it.

*Mar.* Nay, he has not open'd his Lips to me yet—Are you sure he's gone out?

*Col.* You are very impatient to know methinks? What have you to do to concern your self about any Man but *Heartly*?

*Mar.* O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! don't be so wise, pr'ythee Brother; Why if you had an empty House to let, would you be displeas'd to hear there were two People about it? Can any Woman think herself happy, that's oblig'd to marry only with a *Hobson's Choice*? No, don't think to rob me of so innocent a Vanity; for believe me, Brother, there is no Fellow upon Earth, how disagreeable soever, but in the long Run of his Addresses will utter something at least, that's worth a poor Woman's hearing. Besides, to be a little serious, *Heartly* has a Tincture of Jealousy in his Temper, which nothing but a substantial Rival can cure him of.

*Col.* O your Servant, Madam, now you talk Reason; I am glad you are concern'd enough for *Heartly's* Faults, to think them worth your mending——Ha! ha!

*Mar.* Concern'd! Why did I say that——look you, I'll deny it all to him——Well, if ever I am serious with you again——

*Col.* Here he comes; be as merry with him as you please.

*Mar.* Pshaw!

*Enter Heartly.* Maria takes a Book from the Table and reads.

*Hear.* Dear Colonel, your Servant.

*Col.* I am glad you did not come sooner, for in the Humour my Father left me, 'twould not have been a proper Time to have press'd your Affair—I touch'd upon't——but——I'll tell you more presently; in the mean Time lose no Ground with my Sister.

*Heart.* I shall always think myself oblig'd to your Friendship let my Success be what it will——Madam——your most obedient——What have you got there pray?

Mar. [Repeating.]

" Her lively Looks a sprightly Mind disclose,  
 " Quick as her Eyes, and as unfix'd as those——

Hear. Pray, Madam, What is it?

Mar. " Favours to none, to all she Smiles extends——

Hear. Nay, I will see—— [Struggling.

Mar. [Putting him by.]

" Oft she rejects——but never once offends.

Col. Have a Care, she has dipt into her own Character, and she'll never forgive you, if you don't let her go through with it.

Hear. I beg your Pardon, Madam. [Gravely.

Mar. " Bright as the Sun, her Eyes the Gazers strike,

" And like the Sun, they shine on all alike—un—um.

Hear. That is something like indeed.

Col. You would say so, if you knew all.

Hear. All what? Pray what do you mean?

Col. Have a little Patience, I'll tell you immediately.

Hear. [Aside.] Confusion! some Coxcomb now has been flattering her, I'll be curst else, she's so full of her dear self upon't,

Mar. [Turning to Heartly.]

" If to her Share some Female Errors fall,

" Look on her Face——and you'll forget them all.

Is not that natural, Mr. Heartly?

Hear. For a Woman to expect it is indeed.

Mar. And can you blame her, when 'tis at the same Time a Proof of the poor Man's Passion, and her Power?

Hear. So that you think the greatest Compliment a Lover can make his Mistress, is to give up his Reason to her!

Mar. Certainly: For what have your lordly Sex to boast of but your Understanding? And till that's entirely surrender'd to her Discretion, while the least Sentiment holds out against her, a Woman must be downright vain to think her Conquest completed.

Hear. There we differ, Madam; for in my Opinion, nothing but the most excessive Vanity, could value or desire such a Conquest.

Mar. O! d'ye hear him, Brother? The Creature reasons with me! Nay, has the frontless Folly to think me in

in the wrong too! O Lud! he'd make a horrid Tyrant  
—positively I won't have him.

Hear. Well, my Comfort is, no other Man will easily  
know whether you'll have him or not.

Mar. [*Affectedly smiling.*] Am not I a horrid, vain,  
filly Creature, Mr. Heartly?

Hear. A little bordering upon the Baby, I must own.

Mar. Laud! how can you love one so then? But I  
don't think you love me though——do you?

Hear. Yes, Faith I do, and so shamefully, that I am  
in Hopes you doubt it.

Mar. Poor Man! he'd fain bring me to Reason.

[*Smiling in his Face.*]

Hear. I would indeed, nor am asham'd to own it——  
nay, were it but possible to make you serious only when  
you should be so, you would be the most perfect Creature  
of your Sex.

Mar. O Lud! he's civil——

Hear. Come, come, you have good Sense, use me  
but with that, and make me what you please.

Mar. Laud! I don't desire to make any Thing of  
you, not I.

Hear. Don't look so cold upon me, by Heaven I can't  
bear it.

Mar. Well! now you are tolerable.

[*Gently glancing on him.*]

Hear. Come then, be generous, and swear at least  
you'll never be another's.

Mar. Ah! Lard! now you have spoil'd all again; beside,  
how can I be sure of that before I have seen this t'other  
Man, my Brother spoke to me of? [*Reads to herself again.*]

Hear. What Riddle's this? [*To the Col.*]

Col. I told you you did not know all: To be serious,  
my Father went out but now, on purpose to avoid you.  
In short, he absolutely retracts his Promises, says he  
would not have you fool away your Time after my Sister,  
and in plain Terms told me, he had another Man in his  
Head for her.

Hear. Another Man! Confusion! who! what is he?  
did not he name him?



Col. No, nor has he yet spoke of him to my Sister.

Hear. This is unaccountable——What can have given him this sudden turn?

Col. Some Whim our conscientious Doctor has put in his Head I'll lay my Life.

Hear. He! He can't be such a Villain, he professes a Friendship for me.

Col. So much the worse: By the way, I am now upon the scent of a Secret, that I hope shortly will prove him a Rogue to the whole Nation.

Hear. You amaze me—But on what Pretence, what Ground, what Reason, what Interest can he have to oppose me?—This Shock is insupportable.

[He stands fix'd, and mute.

Col. [*Aside to Maria.*] Are you really as unconcern'd now as you seem to be?

Mar. Thou art a strange Dunce, Brother, thou knowest no more of Love, than I do of a Regiment——You shall see now how I'll comfort him——

[*She goes to Heartly—mimicks his Posture and Uneasiness, then looks seriously in his Face, and bursts into a Laugh.*

Hear. I don't wonder at your good Humour, Madam, when you have so substantial an Opportunity to make me uneasy for Life.

Mar. O lud! how wise he is? Well! his Reproaches have that greatness of Soul——the Confusion they give one is insupportable——Betty, is the Tea ready?

*Enter Betty.*

Bet. Yes, Madam.

Mar. Mr. Heartly, your Servant.

[*Exit.*

Col. So, so, you have made a fine spot of Work on't indeed.

Hear. Dear Tom, you'll pardon me, if I speak a little freely, I own the Levity of her Behaviour, at this time, gives me harder Thoughts, than I once believ'd it possible to have of her.

Col. Indeed, my Friend, you mistake her.

Hear.

*Hear.* O pardon me, had she any real Concern for me, the Apprehension of a Man's Addresses, whom yet she never saw, must have alarm'd her to be something more than serious.

*Col.* Not at all, for (let this Man be who he will) I take all this Levity, as a Proof of her Resolution to have nothing to say to him.

*Hear.* And pray, Sir, may I not as well suspect, that this artful Delay, of her Good-nature to me now, is meant as a provisional Defence against my Reproaches, in case, when she has seen this Man, she should think it convenient to prefer him to me?

*Col.* No, no, she's giddy, but not capable of so serious a Falshood.

*Hear.* It's a sign you don't judge her with a Lover's Eye.

*Col.* No, but as a stander by, I often see more of the Game than you do: Don't you know that she is naturally a Coquette? And a Coquette's Play with a serious Lover, is like a Back-game at Tables, all open at first; she'll make you twenty Blots—and you—spare none, take them all up, to be sure, while she—gains Points upon you: So that when you eagerly expect to end the Game on your Side, slap—as you were, she whips up your Man, she's fortified, and you are in a worse Condition, than when you begun with her—Upon which, you know of Course, you curse your Fortune, and she laughs at you.

*Hear.* Faith you judge it rightly——I have always found it so.

*Col.* In short, you are in haste to be up, and she's resolv'd to make you play out the Game at her leisure; you play for the fair Stake, and she for Victory.

*Hear.* But still, what could she mean by going away so abruptly?

*Col.* You grew too serious for her.

*Hear.* Why who could bear such Trifling?

*Col.* You should have laugh'd at her.

*Hear.* I can't love at that easy rate.

*Col.* No——If you could, the Uneasiness would lie on her Side.

Hear. Do you then really think she has any thing in her Heart for me?

Col. Ay, marry Sir—Ah! if you could but get her to own that seriously now—Lord! how you could love her!

Hear. And so I could, by Heav'n!

[Eagerly embracing him.]

Col. Ay, but 'tis not the Nature of the Creature, you must take her upon her own Terms; tho' faith I thought she own'd a great deal to you, but now; Did not you observe, when you were impatient, with what a conscious Vanity she cry'd—Now you are tolerable.

Hear. Nay, the Devil can be agreeable when she pleases.

Col. Well, well, I'll undertake for her; if my Father don't stand in your Way we are well enough, and I don't question, but the Alarm he has given us, like his other politic Projects, will end all *in Fume*.

Hear. What says my Lady? you don't think she's against us.

Col. I dare swear she is not, she's of so soft, so sweet a Disposition, that even Provocation can't make her your Enemy.

Hear. How came so fine a Creature to marry your Father in such a vast inequality of Years?

Col. Want of Fortune, *Frank*. She was Poor and Beautiful; He Rich and Amorous——She made him Happy, and he her——

Hear. A Lady.

Col. And a Jointure—Now she's the only one in the Family, that has Power with our precise Doctor, and I dare engage she'll use it with him, to persuade my Father from any thing that's against your Interest; by the way you must know, I have some shreud Suspicions, that this sanctify'd Rogue is carnally in love with her.

Hear. O the liquorish Rascal!

Col. You shall judge by the Symptoms: First, he's jealous of every Male Thing that comes near her; and under a friendly Pretence of guarding my Father's Honour, has persuaded him to abolish her Assemblies; Nay, at the last Masquerade this conscientious Spy (unknown



to her) was eternally at her Elbow in the Habit of a Cardinal. At Dinner he never fails to sit next her, and will eat nothing but what she helps him to; always takes her side in an Argument, and when he bows after Grace, constantly Ogles her; bids my Sister, if she would look lovely, learn to Dress by her; and at the Tea-Table, I have seen the impudent Goat most lasciviously sip off her leavings. She lost one of her Slippers t'other Day, (by the way she has a mighty pretty Foot) and what do you think was become of it?

*Hear.* You puzzle me.

*Col.* I gad, this love-sick Monkey had stole it for a private Play Thing, and one of the House maids, when she clean'd his Study, found it there with one of her old Gloves in the middle of it.

*Hear.* A very proper Relique to put him in mind of his Devotions to *Venus*.

*Col.* But mum! here he comes.

*Enter Doctor Wolf, and Charles.*

*Doct.* *Charles*, step up into my Study, and bring down half a Dozen more of those Manual Devotions that I compos'd for the Use of our Friends in Prison; and, dost thou hear? leave this Writing there, but bring me the Key, and then bid the Butler ring to Prayers—[*Exit Charles.*] Mr. *Heartly*, I am your most faithful Servant, I hope you and the good Colonel will stay and join in the private Duties of the Family.

*Hear.* With all my Heart, Sir, provided you'll do the Duty of a Subject too, and not leave out the Prayer for the Royal Family.

*Doct.* The good Colonel knows, I never do omit it.

*Col.* Sometimes, Doctor; but I don't remember, I ever Once heard you name them.

*Doct.* That's only to shorten the Service, lest in so large a Family, some few vain, idle Souls might think it tedious; and we ought as it were, to allure them to what's Good, by the gentlest, easiest Means we can.

*Hear.* How! how Doctor! Are you sure that's your only Reason for leaving their Names out?

*Doct.* But pray, Sir, why is Naming them so absolutely necessary? when Heaven, without it, knows the true Intention of our Hearts?—Beside, why should we, when we so easily may avoid it, give the least colour of Offence to tender Consciences?

*Col.* Ay, now you begin to open, Doctor—

*Hear.* Have a care, Sir, the Conscience that Equivocates in its Devotions, must have the blackest Colour Hell can paint it with.

*Col.* Well said! to him *Heartily*.

*Hear.* Your Conscience, I dare say, won't be easily convinc'd, while your Scruples turn to so good Account in a private Family.

*Doct.* What am I to be baited then—but 'twont be always Holiday—[*Frowning.*] The Time's now yours, but mine may come.

*Col.* What do you mean, Sir?

*Doct.* Sir, I shall not explain myself, but make your best of what I've said. I'm not to be intrap'd by all your servile Spies of Power—But Power perhaps may change its Hands, and you ere long, as little dare to speak your Mind as I do.

*Col.* [Taking him by the Collar,] Hark you, Sirrah, Dare you menace the Government in my hearing?

*Hear.* Nay, Colonel.

[*Interposing.*]

*Doct.* 'Tis well!

*Col.* Traitor! but that our Laws have Chains and Gibbets for such Villains, I'd this Moment crackle all thy Bones to Splinters.

[*Shakes him.*]

*Doct.* Very well! your Father, Sir, shall know my Treatment.

*Hear.* Nay, dear Colonel, let him go.

*Col.* I ask your Pardon, *Frank*, I am asham'd that such a Wretch could move me so.

*Hear.* Come, compose yourself.

*Doct.* [*Aside, and recovering himself.*] No! I'll take no Notice of it—I know he's warm and weak enough to tell this as his own Story to his Father—let him —'tis better so—'twill but confirm Sir *John* in his good

good Opinion of my Charity, and serve to ruin him the faster.

[Exit.

Hear. Was there ever so insolent a Rascal?

Col. The Dog will one Day provoke me to beat his Brains out.

Hear. Who could have believ'd such outrageous Arrogance could have lurk'd under so Lamb-like an Outside?

Col. This Fellow has the Spleen and Spirit of ten Beckets in him.

Hear. What the Devil is he? whence came he? what's his Original? Is he really a Doctor?

Col. So he pretends, and that he lost his Living in Ireland upon his refusing the Oaths to the Government. Now I have made the strictest Inquiries, and can't find the least Evidence, that ever he was in the Country. But (as I hinted to you) there is now in Prison a poor unhappy Rebel I went to School with, whose Pardon I am soliciting, and he assures me, he knew him very well in Flanders, and in such Circumstances, as when it can be serviceable to me to know them, he faithfully promises to discover, but begs till then I will not insist upon it.

Hear. I gad this Intelligence may be worth your Cherishing.

Col. Hah! here's my Sister again.

*Enter Maria hastily, Doctor Wolf following.*

Mar. You'll find, Sir, I will not be us'd thus; Nor shall your Credit with my Father protect your Insolence to me.

Hear. and Col. What's the Matter?

Mar. Nothing, pray be quiet—I don't want you—stand out of the way—

[They retire.

Col. What has the Dog done to her?

Mar. How durst you bolt with such Authority into my Chamber without giving me Notice?

Hear. Confusion!

Col. Now, Frank, whose turn is it to keep their Temper.

[Apart.

Hear.



*Hear.* [*Struggling*] 'Tis not mine I'm sure.

*Col.* Hold—if my Father won't resent this, } *Apart.*  
'tis then time enough for me to do it.

*Doct.* Compose your Transport, Madam, I came by your Father's Desire, who being inform'd, that you were entertaining Mr. *Hearty*, grew impatient, and gave his positive Command, that you attend him instantly, or he himself, he says, will fetch you.

*Hear.* So! now the Storm is rising.

*Doct.* So, for what I have done, Madam, I had his Authority, and shall leave him to answer you.

*Mar.* 'Tis false, he gave you no Authority to insult me; or if he had, did you suppose I would bear it from you? What is it you presume upon? your Function! Does that exempt you from the Manners of a Gentleman?

*Doct.* Shall I have any Answer to your Father, Lady?

*Mar.* I'll send him none by you.

*Doct.* I shall inform him so——— [*Exit.*

*Mar.* A saucy Puppy.

*Col.* Pr'ythee, Sister, what has the Fellow done to you?

*Hear.* I beg you tell us, Madam.

*Mar.* Nay, no great matter——— but I was sitting carelessly in my Dressing Room———a———a fastning my Garter with my Face just towards the Door, and this impudent Cur, without the least Notice, comes Bounce in upon me———and my devilish Hoop hapening to hitch in the Chair, I was an Hour before I could get down my Petticoats.

*Hear.* The Rogue must be corrected.

*Col.* Yet I gad, I can't help laughing at the Accident! What a ridiculous Figure must she make! ha! ha!

*Mar.* Hah! you're as Impudent as he I think: Well, but had not I best go to my Father?

*Hear.* Now, now, dear *Tom*, speak to her before she goes, this is the very Crisis of my Life———

[*Apart to the Col.*

*Mar.* What does he say, Brother?

*Col.* Why he wants to have me speak to you, and I would have him do it himself.

*Mar.*

Mar. Ay, come, do, *Heartly*, I am in good Humour now.

Hear. O Maria!—my Heart is bursting—

Mar. Well, well, out with it.

Hear. Your Father, now, I see is bent on parting us—Nay, what's yet worse, perhaps, will give you to another—I cannot speak—Imagine what I want from you—

Mar. Well—O lud! one looks so silly though, when one's serious—O Ged—In short I cannot get it out.

Col. I warrant you, try again.

Mar. O lud!—well—if one must be teiz'd then—why he must Hope, I think.

Hear. Is't possible;—Thus—

Col. Buz—[*Stopping his Mouth.*] not a Syllable, she has done very well, I bar all Heroicks; if you press it too far, I'll hold Six to Four, she's off again in a Moment.

Hear. I am silenc'd.

Mar. Now am I on Tiptoe to know what odd Fellow my Father has found out for me.

Hear. I'd give something to know him.

Mar. He's in a terrible Fufs at your being here I find—I had best go to him.

Col. By all means.

Mar. O Bless us! here he comes piping hot to fetch me! Now we are all in a fine Pickle.

*Enter Sir John hastily—He takes Maria under his Arm, Cocks his Hat, Nods, frowning at Heartly, and carries her off.*

Col. So—Well said Doctor! 'tis he, I'm sure has blown this Fire. What horrid Hands is this poor Family fallen into? and how the Traytor seems to triumph in his Power? How little is my Father like himself? by Nature, Open, Just, and Generous, but this vile Hypocrite drives his weak Passions like the Wind, and I foresee at last, will dash him on his Ruin.

Hear.

*Hear.* Nothing but your speedily detecting him can prevent it.

*Col.* I have a Thought, and 'tis the only one that can expose him to my Father—Come, *Frank*, be Cheerful; in some unguarded Hour, we yet perhaps, this lurking Thief,

*Without his Holy Vizor may surprize,  
And lay th' Impostor naked to his Eyes.*

[*Exeunt.*]



## A C T II.

*Charles with a Writing in his Hand.*

*Charles.* 'TIS so—I have long suspected where his Zeal would end, in the making of his private Fortune—But then to found it on the Ruin of his Patron's Children, makes me shudder at the Villany: What Desperation may a Son be driven to, so barbarously disinherited?—Beside his Daughter, fair *Maria* too is wrong'd; wrong'd in the most tender Point: For so extravagant is this Settlement, it leaves her not a Shilling, but on her conditionally marrying with the Doctor's Consent; which seems, by what I've heard, intended as an Expedient, to oblige her to accept the Doctor himself for her Husband: Now 'twere but an honest part to let *Maria* know this Snare, that's laid for her: This Deed's not sign'd, and might be yet prevented—It shall be so—'twere Folly not to try—My Condition can't be worse—Who knows how far her good Nature may think herself oblig'd for the Discovery?—Must he ruin, as he has done mine, all Families he comes into?

*Enter Sir John, Lady Woodvil, and Maria.*

*Sir John.* O, *Charles*, your Master wants you to transcribe some Letters.

*Charles.*



Charles. Sir, I'll wait on him.

[Exit Charles, bowing respectfully to the Ladies.]

Mar. A pretty well bred Fellow that.

Sir John. Ay, ay; but he has better Qualities than his good Breeding; he is honest.

Mar. He's always clean too.

Sir John. I wonder, Daughter, when thou wilt take notice of a Man's real Merit—Humph! well bred, and clean forsooth—Would not one think now, she were describing a Coxcomb?

Mar. But, dear Papa, do you make no allowance for one's Taste?

Sir John. Taste; hah! and One's Taste? That Madam One is to me the most provoking, impertinent Jade alive; and Taste is the true Picture of her senseless, sickly Appetite: When do you hear my Wife talk at this rate? and yet she is as young, as your fantastical Ladyship.

Lady Wood. Maria's of a chearful Temper, my Dear; but I know you don't think she wants Discretion.

Sir John. I shall try that presently, and you, Sweetheart, shall judge between us: In short, Daughter, your Course of Life is but one continual Round of playing the Fool to no purpose: and therefore I am resolv'd to make you think seriously, and marry.

Mar. That I shall do before I marry, Sir, you may depend upon't.

Sir John. Um—That I am not so sure of—but you may depend upon my having thought seriously, and that's as well: For the Person I intend you is of all the World the only Man can make you truly happy.

Mar. And of all the World, Sir, that's the only Man, I'll positively marry.

Lady Wood. [Aside to Mar.] Thou hast rare Courage, Maria; If I had such a Game to play, I should be frightened out of my Wits.

Mar. Lord, Madam, he'll make nothing on't, depend upon it.

[Aside.]

Sir John. Mind what I say to you—This wonderful Man, I say—First, as to his Principles both in Church and State, is unquestionable.

Mar.

*Mar.* Sir, I leave all that to you, for I should never ask him a Question about either of them.

*Sir John.* You need not, I am fully satisfied of both—He is a true, stanch Member of the *English* Catholic Church.

*Mar.* Methinks though, I would not have him a *Roman* Catholic, Sir, because you know of Double Taxes.

*Sir John.* No, he's no *Roman*.

*Mar.* Very well, Sir——

*Sir John.* Then as to the State, he'll shortly be one of the most considerable Men in the Kingdom, and that too in an Office for Life; which on whatsoever pretence of Misbehaviour, no civil Government can deprive him of.

*Mar.* That's fine indeed; I was afraid he had been a Clergyman.

*Sir John.* I have not yet said what his Function is——As for his private Life——he's sober.

*Mar.* O! I should hate a Sot.

*Sir John.* Chaste.

*Mar.* A hem!

[*stifling a Laugh.*]

*Sir John.* What is't you sneer at, Madam——You want one of your fine Gentleman Rakes, I suppose, that are snapping at every Woman they meet with.

*Mar.* No, no, Sir, I am very well satisfied——I——I should not care for such a sort of Man no more than I should for one that every Woman was ready to snap at.

*Sir John.* No, you'll be secure from Jealousy; he has Experience, Ripeness of Years; he is almost Forty-Nine: Your Sex's Vanities will have no Charm for him.

*Mar.* But all this while, Sir, I don't find that he has any Charm for our Sex's Vanity: How does he look? Is he tall, well made? Does he dress, sing, talk, laugh, and dance well? Has he a good Air, good Teeth, fine Eyes, fine fair Perriwig——Does he keep his Chaise, Coach, Chariot, and Berlin, with six flourishing *Flanders*? Does he wear blue Velvet, clean White Stockings, and subscribe to the Opera?

*Sir John.* Was there ever so profligate a Creature! What will this Age come to?

*Lady Wood.* Nay, *Maria*, here I must be against you——  
Now

Now you are blind indeed, a Woman's Happiness has little to do with the Pleasure her Husband takes in his own Person.

Sir John. Right.

Lady Wood. 'Tis not how he looks, but how he loves, is the Point.

Sir John. Good again!

Lady Wood. And a Wife is much more secure, that has Charms for her Husband, than when the Husband has only Charms for her.

Sir John. Admirable! Go on, my Dear.

Lady Wood. Do you think, Child, a Woman of Five and twenty may not be much happier with an honest Man of Fifty, than the finest Woman of Fifty with a young Fellow of Five and twenty?

Sir John. Mark that.

Mar. Ay, but when two Five and twenties come to gether—Dear Papa, you must allow they have a chance to be fifty times as pleasant and frolicksome.

Sir John. Frolicksome! why you sensual Ideot, what have Frolicks to do with solid Happiness; I am asham'd of you—Go! you talk worse than a Girl at a Boarding-School—Frolicksome! as if Marriage were only a Licence for two People to play the Fool according to Law? Methinks, Madam, you have a better Example of Happiness before your Face—Here's one has ten times your Understanding, and she, you find, has made a different Choice.

Mar. Lord, Sir! how you talk? you don't consider People's Temper: I don't say my Lady is not in the right; but then you know, Papa, she's a Prude, and I am a Coquette: she becomes her Character very well, I don't deny it, and I hope you see every thing I do is as consistent with mine: Your wise Folks may lay down what Rules they please; but 'tis Constitution that governs us all, and you can no more bring me, Sir, to endure a Man of Forty-nine, than you can persuade my Lady to dance in a Church to the Organ.

Sir John. Why you wicked Wretch, could any thing persuade you to that?

Mar.



*Mar.* Lord, Sir! I won't answer for any thing I should do when the Whim's in my Head: You know I always lov'd a little Flirtation.

*Sir John.* O horrible! My poor Mother has ruin'd her; leaving her a Fortune in her own Hands, has turn'd her Brain: In short, your Sentiments of Life are shameful, and I am resolv'd upon your instant Reformation; therefore, as an Earnest of your Obedience, I shall first insist that you never see young *Heartly* more; for in one Word, the good and pious Doctor *Wolf's* the Man that I have decreed your Husband.

*Mar.* Ho! ho! ho! [Laughing aloud.

*Sir John.* 'Tis very well——this Laugh, you, think becomes you, but I shall spoil your Mirth——no more——give me a serious Answer.

*Mar.* [Gravely] I ask your Pardon, Sir, I should not have smil'd indeed, could I have suppos'd it possible that you were serious.

*Sir John.* You'll find me so.

*Mar.* I am sorry for it; but I have an Objection to the Doctor, Sir, that most Father's think a substantial one.

*Sir John.* Name it.

*Mar.* Why, Sir, you know he is not worth a Groat.

*Sir John.* That's more than you know, Madam; I am able to give him a better Estate than I am afraid you'll deserve.

*Mar.* How, Sir?

*Sir John.* I have told you what's my Will, and shall leave you to think on't.

*Enter Charles.*

*Charles.* [Aside to *Sir John.*] Sir, if you are at leisure, the Doctor desires a private Conference with you, upon Business of Importance.

*Sir John.* Where is he?

*Charles.* In his own Chamber, Sir, just taking his leave of the Count and another Gentleman, that came this Morning Express from *Avignon*: He has sent you too the Note you ask'd him for.

*Sir*

Sir John. 'Tis well; I'll come to him immediately—  
[Exit Charles.] Daughter, I'm call'd away, and therefore have only time to tell you, as my last Resolution, that if you expect a Shilling from me, the Doctor is your Husband, or I'm no more your Father.

[Exit Sir John, and drops the Paper.]

Mar. O Madam! I am at my Wits end, not for the little Fortune I may lose in disobeying my Father; but it startles me to find what a dangerous Influence this Fellow has o'er all his Actions.

Lady Wood. Dear Maria, I am now as much alarm'd as you; for though in compliance to your Father, I have been always inclin'd to think charitably of this Doctor, yet now I am convinc'd 'tis time to be upon our guard—he's stepping into his Estate too!

Mar. Here's my Brother, Madam, we'll consult with him.

To them the Colonel.

Col. Madam, your most obedient—Well, Sister, is the Secret out? Who is this pretty Fellow my Father has pickt up for you?

Mar. Ev'n our agreeable Doctor.

Col. You are not serious.

Lady Wood. He's the very Man, I can assure you, Sir.

Col. Confusion! What would the Jewish Cormorant devour the whole Family? Your Ladyship knows he is secretly in Love with you too.

Lady Wood. Fy! fy! Colonel.

Col. I ask your Pardon, Madam, if I speak too freely; but I am sure, by what I have seen, your Ladyship must suspect something of it.

Lady Wood. I am sorry any body else has seen it; but I must own his Civilities of late have been something warmer than I thought became him.

Col. How then are these Opposites to be reconcil'd; can the Rascal have the Assurance to think both these Points are to be carried?—But he does nothing like other People; he's a Contradiction ev'n to his own Character: Most of your Non-Jurors now are generally People of a free and open Disposition, mighty Pretenders to a Conscience

science of Honour indeed : But you seldom see them put on the least Shew of *Religion*. But this formal Hypocrite always has it at his Tongue's end, and there it sticks, for it never gets into his Heart : I'll answer for him.

Lady *Wood*. Ay, but that's the Charm, that first got him into Sir *John*'s Heart ; who, good Man, is himself, I am sure, sincere ; however now misguided, 'twas not so much his Principles of Government, as his well painted Piety ; his seeming Self-denial, Resignation, Patience, and humble Outside, that gave him first so warm a Lodging in his Bosom.

Mar. My Lady has judg'd it perfectly right.

Col. I am afraid it's too true. There has been his surest footing ! But here we are puzzled again——What subtle Fetch can he have in being really in Love with your Ladyship, and at the same time making such a Bustle to marry my Sister ?

Mar. Truly one would not suspect him to be so Ter-magant : I fancy the Gentleman might have his Hands full of one of us.

Col. And yet his Zeal pretends to be so shock'd at all indecent Amours, that in the Country he us'd to make the Maids lock up the Turkey-cocks every *Saturday* Night, for fear they should gallant the Hens on a *Sunday*.

Lady *Wood*. O ! Ridiculous.

Col. Upon my Life, Madam, my Sister told me so.

Mar. I tell you so : You Impudent——

Lady *Wood*. Fy ! *Maria*, he only jests with you.

Mar. How can you be such a Monster to be playing the fool here, when you have more reason to be frighted out of your Wits ? You don't know, perhaps, that my Father declares he'll settle a Fortune upon this Fellow too.

Col. What do you mean ?

Lady *Wood*. 'Tis too true ; 'tis not three Minutes since he said so.

Col. Nay, then 'tis time indeed his Eyes were open'd ; and give me leave to say, Madam, 'tis only in your power to save not only me, but ev'n my Father too from Ruin.

Lady *Wood*.



*Lady Wood.* I shall easily come into any thing of that kind, that's practicable.—What it's you propose?

*Col.* Why, if this Fellow (which I am sure of) is really in love with you, give him a fair Opportunity to declare himself, and leave me to make my advantage of it.

*Lady Wood.* I apprehend you—I am loath to do a wrong thing—

*Mar.* Dear Madam, it's the only way in the World to expose him to my Father.

*Lady Wood.* I'll think of it—

*Col.* When you do, Madam, I am sure you will come into it.

How now! What Paper's this? it's the Doctor's Hand.

*Mar.* I believe my Father dropt it.

*Col.* What's here? [Reads.]

Laid out at several times for the Secret Services of His M—

|                                                                                             |    |    |    |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|----|----|
| May the 28th, for six Baskets of Rue and Time,                                              | 00 | 18 | 00 |
| The 29th, ditto, Two Cart-Loads of Oaken-Boughs,                                            | 02 | 00 | 00 |
| June the 10th, For ten Bushels of White Roses,                                              | 01 | 10 | 00 |
| Ditto—Given to the Bell-ringers of several Parishes,                                        | 10 | 15 | 00 |
| Ditto.—To Simon Chaunter, Parish-Clerk, for his Selecting proper Staves adapted to the Day, | 05 | 07 | 06 |
| Ditto.—For Lemons and Arrack sent into Newgate.                                             | 09 | 05 | 00 |

*Col.* Well, while they drink it in Newgate, much good may it do them.

Paid to Henry Conscience, Juryman, for his extraordinary Trouble in acquitting Sir Preston Rebel of his Indictment,

Allow'd

Allow'd to *Patrick Mac-Rogue*, of the } *1. 1. 1. d.*  
 Foot-Guards, for prevailing with his } 04 06 06  
 Comrade to desert, ——— }  
 Given as Smart-Money to *Humphrey* }  
*Stanch*, Cobler, lately whipt for speak- } 03 04 06  
 ing his Mind of the Government, ——— }  
 Paid to *Abel Perkin*, News-Writer, for } 05 00 00  
 divers seasonable Paragraphs, ——— }  
*August* the 1st, Paid to *John Shoplist* and }  
*Thomas Highway*, for endeavouring to } 02 03 00  
 put out the Enemies Bonfire, ——— }  
*August* the 2d, Paid the Surgeon for Sear- } 01 01 06  
 cloth, for their Bruises, ——— }

Was there ever such a Heap of stupid, cold scented Treason? Now, Madam, I hope you see the Necessity of blowing up this Traitor: These are Lengths I did not think my Father had gone with him: What vile, what low Sedition, has he made him stoop to?

*Lady Wood.* I tremble at the Precipice he stands on!

*Mar.* O bless us! I am in a cold Sweat, dear Brother, leave it where you found it——

*Lady Wood.* By all means; if Sir *John* should know it's in your hands, it may make him desperate——

*Col.* You are in the right, Madam.

[*He lays down the Paper.*]

*Lady Wood.* Let's steal into the next Room, and observe that no Body else takes it up; he'll certainly come back to look for't.

*Col.* But I must leave you, poor *Hearty* stays for me at *White's*; and he'll sit upon *Thorns*, 'till I bring him an account of his new Rival.

*Mar.* Well, well, get you gone then. [Exit.]

Enter Sir John in a Hurry.

*Sir John.* Undone! Ruin'd! 'where could I drop this Paper?—Hold—let's see—[*He finds it.*] Ah! here it is—What a blessed 'Scape was this? If my hotbrain'd Son had found it, I suppose by to-morrow, he would have been begging my Estate for the Discovery——

Enter

*Enter Doctor Wolf.*

O Doctor! all's well: I have found my Paper.

*Doct.* I am sincerely glad of it—it might have ruin'd us.

*Sir John.* Well, Sir, what say our last Advices from *Avignon*.

*Doct.* All goes right—The Council has approv'd our Scheme, and press mightily for Dispatch among our Friends in *England*.

*Sir John.* But pray, Doctor—

*Doct.* Hold, Sir,—now we are alone, give me leave to inform you better—Not that I am vain of any worldly Title; but since it has pleas'd our Court to dignify me, our Church's Right obliges me to take it.

*Sir John.* Pray, Sir, explain.

*Doct.* Our last Express has brought me this—[*he shews a Writing*] which (far unworthy, as I am) promotes me to the vacant See of *Thetford*.

*Sir John.* Is it possible? My Lord, I joy in your Advancement.

*Doct.* It is indeed a Spiritual Comfort to find my Labours in the Cause are not forgotten; though I must own some less conspicuous Instance of their Favour had better suited me: Such high Distinctions are invidious; and it would really grieve me, Sir, among my Friends, to meet with Envy where I only hope for Love; not but I submit in any way to serve them.

*Sir John.* Ah! good Man! this Meekness will, I hope one Day be rewarded—but pray Sir—my Lord!—I beg your Lordship's Pardon—pray what other News? how do all our Friends? are they in Heart, and chearful?

*Doct.* To a man! never in such sanguine hopes—the Court's extremely throng'd—never was there such a concourse of warlike Exiles: though they talk, this sharp Season, of removing farther into *Italy*, for the benefit of milder Air: Well! The Catholicks are the sincerest Friends!

*Sir John.* Nay, I must do them Justice, they are truly Zealous in the Cause, and it has often griev'd my Heart  
that



that our Church's Differences are so utterly Irreconcilable.

*Doct.* O nourish still that charitable Thought ! there's something truly Great and Humane in it ; and really, if you examine well the Doctrines laid down, by my learned Predecessor, in his *Case of Schism*, you will find those Differences are not so terribly material, as some obstinate Schismatics would paint them : Ah ! could we but be brought to Temper, a great many seeming Contradictions might be reconcil'd on both sides : But while the Laity will interpret for themselves, there is indeed no doing it. Now, could we, Sir, like other Nations, but once restrain that monstrous Licence. Ah ! Sir, a Union then might soon be practicable.

*Sir John.* Ah ! 'twill never do here : The *English* are a stubborn headstrong People, and have been so long indulg'd in the use of their own Senses ; that, while they have Eyes in their Heads, you will never be able to persuade them they can't see, there's no making them give up their Human Evidences : And your *Credo, quia Impossibile est*, is an Argument they will always make a Jest of. No, no, it is not Force will do the thing, your Press'd Men don't always make the best Soldiers. And truly, my Lord, we seem to be wrong too in another Point, to which I have often imputed the ill Success of our Cause ; and that is, the taking into our Party so many loose Persons of dissolute and abandon'd Morals ; Fellows, whom in their daily private Course of Life, the Pillory and Gallows seem to groan for.

*Doct.* 'Tis true indeed, and I have often wish'd 'twere possible to do without them, but in a Multitude all Men won't be all Saints ; and then again they are really useful ; nay, and in many things, that sober Men will not stoop to—They serve, poor Curs, to bark at the Government in the open Streets, and keep up the wholesome Spirit of Clamour in the common People ; and, Sir, you cannot conceive the wonderful use of Clamour, 'tis so teizing to a Ministry, it makes them winch and fret, and grow uneasy in their Posts—Ah ! many a comfortable Point has been gain'd by Clamour ! 'tis in the Nature of Mankind

to yield more to that, than Reason—Ev'n *Socrates* himself could not resist it; for wise, as he was, yet you see his Wife *Xantippe* carried all her Points by Clamour. Come, come, Clamour is a useful Monster, and we must feed the hungry Mouths of it; it being of the last Importance to us, that hope to change the Government to let it have no quiet.

Sir *John*. Well, there is indeed no resisting mere Necessity.

*Doct.* Besides if we suffer our Spirits to cool here at home, our Friends abroad will send us over nothing but Excuses.

Sir *John*. 'Tis true, but still I am amaz'd, that *France* so totally should have left us—*Mardyke*, they say, will certainly be demolish'd.

*Doct.* No matter, let them go—we have made a good Exchange, our New Ally is yet better, as he is less suspected—But to give them their due, we have no Spirits among us like the Women, the Ladies have supported our Cause with a surprizing Constancy. O! there's no daunting them, ev'n with ill Success! they will starve their very Vanities, their Vices to feed their Loyalty: I am inform'd that my good Lady Countess of *Night-and-Day*, has never been seen in a new Gown, or has once thrown a Die at any of the Assemblies, since our last general Contribution.

Sir *John*. O my good Lord, if our Court abroad but knew what Obligations they have to your indefatigable Endeavours

*Doct.* Alas! Sir, I can only boast an honest Heart, my Power is weak, I only can assist them with my Prayers and zealous Wishes; or if I had been serviceable, have not you, Sir, over-paid me? Your Daughter, Sir, the fair *Maria*, is a Reward no Merit can pretend to.

Sir *John*. Nay, good my Lord, this tender Gratitude confounds me—O! this insensible Girl—Pray excuse me—

*Doct.* You seem'd concern'd, pray what's amiss?

Sir *John*. That I should be the Father of so blind a Child, alas! she slights the Blessing I propos'd, she sees you

you not, my Lord, with my fond Eyes; but lay not, I beseech you, at my Door, the ungrateful stubbornness of a thoughtless Girl.

*Doct.* Nay, good Sir, be not thus concern'd for me, we must allow her Female Modesty a time, your strict Commands perhaps too suddenly surpriz'd her; Maids must be slowly, gently dealt with; and might I, Sir, presume to advise——

*Sir John.* Any thing, your Will shall govern me and her.

*Doct.* Then, Sir, abate of your Authority, and let the Matter rest a while; Suppose I first should beg your good Lady, Sir, to be my Friend to her: Women will hear from their own Sex, what sometimes, ev'n from the Man they like, would startle them: May I have your permission, Sir, when Dinner is remov'd, to entertain my Lady on this Subject privately?

*Sir John.* O! by all means, and troth, it is an excellent Thought, I'll go this Instant, and prepare her to receive you, and will myself contrive your Opportunity.

*Doct.* You are too good to me, Sir—too bountiful.

*Sir John.* Nay, now, my Lord, you drive me from you.

*Doct.* Pray pardon me.

*Sir John.* No more I beg you, good my Lord,—your Servant.

[Exit.

*Doct.* Ha! ha! What noble Harvefts have been reaped from bigotted Credulity, nor ever was a better Instance of it. Would it not make one smile; that it should ever enter into the Brains of this Man (who can in other Points distinguish like a Man) that a Protestant Church can never be secure, till it has a Popish Prince to defend it.

Enter Charles.

So *Charles*, hast thou finish'd those Letters?

*Charles.* I have brought them, Sir.

*Doct.* 'tis very well, let them be seal'd without a Direction, and give them to *Aaron Sham* the Jew, when he calls for them—O! and—here step yourself this Afternoon to Mr. *Defecance* of Gray's-Inn, and give him  
this



this Thirty Pound Bill from Sir *Harry Foxhound*, beg him to sit up Night and Day till the Writings are finish'd : For his Trial certainly comes on this Week, he knows we can't always be sure of a Jury, and a Moment's delay may make the Commissioners lay hold of his Estate.

*Charles*. My Lord, I'll take the utmost Care.

*Doct*. Well, *Charles*.

[*Gravely smiling*.]

*Charles*. Sir *John* has told me of the new Duty, I ought to pay you when in private.

*Doct*. But take especial heed, that it be only in private.

*Charles*. Your Lordship need not caution me—my Lord I hear another Whisper in the Family ; I'm told you'll shortly be allied to it ; Sir *John*, they say, has actually consented ; I hope, my Lord, you'll find the fair *Maria* too, as yielding.

*Doct*. Such a Proposal has indeed been started, but it will end in nothing : *Maria* is a giddy wanton thing, not form'd to make a wise Man happy, her Life's too vain, too sensual to elevate a Heart like mine : No, no, I have Views more serious,

*Charles*. O my fluttering Joy !

[*Aside*.]

*Doct*. Marriage is a State too turbulent for me.

*Charles*. But with Sir *John*'s Consent, my Lord, her Fortune may be considerable.

*Doct*. Thou know'st, *Charles*, my Thoughts of Happiness were never form'd on Fortune.

*Charles*. No ! I find that by the Settlement. [*Aside*.]

*Doct*. Or if they were, they would be there impossible ; *Maria*'s vain distaste of me, I know's as deeply rooted, as my Contempt of her : And can'st thou think I'd stain my Character to be a Wanton's Mockery, to follow through the Wilds of Folly she would lead me, to cringe and doat upon a senseless Toy, that every Feather in a Hat can purchase ?

*Charles*. But mayn't Sir *John* take it ill, my Lord, to have her slighted ?

*Doct*. No, no, her ridiculous Aversion will secure me from his Reproaches.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, my Master desires to speak with you.

*Doct.* I'll wait on him—*Charles*, you'll take care of my Directions.

*Charles.* I'll be sure, Sir.

*[Exit Doctor.]*

Kind Heaven, I thank thee! this Bar so unexpectedly remov'd gives vigour to my Heart, and is, I hope, an Omen of its Fortune—But I must lose no time, the Writing may be every Moment call'd for——this is her Chamber.

*He knocks softly—and Betty Enters to him.*

Is your Lady busy?

*Bett.* I think she's only a reading.

*Charles.* Will you do me the Favour to let her know, if she is at leisure, I beg to speak with her upon some earnest Business.

*Maria Entering with a Book.*

*Mar.* Who's that?

*Bett.* She's here—Mr. *Charles*, Madam, desires to speak with you.

*Mar.* O! Your Servant, Mr. *Charles*—Here take this odious *Homer*, and lay him up again, he tires me.

*[Exit Betty with the Book.]*

How could the blind Wretch make such a horrid fuss about a fine Woman, for so many Volumes together, and give us no Account of her Amours? You have read him I suppose in the *Greek*, Mr. *Charles*.

*Charles.* Not lately, Madam.

*Mar.* But do you so violently admire him now?

*Charles.* The Criticks say he has his Beauties, Madam. But *Ovid* has been always my Favourite.

*Mar.* *Ovid*! O! he's ravishing—

*Charles.* And so art thou to Madness.

*[Aside.]*

*Mar.* Lord! how could one do to learn *Greek*, was you a great while about it?

*Charles.* It has been half the Business of my Life, Madam.

*Mar.*

Mar. That's cruel now! then you think one can't be Mistress of it in a Month or two.

Charles. Not easily, Madam.

Mar. They tell me it has the softest Tone for Love, of any Language in the World, I fancy I could soon learn it—I know two Words of it already.

Charles. Pray, Madam, what are they?

Mar. Stay let me see—O—ay—Zoe, kai Psyche.

Charles. I hope you know the English of 'em, Madam.

Mar. O lud! I hope there's no harm in it; I am sure I heard the Doctor say it to my Lady—Pray what is it?

Charles. You must first imagine, Madam, a tender Lover gazing on his Mistress, and then indeed they have a softness in 'em, as thus—Zoe, kai psyche! my Life, my Soul!

Mar. O the impudent young Rogue! how his Eyes spoke too!

[Aside.

What the duce! can he want with me!——

Charles. I have startled her, she muses.

[Aside.

Mar. It always ran in my Head this Fellow had something in him above his Condition—I'll know presently.

[Aside.

Well, but your business with me, Mr. Charles, you have something of Love in your Head now, I'll lay my Life on't.

Charles. I never yet durst own it, Madam.

Mar. Why, what's the Matter?

Charles. My Story is too melancholy to entertain a Mind so much at Ease as yours.

Mar. O! I love melancholy Stories of all things.—

Charles. But mine, Madam, can't be told, unless I give my Life into your Power.

Mar. O Lud! you have not done any Body a Mischief, I hope.

Charles. I never did a private Injury; if I have done a public Wrong, I'm sure it might, in me, at least, be called an honest Error.

Mar. Pray whom did you serve before you liv'd with the Doctor?



*Charles.* I was not born to serve ; and had not an unfortunate Education ruin'd me, might have now appear'd like what I am by Birth, a Gentleman.

*Mar.* I am surpriz'd ! Your Education, say you, ruin you ? Lord ! I am concern'd for you. Pray let me know your Story ; and if any Services are in my Power, I am sure you may command them.

*Charles.* Such soft Compassion, from so fair a Bosom, o'er-pays the worst that can attend my owning what I am.

*Mar.* O your Servant——but pray let's hear.

*Charles.* My Father's elder Brother, Madam, was a Gentleman of an ancient Family in the North, who having then no Child himself, begg'd me from my Nurse's Arms, to be adopted as his own, with an Assurance too of making me his Heir ; to which my Father (then alas ! in the Infancy of his Fortune) easily consented. This Uncle being himself secretly disaffected to the Government, gave me of course, in my Education, the same unhappy Prejudices, which since have ended in the Ruin of us both.

*Mar.* Then you were bred a *Roman Catholick*.

*Charles.* No, Madam ; but I own in Principles of very little difference, which I imbib'd chiefly from this Doctor ; he having been five Years my Governor. As I grew up, my Father's Merit had rais'd his Fortune under the present Government ; and fearing I might be too far fix'd in Principles against it, desired me from my Uncle Home again : But I, as I then thought myself bound in Gratitude, excus'd my going in Terms of Duty to my Father ; whom since, alas ! I too justly have provok'd ever to hope a Reconciliation. I saw too late my Folly, and had no Defence against his Anger, but by artfully confirming him in a Belief, that I had perish'd with my Uncle in the late Rebellion.

*Mar.* Bless us ! what do you mean ? you were not actually in it, I hope !

*Charles.* I can't disown the Guilt—but since the Royal Mercy has been refus'd to none that frankly have confess'd with Penitence their Crime (which from my Heart I most sincerely do) in that is all my Hope—My Youth  
and

and Education's all th' Excuse I plead; if they deserve no Pity, I am determin'd to throw off my Disguise, and bow me to the Hand of Justice.

*Mar.* Poor Creature! Lord! I can't bear it.

[*With Concern.*

*Charles.* But then unknown, and friendless as I am; to whom, alas! can I apply for Succour! [*Weeps.*

*Mar.* O Lord! I'll serve you, depend upon it: My Brother shall have no rest 'till he gets your Pardon.

*Charles.* Your kind Compassion, Madam, has prevented, what, if I durst, I should have mentioned, I hope too, I shall personally deserve his Favour; if not, your generous Inclination to have sav'd me, even in my last despair of Life, will give my Heart a Joy.

*Mar.* Lord! the poor unfortunate Boy loves me to; what shall I do with him? But, Mr. *Charles*, pray once more to your Story—what was it that really drew you into the Rebellion?

*Charles.* This Doctor, Madam, who, as he is now your Father's, was then my Uncle's Bosom-Counsellor: 'Twas his insidious Tongue that painted it to us as an incumbent Duty, on which the Welfare of our Souls depended; he warm'd us too into such a weak Belief of vile Reports, as Infamy should blush to mention—we were assur'd, that half the Churches here in Town were lying all in sacrilegious Ruins; which since, I found, maliciously was meant, even of those that are magnificently rising from their new Foundations!

*Mar.* But, pray—while you were in Arms how did the Doctor dispose of himself?

*Charles.* He!—went with us, Madam, none so active in the Front of Resolution, till Danger came to face him; then indeed a friendly Fever seiz'd him, which on the first Alarm of the King's Forces marching towards *Pres-ton*, gave him a cold Pretence to leave the Town; in the Defence of which my Uncle lost his Life, and I my only Friend, with all my long-fed Hopes of Fortune.

*Mar.* Poor Wretch! but how came you to avoid being Prisoner?

*Charles.* Upon our Surrender of the Place, I brib'd a Townsman to employ me, as his Servant, in a backward Working house, where, from my Youth, and Change of Habit, I pass'd without Suspicion till the whole Affair was over—But then, alas ! whether to turn I knew not ; My Life grew now no more my Care—Perish, I saw, I must, whether as a Criminal, or a Beggar, was my only Choice.

*Mar.* O Lord ! tell me quickly how you came hither.

*Charles.* In this Despair I wander'd up to London, where I scarce knew one Mortal, but some few Friends in Prison. What could I do ? I ventur'd even thither for my Safety ; where 'twas my Fortune first to see your Father, Madam, distributing Relief to several : He knew my Uncle well ; and being inform'd of my Condition, he charitably took me Home ; and here has ever since conceal'd me as a menial Servant to the Doctor. The Detestation of whose vile, dishonest Practices at last have waked me to a Sense of all my blinded Errors ; of which this Writing is his least of sordid Instances.

[Gives it to Maria.]

*Mar.* You frighten me ; pray what are the Purposes of it ! 'Tis neither sign'd nor seal'd.

*Charles.* No, Madam, therefore to prevent it by this timely Notice, was my Business here with you ; Your Father gave it the Doctor first to shew his Council, who having since approv'd it, I understand this Evening 'twill be executed.

*Mar.* But what is it ?

*Charles.* It grants to Doctor Wolf in present four hundred Pounds *per Annum*, of which this very House is part ; and at your Father's Death invests him in the whole Remainder of his Freehold Estate. For you indeed there is a Charge of four thousand Pounds upon it ; provided you marry with the Doctor's Consent ; if not, 'tis added to my Lady's Jointure. But your Brother, Madam, is without Conditions utterly disinherited.

*Mar.* I am confounded—what will become of us ! my Father now I find was serious—O this insinuating Hypocrite—let me see—ay—I will go this Minute—Sir, dare you trust this in my Hands for an Hour only ?

*Charles.*



*Charles.* Any thing to serve you—my Life's already in your Hands.

*Mar.* And I dare secure it with my own—Hark! they ring to Dinner; pray, Sir, step in, say I am oblig'd to dine Abroad, and whisper one of the Footmen to get an Hackney Coach immediately; then do you take a proper Occasion to slip out after me to Mr. *Double's* Chambers in the *Temple*, there I shall have Time to talk farther with you. You'll excuse my Hurry—Here *Betty*, my Scarf, and a Mask. [Exit Maria.]

*Charles.* What does my Fortune mean me? She'll there talk farther with me! Of what! What will she talk of? O my Heart! methought she look'd at parting too, as kindly conscious of some Obligation to me: And then how soft, how amiably tender was her pity of my Fortune. But O! I rave! keep down my vain aspiring Thoughts, and to my lost Condition level all my Hopes.

*Rather content with Pity let me live,  
Than hope for more than she resolves to give.* [Exit.]



A C T III.

*Maria, and Betty taking off her Scarf, &c.*

*Mar.* **H**AS any one been to speak with me, *Betty*?  
*Betty.* Only Mr. *Heartly*, Madam, he said he would call again, and bid his Servant stay below to give him Notice when you came Home.

*Mar.* You don't know what he wanted?

*Bett.* No, Madam, he seem'd very uneasy at your being Abroad.

*Mar.* Well—go, and lay up those Things—[Exit Betty.]  
Ten to One, but his wife Head now has found out something to be jealous of; if he lets me see it, I shall be sure to make him infinitely easy—Here he comes.

*Enter Heartly.*

*Hear.* Your humble Servant, Madam, } *gravely.*  
*Mar.* Your Servant, Sir,

*Hear.* You have been Abroad, I hear.

*Mar.* Yes, and now I am come Home you see.

*Hear.* You seem to turn upon my Words, Madam, is there any Thing particular in them?

*Mar.* As much as there is in my being Abroad, I believe.

*Hear.* Might not I say you had been Abroad, without giving Offence?

*Mar.* And might not I as well say, I was come Home without your being so grave upon't?

*Hear.* Do you know any Thing should make me grave?

*Mar.* I know, if you are so, I am the worst Person in the World you could possibly shew it to.

*Hear.* Nay, I don't suppose you do any thing, you won't justify.

*Mar.* O! then I find I have done something you think I can't justify.

*Hear.* I don't say that neither, perhaps I am in the wrong in what I have said; but I have been so often us'd to ask Pardon for your being in the wrong, that I am resolv'd henceforth never to rely on the insolent Evidence of my own Senses,

*Mar.* You don't know now, perhaps, that I think this pretty smart Speech of yours is very Dull; but since that's a Fault you can't help, I will not take it ill. Come now, be as sincere on your Side, and tell me seriously—Is not what real Business I had Abroad, the very Thing you want to be made easy in?

*Hear.* If I thought you would make me easy, I would own it.

*Mar.* Now we come to the Point—To-morrow Morning then, I give you my Word to let you know it all, till when there is a Necessity for its being a Secret, and I insist upon your believing it.

*Hear.* But pray, Madam, what am I to do with my private Imagination in the mean Time, that is not in my Power to confine: And sure you won't be offended, if to avoid

avoid the Tortures that may give me, I beg you'll trust me with the Secret now.

*Mar.* Don't press me, for positively I will not.

*Hear.* Cannot had been a kinder Term—is my Disquiet of so little moment to you?

*Mar.* Of none, while your Disquiet dares not trust the Assurances I have given you; if you expect I should confide in you for Life, don't let me see you dare not take my Word for a Day; and if you are wise, you'll think so fair a Trial of your Faith a Favour.

*Hear.* If you intend it such—it is a Favour, if not 'tis something—so—come let's wave the Subject.

*Mar.* With all my Heart: Have you seen my Brother lately?

*Hear.* Yes, Madam, and he tells me, it seems, the Doctor is the Man your Father has resolv'd upon.

*Mar.* 'Tis so; nay and what will more surprize you he leaves me only to the Choice of him, or of no Fortune.

*Hear.* And may I without Offence, beg leave to know, what Resolutions, Madam, you have taken upon it?

*Mar.* I have not taken any, I do not know what to do; what would you advise me to?

*Hear.* I advise you to? Nay, you are in the right to make it a Question.

*Mar.* He says he'll settle all his Estate upon him too.

*Hear.* O take it, take it, to be sure, it's the fittest Match in the World, you can't do a wiser Thing certainly.

*Mar.* 'Twill be as wise at least, as the Ways you take to prevent it.

*Hear.* I find, Madam, I am not to know what you intend to do; and I suppose I am to be easy at that too.

*Mar.* When I intend to marry him, I shall not care whether you are easy, or no.

*Hear.* If your Indifference, to me, were a Proof of your Inclination to him, the Gentleman need not despair.

*Mar.* Very well, Sir, I'll endeavour to take your Advice, I promise you.

*Hear.* O! that won't cost you much Trouble, I dare say, Madam.



*Mar.* About as much, I suppose, as it cost you to give it me.

*Hear.* Upon my Word, Madam, I gave it purely to oblige you.

*Mar.* Then to return your Civility, the least I can do is to take it.

*Hear.* Is't possible? How can you torture me with this Indifference?

*Mar.* Why do you insult me with such a bare-fac'd Jealousy?

*Hear.* Is it a Crime to be concern'd for what becomes of you? Has not your Father openly declared against me, in Favour of my Rival? How is it possible at such a Time, not to have a thousand Fears? What though they all are false and groundless, are they not still the Effect of Love alarm'd, and anxious to be satisfied? I have an open artless Heart, that cannot bear Disguises, but when 'tis griev'd in spite of me, 'twill shew it—Pray pardon me—But when I am told you went out in the utmost Hurry with some Writings to a Lawyer, and took the Doctor's own Servant with you, ev'n in the very Hour your Father had propos'd him as your Husband! Good Heaven! what am I to think? Can I, must I suppose my Senses fail me? If I have Eyes, have Ears, and have a Heart, must it be still a Crime to think I see, and hear—Yet by my Torments feel I love.

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] Well! I own it looks ill-natur'd now, not to shew him some Concern—but then this Jealousy—I must, and will get the better of.

*Hear.* Speak *Maria*, is still my Jealousy a Crime?

*Mar.* If you still insist on it, as a Proof of Love, then I must tell you, Sir, 'tis of that kind, that only slighted Hearts are pleas'd with; when I am so reduc'd, then I perhaps may bear it—The Fact you charge me with I grant is true, I have been Abroad, as you say: But still let Appearances look ne'er so pointing, while there is a Possibility in Nature, that what I have done may be innocent, I won't bear a Look, that tells me to my Face you dare suspect me: If you have Doubts, why don't you satisfy them before you see me? Can you suppose that I'm

to stand confounded, as a Criminal before you? How despicable a Figure must a Woman make, to bear but such a Moment? Come, come, there's nothing shews so low a Mind, as these grave and insolent Jealousies. The Man, that's capable of ever seeing a Woman, after he believes her false, is capable on her Submission, and a little Flattery, were she really false, poorly to forgive and bear it.

*Hear.* You won't find me, Madam; of so low a Spirit; but since I see your Tyranny arises from your mean Opinion of me, 'tis time to be myself, and disavow your Power, you use it now beyond my bearing; not only impose on me to disbelieve my Senses, but do it with such an imperious Air, as if my Honest, manly Reason were your Slave, and this poor groveling Frame that follows you, durst shew no Signs of Life, but what you deign to give it.

*Mar.* Oh! you are in the right—go on—suspect me still, believe the worst you can—'tis all true—I don't justify myself—Why do you trouble me with your Complaints? If you are Master of that manly Reason you have boasted, give me a Manly Proof of it, at once resume your Liberty, despise me, go, go off in Triumph now, and let me see you scorn the Woman, whose vile, o'er-bearing Falshood, would insult your Senses.

*Hear.* O Heaven! is this the End of all? Are then those tender Protestations you have made me (for such I thought them) when with the softest kind Reluctance your rising Blushes gave me something more, than Hope—What all—O Maria! All but come to this?

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] O Lud! I am growing silly, if I hear on, I shall tell him every thing; 'tis but another Struggle, and I shall conquer it—So, so, you are not gone, I see.

*Hear.* Do you then wish me gone, Madam?

*Mar.* Your manly Reason will direct you.

*Hear.* This is too much—my Heart can bear no more. O!—what? am I rooted here! 'Tis but a Pang, and I am free for ever.

*Enter*

*Enter Charles, with two Writings.*

*Mar.* At last I am reliev'd! Well, Mr. *Charles*, is it done?

*Charles.* I did not stir from his Desk, Madam, till it was intirely finish'd.

*Mar.* Where's the Original?

*Charles.* This is it, Madam.

*Mar.* Very well, that, you know you must keep, but come, we must lose no Time, we will examine this in the next Room. Now I feel for him. *[Aside.*

*[Exit Maria, with Charles.*

*Hear.* O Rage! Rage! this is not to be borne—she's gone, she's lost, fordidly has sold herself to Fortune, and I must now forget her—Hold, if possible, let me cool a Moment—Interest! No, that could not tempt her—She knows I'm Master of a larger Fortune, than there her utmost Hopes can give her, that on her own Conditions she may be mine:—But what's this secret Treaty then within! what's doing there! who can resolve that Riddle?—And yet perhaps, like other Riddles, when 'tis explain'd, nothing may seem so easy: But why again, might she not trust me too with the Secret! That! that entangles all afresh, and sets me on the Rack of Jealousy.

*Enter Colonel.*

*Col.* How now, *Frank*! what in a Rapture?

*Hear.* Pr'y thee, pardon me, I am unfit to talk with you.

*Col.* What is *Maria* in her Airs again?

*Hear.* I know not what she is.

*Col.* Do you know where she is?

*Hear.* Retir'd this Moment to her Chamber, with the Doctor's Servant.

*Col.* Why you are not jealous of the Doctor, I hope?

*Hear.* Perhaps she'll be less reserv'd to you, and tell you wherein I have mistaken her.

*Col.* Poor *Frank*, thou art a perfect *Sir Martin* in thy Amours, every Plot I lay upon my Sister's Inclination for thee, thou art sure to ruin by thy own unfortunate Conduct.

*Hear.*



*Hear.* I own I have too little Temper, and too much real Passion for a modish Lover.

*Col.* Come, come, pr'ythee be easy once more, I'll undertake for you, if you'll fetch a cool Turn in the *Park* upon *Constitution Hill*, in less than half an Hour, I'll come to you.

*Hear.* Dear *Tom* thou art a Friend indeed! O I have a thousand Things—but you shall find me there.

[*Exit Heartly.*]

*Col.* Poor *Frank!* now has he been taking some honest Pains to make himself miserable.

*Enter Maria, and Charles.*

How now, Sister, what have you done to *Heartly?* The poor Fellow looks, as if he had kill'd your Parrot.

*Mar.* Pshaw! you know him well enough, I have only been setting him a Love-Lesson, it a little puzzles him to get through it at first, but he'll know it all by to-morrow; you will be sure to be in the way, *Mr. Charles?*

*Charles.* Madam, you may depend upon me, I have my full Instructions.

[*Exit Charles.*]

*Col.* O ho! There's the Business then, and it seems *Heartly* was not to be trusted with it; ha! ha! and pr'ythee what is this mighty Secret, that's transacting between *Charles* and you.

*Mar.* That's what he would have known indeed, but you must know, I don't think it proper to let you tell him neither, for all your sly manner of asking.

*Col.* O! pray take your own Time, dear Madam, I am not in haste to know, I can assure you, I came about another Affair, our Design upon the Doctor: Now while my Father takes his Nap after Dinner, would be the properest Time to put it in Execution: pr'ythee go to my Lady, and persuade her to it this Moment.

*Mar.* Why won't you go with me?

*Col.* No, I'll place myself unknown to her in this Passage; for, should I tell her I design to over-hear him, she might be scrupulous.

*Mar.* That's true—but hold, on second Thoughts, you shall know part of this Affair between *Charles* and me;  
nay,

Nay, I give you leave to tell it *Heartly* too, on some Conditions, 'tis true, I did design to have surprized you, but now—my Mind's alter'd, that's enough.

Col. Ay, for any Mortal's Satisfaction—but here comes my Lady.

Mar. Away then to your Post—but let me see you, when this Affair is over.

Col. I'll be with you.

[Exit Col.]

*Enter Lady Woodvil.*

Mar. Well, Madam, has your Ladyship consider'd my Brother's Proposal about the Doctor?

Lady Wood. I have Child, and am convinc'd it ought not to be delay'd a Moment: I have just sent to speak with him here—Sir John too presses me to give him a Hearing upon your Account; but must I play a treacherous Part now, and instead of persuading you to the Doctor, ev'n persuade the Doctor against you.

Mar. Dear Madam, don't be so nice, if Wives were never to disemble; what wou'd become of many wilful Husband's Happiness?

Lady Wood. Nay, that's true too.

Mar. I'd give the World now methinks, to see this solemn Interview: sure there can't be a more ridiculous Image than unlawful Love peeping his sly Head out from under the Cloke of Sanctity! O! that I were in your Ladyship's place, I would lead that dancing Blood of his such a prophane Courant—your wise Fellows make the rarest Fools too: But your Ladyship will make a Rogue of him, and that will do our Business at present.

Lady Wood. If he makes himself one, 'tis his own Fault.

Mar. Dear Madam, one Moment's Truce with the Prude, I beg you, don't start at his first Declaration, but let him go on till he shews the very bottom of his ugly Heart.

Lady Wood. I'll warrant you, I'll give a good Account of him—here he comes.

Mar. Then I hope, Madam, you will give me Leave to be Commode, and steal off.

Lady

*Lady Wood.* Very well. [*Exit Maria, and Enter Doctor.*]

*Doct.* I am told, Madam, you design me the Happiness of your Commands; I am proud you think me worthy of them in any sort.

*Lady Wood.* Please to sit, Sir.

*Doct.* Did not Sir *John* inform you too, that I had desir'd a private Conference with your Ladyship?

*Lady Wood.* He did, Sir.

*Doct.* 'Tis then by his Permission we are thus happily alone.

*Lady Wood.* True, and 'tis on that Account, I wanted to advise with you.

*Doct.* Well, but, dear Lady, ah! [*Sighing*] you can't conceive the Joyousness I feel, in this so unexpected Interview, ah! ha! I have a Thousand friendly Things to say to you—Ah! ha! and how stands your precious Health? Is your naughty Cold abated yet? I have scarce closed my Eyes these two Nights, with my Concern for you, and every watchful Interval has sent a Thousand Sighs and Prayers to Heaven for your Recovery.

*Lady Wood.* Your Charity was too far concern'd for me.

*Doct.* Ah! don't say so, don't say so—you merit more than mortal Man can do for you.

*Lady Wood.* Indeed, you over-rate me.

*Doct.* I speak it from my Soul! indeed! indeed! indeed! I do.

[*Presses her hand.*]

*Lady Wood.* O dear, you hurt my Hand, Sir.

*Doct.* Impute it to my Zeal, and want of Words to express my Heart; ah! I would not harm you for the World, no, bright Creature, 'tis the whole Business of my Soul to—

*Lady Wood.* But to our Affair, Sir.

*Doct.* Ah! thou heavenly Woman!

[*Laying his Hand on her Knee.*]

*Lady Wood.* Your Hand need not be there, Sir.

*Doct.* Ah! I was admiring the softness of this Silk, Madam.

*Lady Wood.* Ay, but I am ticklish.

*Doct.* They are indeed come to a prodigious Perfection in this Manufacture—How wonderful is Human Art!—



Art!—Here it disputes the Prize with Nature—that all this soft, and gaudy Lustre, should be wrought from the poor Labours of a Worm! [Stroking it.

Lady Wood. But our Business, Sir, is upon another Subject: Sir John informs me, that he thinks himself under no Obligation to Mr. *Hearty*, and therefore resolves to give you *Maria*: Now pray be sincere, and let me know what your real Intentions are?

Doct. Is it possible! Can you, Divine Perfection, be still a Stranger to my real Thoughts! Has no one Action of my Life inform'd you better? Since I must plainly speak them then, *Maria's* but a Feint, a blind to screen my real Thoughts from shrewd Suspicion's Eye, and shield your spotless Fame from wordly Censure. Could you then think 'twas for *Maria's* sake, your Balls, Assemblies, and your Toilet Visits have been restrain'd? Would I have urg'd Sir John to make that Fence to inclose a Butterfly? No, soft, and serious Excellence, your Virtues only were the Object of my Care, I could not bear to see the Gay, the Young, and the Inconstant daily basking in your diffusive Beams of Beauty, without a secret Grudge, I might say, Envy ev'n of such Insects Happiness.

Lady Wood. Well, Sir, I take all this, as I suppose you intended it, for my Good, my spiritual Welfare.

Doct. Indeed I meant you serious, cordial Service.

Lady Wood. I dare say you did, you are above the low and momentary Views of this World.

Doct. Ah! I should be so—and yet, alas! I find this mortal Cloathing of my Soul is made like other Mens, of sensual Flesh and Blood, and has its Frailties.

Lady Wood. We all have those, but yours I know, are well corrected by your divine and virtuous Contemplations.

Doct. And yet our Knowledge of eternal Beauties, does not restrain us wholly from the love of all that's mortal—Beauty here, 'tis true, must die, but while it lives 'twas given us to admire, to wake the sluggish Heart, and charm the sensible: At the first Sight of you, I felt unusual Transports in my Soul, and trembled at the  
Guilt

Guilt that might ensue; but on Reflection found my Flame receiv'd a Sanction from your Goodness, and might be reconcil'd with Virtue; on this I chaced my slanderous Fears, let in the harmless Passion at my Eye, and gave up all my Heart to Love.

Col. [*Behind.*] Indeed! so warm, Sir Roger, but I shall cool your Passion with a Witness. [*Exit.*]

Lady Wood. These gay Professions, Sir, shew more the Courtier than the Zealot; nor could I think a Mind so fortify'd as yours, could have been open to such vain Temptations.

Doct. What Bosom can be Proof 'gainst such Artillery of Love? I may resist, call all my Prayers, my Fastings, Tears and Penance to my Aid, but yet, alas! these have not made an Angel of me: I am still but Man, Virtue may strive, but Nature will be uppermost: Permit me then on this fair Shrine to pay my Vows, and offer up a Heart—

Lady Wood. Hold, Sir, you've said enough to put you in my Power, suppose I now should let my Husband, Sir, your Benefactor, know the Favour you design'd him. [*She rises.*]

Doct. You cannot be so cruel?

Lady Wood. Nor will, on one Condition.

Doct. Name it.

Lady W. That instantly you renounce all Claim and Title to Maria, and use your utmost Interest with Sir John to give her, with her full Fortune, to Mr. Heartly. If you are wise, consider on't. [*Sir John and Colonel behind.*]

[*The Doctor turning accidentally sees them.*]

Doct. Ha! the Colonel there! his Father with him too! here may have been some Treachery; what's to be done? [*Aside.*]

Col. Now, Sir, let your Eyes convince you.

Sir John. They do, that yours, Sir, have deceiv'd you, all this I knew of. } [*Apart.*]

Col. How, Sir!

Sir John. Observe, and be convinc'd.

Doct. I have it. } [*Mus'g.*  
Lady

Lady Wood. [*To the Doctor.*] Methinks this Business needs not, Sir, so long a Pause.

Doct. Madam, I cannot easily give up such honest Hopes.

Lady Wood. Honest!

Doct. Perhaps my Years are thought unequal to my Flame, but, Lady, those were found no strong Objection 'twixt Sir John and you; and can you blame me then for following so sure a Guide in the same youthful Path to Happiness.

Lady Wood. Is this your Resolution then?

Col. Will you let him go on, Sir?

Sir John. Yes, Sir, to confound your Slander. } *Apart.*

Col. Monstrous!

Doct. Can you suppose my Heart less capable of Love, than his? Is it for me to push the Blessing from me too? For tho' my Flame has been of long Duration, my conscious want of Merit kept it still conceal'd, till his good Nature brought it to this blest Occasion; and can you then, so authoriz'd, refuse your friendly Pity to my Sufferings? One Word from you compleats my Joy; in you, Madam, is my only Hope, my Fear, my Ease, my Pain, my Torment, or my Happiness; *Maria! O! Maria!*

Col. Confusion!

Sir John. [*Coming forward with the Colonel.*] Now, vile Detractor of all Virtue, is your outrageous Malice yet confounded? Did I not tell you too, he only made an Interest here to gain your Sister?

Col. His Devil has out-reach'd me.

[*Aside.*]

Sir John. Is this your rank Detection of his Treachery?

Doct. Sir John, I did not see you, Sir, I doubt you are come too soon, I have not yet prevail'd with her.

[*Aside to him.*]

Sir John. Ah! good Man, be not concern'd; your Trouble shall be shorter for't, I'll force her to Compliance.

Lady Wood. What have you done—your Impatience has ruin'd all. }

*Apart.*

Col. I see it now too late.

Sir John. Now, Sir! will your base Prejudice of Party never be at rest? Am I to be still thought partial, blind, and



and obstinate to favour so much injur'd Virtue! if thou art a Man not lost to Conscience, or to Honour, then like a Man repair this Wrong, confess the Rancour of thy vile Suspicion, and throw thee at his Feet for Pardon.

*Doct.* What mean you, Sir?

*Lady Wood.* [*Aside.*] While he is in this Temper, he will not easily be undeceiv'd—P've yet an After-game to play, till when, 'tis best to leave him in his Error.

[*Exit Lady Wood.*]

*Sir John.* What! mute! defenceless! hardned in thy Malice?

*Col.* I scorn the Imputation, Sir, and with the same repeated Honesty avow (howe'er his Cunning may have chang'd Appearances) that you are still deceiv'd, that all I told you, Sir, was true, these Eyes, these Ears were Witnesses of his audacious Love, without the mention of my Sister's Name, directly, plainly, grossly tending to abuse the Honour of your Bed.

*Sir John.* Audacious Monster; were not your own Senses Evidence against your frontless Accusation? I see your Aim; Wife, Children, Servants, all are bent against him, and think to weary me by groundless Clamours to discard him, but all shall not do, your Malice on your own vile Heads; to me, it but the more endears him; either submit, and ask his Pardon for this Wrong—

*Doct.* Good Sir!

*Sir John.* Or this Instant leave my Sight, my House, my Family for ever.

*Doct.* What means this Rashness, Sir! on my Account it must not be, what would the World report of it? I grant it possible he loves me not, but you must grant it too as possible he might mistake me! it must be so—He is too much your Son to do his Enemy a wilful Injury: If he, I say, suppos'd my Converse with your Lady Criminal, to accuse me then, was but the Error of his Virtue, not his Baseness, you ought to love him, thank him for such watchful Care: Was it for him to see, as he believ'd, your Honour in so foul a danger, and stand concernless by? The Law of Heaven, of Nature, and  
of

of Filial Duty, all oblig'd him to alarm your Vengeance, and detect the Villainy.

*Sir John.* O Miracle of Charity!

*Doct.* Come, come, such Breaches must not be, betwixt so good a Son, and Father; forget, forgive, embrace him, cherish him, and let me bless the Hour I was the Occasion of so sweet a Reconciliation.

*Sir John.* I cannot bear such Goodness! O sink me not into the Earth with Shame—Hear this, perverse, and Reprobate! O! couldst thou wrong such more than mortal Virtue!

*Col.* Wrong him! the hardned Impudence of this painted Charity—

*Sir John.* Peace, Monster—

*Col.* Is of a blacker deeper Dye, than the great Devil himself in all his Triumphs over Innocence ever wore.

*Sir John.* O graceless Infidel!

*Col.* No, Sir, though I would hazard Life to save you from the Ruin he misleads you to; could die to reconcile my Duty to your Favour; yet on the Terms that Villain offers, 'tis Merit to refuse it; I glory in the Disgrace your Errors give me—But, Sir, I'll trouble you no more: To-day is his, to-morrow may be mine. [*Exit Col.*]

*Doct.* I did not think he had so hard a Nature.

*Sir John.* O, my good Lord, your charitable Heart discovers not the Rancour that's in his; but what better can be hoped for, from a Wretch so swell'd with Spleen, and Rage of Party.

*Doct.* No, no, Sir, I am the Thorn that galls him, 'tis me, 'tis me he hates; he thinks I stand before him in your Favour; and 'tis not fit indeed I should do so; for fallen as he is, he's still your Son, and I alas! an Alien, an Intruder here, and ought in Conscience to retire, and heal these hapless Breaches in your Family.

*Sir John.* What means your Lordship?

*Doct.* But I'll remove this Eye-sore—Here *Charles*!—

*Enter Charles.*

*Sir John.* For Goodness sake.

*Doct.*

*Doct.* Bring me that Writing I gave you to lay up this Morning.

*Charles.* Now Fortune favour us. [*Aside.*] [*Exit Charles.*]

*Sir John.* Make haste, good *Charles*, it shall be sign'd this Moment.

*Doct.* Not for the World; 'twas not to that End I sent for it, but to refuse, you kind Intentions; for with your Children's Curses, Sir, I dare not, must not take it.

*Sir John.* Nay good, my Lord, you carry it now too far; my Daughter is not wrong'd by it, but if not obstinate, may still be happy; and for my wicked Son, shall he then Heir my Lands, to propagate more miserable Schismatics? No, let him depend on you, whom he has wrong'd; perhaps in time he may reflect upon his Father's Justice; be reconcil'd to your rewarded Virtues, and reform his fatal Errors.

*Re-enter Charles with a Writing.*

*Doct.* That would be indeed a Blessing.

*Sir John.* If Heaven should at last reclaim him, the Power to right him still is yours; in you I know he yet would find a fond forgiving Father.

*Doct.* The Imagination of so blest an Hour, softens me to a Tendernefs I can't support.

*Sir John.* O the dear, good Man! come, come, let's in to execute this Deed.

*Doct.* Will you then force me to accept this Trust? For, call it what you will, with me, it shall never be more than such.

*Sir John.* Let that depend upon the Conduct of my Son.

*Doct.* Well, Sir, since yet it may prevent his Ruin, I consent.

*So sweet a Hope must all my Fears controul,*

*I take the Trust, as Guardian to his Soul.* [*Exeunt.*]







## A C T IV.

*Maria and Charles.*

*Mar.* **Y**OU were a Witness then?

*Charles.* I saw it sign'd, seal'd, and deliver'd, Madam.

*Mar.* And all pass'd without the least Suspicion?

*Charles.* Sir *John* sign'd it with such Earnestness, and the Doctor receiv'd it with such a seeming Reluctance, that neither had the Curiosity to examine a Line of it.

*Mar.* Well, Mr. *Charles*, whether it succeeds to our Ends, or not, we have still the same Obligations to you: You saw with what a friendly Warmth my Brother heard your Story, and I don't in the least doubt his Success in your Affair at Court.

*Charles.* What I have done, my Duty bound me to: But pray, Madam, give me leave, without Offence, to ask you one innocent Question.

*Mar.* Freely, Sir.

*Charles.* Have you never suspected then, that in all this Affair I have had some secret, stronger Motive to it, than barely Duty?

*Mar.* Yes—but have you been in no Apprehensions I should discover that Motive? [Gravely.]

*Charles.* Pray, pardon me, I see already, I have gone too far.

*Mar.* Not at all, it loses you no Merit with me, nor is it in my Nature to use any one ill, that loves me, unless I lov'd that one again, then indeed, there might be Danger—Come, don't look grave, my Inclinations to another, shall not hinder me paying every One, what's due to their Merit, I shall therefore always think myself, oblig'd to treat your Misfortunes and your Modesty with the utmost Tendernefs.

*Charles.* By the dear, soft Ease you have given my Heart, I never hoped for more.

*Charles.*

*Mar.* Then I'll give you a great deal more, and to shew my particular good Opinion of you, I'll do you a Favour, Mr. Charles, I never did any Man since I was born—I'll be sincere with you.

*Charles.* Is it then possible you can have lov'd another, to whom you never were sincere?

*Mar.* Alas! you are but a Novice in the Passion—Sincerity is a dangerous Virtue, and often surfeits what it ought to nourish: therefore I take more Pains to make the Man I love believe I slight him, than (if possible) I would to convince you of my Esteem and Friendship.

*Charles.* Be but sincere in that, Madam, and I can't complain.

*Mar.* Nay, I'll give you a Proof of it, I'll shew you all the Good-nature you can desire; you shall make what Love to me you please now; but then I'll tell you the Consequence, I shall certainly be pleas'd with it, and that will flatter you, till I do you a Mischief. Now do you think me sincere?

*Charles.* I scarce consider that, but I'm sure you are agreeable.

*Mar.* Why look you there now! do you consider, that a Woman had as lief be thought agreeable, as handsome? And how can you suppose, from one of your Sense, that I am not pleas'd with being told so?

*Charles.* Was ever Temper so enchanting?

*Mar.* Or Vanity more venial! I'm pleas'd with you.

[Smiling.]

*Charles.* Distracting! sure never was Despair administered with a Hand so gentle.

*Mar.* So! now you have convinc'd me, I have a good Understanding too—Why I shall certainly have the better Opinion of yours, for finding it out now.

*Charles.* Your good Opinion's what I aim at.

*Mar.* Ay, but the more I give it you, the better you'll think of me still; and then I must think the better of you again, and then you the better of me upon that too; and so at last I shall think seriously, and you'll begin to think ill of me. But I hope, Mr. Charles, your good Sense will prevent all this.

*Charles.*

*Charles.* I see my Folly now, and blush at my Presumption; but yet to cure my weaning Heart, and reconcile me to my Doom, be yet sincere, and satisfy one sickly Longing of my Soul.

*Mar.* To my Power, command me.

*Charles.* O! tell me then the Requisites I want, and what's the secret Charm that has preferr'd my Rival to your Heart.

*Mar.* Come then, be chearful, and I'll answer like a Friend. The Gentleness and Modesty of your Temper, would make with mine but an unequal Mixture; with you I should be ungovernable, not know myself; your Compliance would undo me. I am by Nature Vain, Thoughtless, Wild, and Wilful; therefore ask a higher Spirit to controul and lead me. For whatever outward Airs I give myself, I am within convinc'd, a Woman makes a very wrong Figure in Happiness, that does not think Superiority best becomes her Husband.—But what's yet more, tho' I confess you have Qualities uncommon in your Sex, and such as ought to warm a Heart to love; yet here you come too late; Compassion's all within my Power: And I know you cannot but have seen, I am under Obligations, I need not explain to you.

*Charles.* I am satisfied—You treat me with so kind and gentle a Concern, that I must submit to it.

*Mar.* [*Apart.*] Well! when all's done, he's a pretty Fellow; and the first sure, that ever heard Reason against himself with so good an Understanding.

*Enter a Servant with a Letter to Charles.*

*Serv.* Sir, the Colonel order'd me to give this into your own Hands.

*Mar.* From my Brother?—Where is he?

*Serv.* I left him, Madam, at the Secretary's Office with one Sir Charles Trueman, and Mr. Heartly. [*Exit Serv.*]

*Charles.* Ha! my Father! O! Heaven, 'tis his Hand too: Now I tremble!

*Mar.* Come, Sir, take heart; I dare say there's good News in't, and I should be glad to hear it—But no Ceremony; pray read to yourself first.

*Charles.*



Charles. Since you command me, Madam.

[Reads to himself.]

Mar. [Apart.] Lord! how one may live, and learn! I could not have believ'd, that Modesty in a young Fellow could have been so amiable a Virtue: And though, I own, there is I know not what of dear Delight in indulging one's Vanity with them; yet, upon serious Reflection, we must confess, that Truth and Sincerity have a Thousand Charms beyond it. And I now find more Pleasure in my self-denying Endeavours to make this poor Creature easy, than ever I took in humbling the Airs and Assurance of a Man of Quality—I believe I had as good confess all this to *Hearthly*, and ev'n make up the Bustle with him too—But then he will so teaze one for Instances of real Inclination—O Ged—I can't bear the Thought on't—And yet we must come together too—Well! Nature knows the way to be sure, and so I'll ev'n trust to her ser't—Bless me! What's the Matter? you seem'd concern'd, Sir. [To Charles wiping his Tears.]

Charles. I am indeed, but 'tis with Joy! O! Madam! my Father's reconcil'd to me: This Letter is from him.

Mar. Pray let's hear.

Charles. [Reading.]

Dear Charles,

This Day by Colonel Woodvil, I receiv'd the joyful News of your being yet alive, and well: Tho' that's but half my Comfort. He has assur'd me too, you have renounc'd those Principles, that made me think your Death my Happiness. The Services you have intended his Family, and may do the Government, in your just Detection of a Traitor that would ruin both, have been so well receiv'd at Court, and so generously represented there by the Colonel and Mr. *Hearthly*, that they have obtain'd an Order for your Pardon; which I now stay the Passing of, before I throw my Arms about you, that I may leave no Doubt or Fear behind to interrupt the Fulness of my Joy. I am inform'd, that in revealing yourself to a certain fair Lady, you have let fall some Words, that shew you have an innocent, tho' hopeless

*hopeless Passion for her. Your Youth excuses what is past; but now consider how far you owe your Life to Mr. Heartly: I therefore charge you, on my Blessing, to give up every idle Thought of Love, that may interrupt his Happiness, or abate the Merit of what you've done to deserve the Pardon of your Sovereign, or of your affectionate forgiving Father,*

*Charles Truman.*

*Mar.* I am overjoy'd at your good Fortune.

*Charles.* You, Madam, are the Source of all—but I am now unfit to thank you. *[Weeps.]*

*Mar.* You owe me nothing, Sir; Success was all I hoped for.

*Charles.* Pray excuse me—It would be Rudeness to trouble you with the tender Thoughts this must give a Heart oblig'd like mine. *[Exit Charles.]*

*Mar.* Poor Creature! how full his honest Heart is? What early Vicissitudes of Fortune has he run through? Well! this was handsomely done of *Heartly*, considering what he had felt upon his Account, to be so concern'd for his Pardon.

*Enter Lady Woodvil.*

*Lady Wood.* Dear *Maria*, what will become of us? The Tyranny of this subtle Priest is insupportable: He has so fortified himself in Sir *John's* Opinion by this last Misconduct of your Brother, that I begin to lose my usual Power with him.

*Mar.* Pray explain, Madam.

*Lady Wood.* In spite of all I cou'd urge, he is this Minute bringing the Doctor to make his Addresses to you.

*Mar.* I am glad on't; for the Beast must come like a Bear to the Stake, I'm sure: He knows I shall bait him.

*Lady Wood.* No, no, he presses it, to keep Sir *John* still blind to his wicked Design upon me—Therefore I came to give you notice, that you might be prepar'd to receive him.

*Mar.* I am oblig'd to your Ladyship: Our Meeting will be a tender Scene, no doubt on't.

*Lady*

*Lady Wood.* You have heard, I suppose, what an extravagant Settlement your Father has sign'd to.

*Mar.* Yes, Madam; but I am glad your Ladyship's like to be a Gainer by it, however: For when I marry, it will be without the Doctor's Consent, depend upon't.

*Lady Wood.* No, Child, I did not come into Sir *John's* Family with a Design to injure it, or make any one of it my Enemy: Whenever that Four Thousand Pound falls into my Hands, you'll find it as firmly yours, as if it had been given you, without that odious Condition.

*Mar.* Madam, I think myself as much oblig'd by this kind Intention, as the Performance: But if your Ladyship could yet find a way to prove this Hypocrite a private Villain to my Father, I am not without Hopes the Publick will soon have enough against him, to give a Turn to the Settlement.

*Lady Wood.* But suppose that fails, what will become of your poor Brother?

*Mar.* But, dear Madam, I cannot suppose this Fellow must not be hang'd at last; and then, you know, the same honest Hand that ties him up, releases the Settlement.

*Lady Wood.* Not absolutely, neither; for this very House is given him in present, which, tho' that were to be the End of him, would then be forfeited.

*Mar.* Why, then my Brother must ev'n petition the Government. There have been Presidents of the same Favour, Madam. If not, he must pay for his Blundering, and lay his next Plot deeper, I think.

*Lady Wood.* I am glad you are so chearful upon it, however; it looks as if you had something *in Petto* to depend upon. But here comes the Doctor.

*Enter Sir John with the Doctor.*

*Sir John.* Daughter, since you have the Happiness to be thought Amiable in the Eye of this Good Man, I expect you give him an instant Opportunity to improve it into an Amity for Life.

*Mar.* I hope, Sir, I shall give him no Occasion to alter his Opinion of me.



Sir *John*. Why, that's well said; come, Sweet-heart, we'll use no Ceremony.

[*Exit Sir John, with Lady Woodvil, Maria and the Doctor stand some Time mute, in formal Civilities, and a conscious Contempt of each other.*]

*Mar*. Please to sit, Sir.—What can the ugly Cur say to me? He seems a little puzzled. This puts me in mind of the tender Interview between Lady *Charlotte*, and Lord *Hardy* in the Funeral. [Aside.]

*Doct*. Look you, fair Lady, not to make many Words, I am convinc'd, notwithstanding your good Father's Favour, I am not the Person you desire to be alone with, upon this Occasion.

*Mar*. Your Modesty—is pleas'd to be in the right, Sir.

*Doct*. Humh! if I don't flatter myself, you have always had a very ill Opinion of me.

*Mar*. A worse, Sir, of no Mortal breathing.

*Doct*. Humh! and it is likely, it may be immoveable.

*Mar*. No Rock so firm.

*Doct*. Humh! from these Premises then, I may reasonably conclude—you hate me heartily.

*Mar*. Most sincerely, Sir.

*Doct*. Well! there is, however, some Merit in speaking Truth; therefore to be as just on my side, I ought in Conscience to let you know, that I have as cordial a Contempt for you too.

*Mar*. O! fy! you flatter me. [Affecting a Blush.]

*Doct*. Indeed I don't; you wrong your own Imperfections to think so.

*Mar*. These Words from any Tongue but yours, might shock me; but coming from the only Man I hate—they charm me.

*Doct*. Admirable! there seems good Sense in this: Have you never observ'd, Madam, that sometimes the greatest Discords raise the most agreeable Harmony?

*Mar*. Yes. But what do you infer from thence?

*Doct*. That while we still preserve this Temper in our Hate, a mutual Benefit may rise from it.

*Mar*. O! never fear me, Sir; I shall not fly out; being convinc'd, that nothing gives so sharp a Point to one's Aversion,

Aversion, as good Breeding; as, on the contrary, ill Manners often hide a secret Inclination.

*Doct.* Most accurately distinguish'd—Well, Madam, is there no Project you can think of now, to turn this mutual Aversion, as I said, into a mutual Benefit?

*Mar.* None that I know of, unless we were to marry for our mutual Mortification.

*Doct.* What would you give then, to avoid marrying me?

*Mar.* My Life, with Joy, if Death alone cou'd shun you.

*Doct.* When you marry any other Person—my Consent is necessary.

*Mar.* So I hear indeed—But pray, *Doctor*, tell me, how could your Modesty receive so insolent a Power, without putting my poor Father out of Countenance with your Blushes?

*Doct.* You over-rate my Prudence: I sought it not, but he would crowd it in among other Obligations: He is good-natur'd, and I could not shock him by a Refusal. Wou'd you have had me plainly told him, what a despicable Opinion I had of his Daughter?

*Mar.* Or rather, what a favourable one you had of his Wife, Sir?

*Doct.* Humh! you seem to lose your Temper.

*Mar.* Why do you suppose, the whole Family does not see it, except my Father?

*Doct.* If you will keep your Temper, I have something to propose to you.

*Mar.* Your Reproof is just; but I only rais'd my Voice, to let you know, I know you.

*Doct.* You might have spar'd your Pains, it being of no Consequence to my Proposal, what you think of me.

*Mar.* Not unlikely. Come, Sir, I am ready to receive it.

*Doct.* In one Word then—I take it for granted, that you would marry Mr. *Heartly*—Am I right?

*Mar.* Once in your Life, you are.

*Doct.* Nay, no Compliments; let us be plain—Would you marry him?

*Mar.* You are mighty nice, methinks—Well—I would.

*Doct.* Then I won't consent to it—Now, if you have any Proposal to make me—so—if not, our Amour's at an end; and we part as Civil Enemies, as if we had been married this Twelvemonth—Think of it.

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] O the mercenary Villain, he wants to have a Fellow-feeling, I find—What shall I do with him—bite him—pretend to comply, and make my Advantage of it—Well, Sir, I understand every thing but the Sum—if we agree upon that, it's a Bargain.

*Doct.* Half.

*Mar.* What, Two Thousand Pound for your Consent only?

*Doct.* Why, is not Two Thousand Pound worth Two Thousand Pound? Don't you actually get so much by it? Is not the half better than nothing? Come, come, say, I have us'd you like a Friend.

*Mar.* Nay, I think it's the only civil Thing you have done, since you came into the Family.

*Doct.* Do you then make your Advantage of it.

*Mar.* Why, as you say, *Doctor*, 'tis better than nothing. But how is my Father to be brought into this?

*Doct.* Leave that to my Management.

*Mar.* What Security tho' do you expect for this Money?

*Doct.* Oh, when I deliver my Consent in Writing, *Heartly* shall lay it me down in *Bank-Bills*.

*Mar.* Well! on one Proviso, I'll undertake that too.

*Doct.* Name it.

*Mar.* Upon your immediately owning to my Father, that you are willing to give up your Interest to Mr. *Heartly*.

*Doct.* Humh! stay—I agree to it—you shall have Proof of it this Evening—But in the mean time, let me warn you too; Don't expect, after I have hinted what you desire to your Father, to make your Advantages now by betraying me to him. You know my Power there; if you do, I can easily give it a Counter-Turn; So discover what you please, I shall only pity you.

*Mar.* O! I shall not stand in my own Light; I know your Power, and your Conscience too well, dear *Doctor*.

*Doct.* Nay, I dare depend upon your being true to  
your



your own Interest. Here comes your Father, I will break it to him immediately. You'll prepare Mr. Heartly in the mean time.

*Mar.* Without fail.

*Doct.* I am satisfied.

*Enter Sir John.*

*Sir John.* Well, Sir, is my Daughter prudent? Has she at last, a true and virtuous Sense of Happiness?

*Doct.* She understands me better than I hoped, Sir.

*Mar.* Well said Equivocation.

[*Afide.*

*Doct.* If you please, Sir *John*, we'll take a Turn in the Garden, I have something there to offer to you.

*Sir John.* With all my Heart, Sir, — *Maria.* —

There's a Toy for thee — Now thou art again my Daughter.

[*Gives her a Ring.*

Come, Sir, I wait on you. [*Exeunt Sir John and Doctor.*

*Mar.* What this Fellow's Original was, I know not; but by his Conscience and Cunning, he would make an admirable Jesuit — Here comes my Brother, and I hope with a good Account of him — Well! Brother, What Success?

*Enter Colonel.*

*Col.* All that my honest heart could wish for — Substantial Affidavits! that will puzzle him to Answer; I have planted a Messenger at the next Door, who has a Warrant in his Pocket, when I give the Word, to take him.

*Mar.* Why should not you do it immediately, he's now in the Garden with my Father.

*Col.* No; our seizing him now for Treason, I am afraid won't convince my Father of his Villainy: My Design is not only to get my Father out of his Hands, but to drive the pernicious Principles he has instill'd, out of my Father too.

*Mar.* That I doubt will be difficult.

*Col.* Not at all, if we can first prove him a private Villain to him. My Father's Honesty will soon reflect, and may receive as sudden a Turn as his Credulity.

*Mar.* That's true again; and I hope I am furnish'd with a new Occasion to begin the Alarm to him.

*Col.* Pray what is't?

*Mar.* Not to trouble you with Particulars; but in short, I have agreed with the *Doctor*, that *Heartly* shall give him Two Thousand Pounds for his Consent; without which, you know, by my Father's late Settlement, *Heartly* and I can never come together.

*Col.* And does the Monster really insist upon't?

*Mar.* Not only that, but ev'n defies me to make an Advantage of the Discovery.

*Col.* One would think the Villain suspects his Footing in the Family is but short-liv'd, he is in such Haste to have his Pennyworths out on't. But pr'ythee, Sister, What Secret's this, that you have yet behind in those Writings that *Charles* brought to you?

*Mar.* O! that's what I can't yet tell you.

*Col.* Why, pray?

*Mar.* Because, when you have done all you can, I am resolv'd to reserve some Merit against him to myself.

*Col.* But why do you suppose I would not assist in it?

*Mar.* You can't, it's now too late.

*Col.* Pshaw! this is rash, and ridiculous.

*Mar.* Ay, may be so; I suppose *Heartly* will be of that Opinion too: But if he is, you had better advise him to keep it to himself.

*Col.* You will have your obstinate Way, I find.

*Mar.* It can't be worse than yours, I'm sure; remember how you came off in your last Project; I know you meant well, but you are disinherited for all that.

*Col.* That's no Surprise to me; but I am ashamed however.

*Mar.* By the way; What have you done with *Heartly*? why is he not here?

*Col.* He has been here, but you must excuse him; he was oblig'd to call in Haste for *Charles*, whom he took home with him in his own Coach, where his Father waited to receive him.

*Mar.* The poor Boy by this Time then has seen him. Sure their meeting must have been a moving Sight; I would

would give the World methinks for a true Account of it.

*Col.* You'll have it from *Heartly* by and by; 'tis at h's House they meet: The Father, Sir *Charles Trueman*, happened to be *Heartly's* intimate Acquaintance.

*Mar.* Well! I own *Heartly* has gained upon me by this.

*Col.* I am glad to hear that at least. But I must let my Lady know what Progress we have made in the *Doctor's* Business, and beg her Assistance to finish him. [*Ex. Col.*]

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, Mr. *Heartly*.

*Mar.* Desire him to walk in.

*Enter Heartly.*

*Hear.* To find you thus alone, Madam, was an Happiness I did not expect from the Temper of our last parting.

*Mar.* I should have been as well pleas'd now to have been thank'd, as reproach'd for my good Nature; but you will be in the Right, I find.

*Hear.* Indeed you take me wrong; I literally meant, that I was afraid you would not so soon think I had deserv'd this Favour.

*Mar.* Well, then, one of us has been in the Wrong at least.

*Hear.* 'Twas I, I own it—More is not in my Power; all the Amends that have been, I have made you: My very Joy of seeing you, has waited, 'till what you had at Heart unask'd, was perfected; my own Pardon was postpon'd, 'till I had secur'd one ev'n for a Rival's Life, whom you so justly had compassionated.

*Mar.* Pooh! but why would you say *unask'd* now? Don't you consider your doing it so, is half the Merit of the Action?—Lord! you have no Art; you should have left me to have taken Notice of that; only imagine now, how kind, and handsome an Acknowledgment you have robb'd me of?

*Hear.* And yet how artfully you have paid it? With what a wanton, charming Ease you play upon my Tenderness?



Mar. Well, but was not you silly now?

Hear. [*Gazing on her.*] Come—You shall not be serious—You can't be more agreeable.

Mar. O! but I am serious.

Hear. Then I'll be so—Do you forgive me all?

Mar. What. [*Looking on her Fan, as not hearing him.*

Hear. Are we Friends, Maria?

Mar. O Lord! but you have told me nothing of poor Charles; Pray how did his Father receive him?

Hear. Must you needs know that, before you answer me?

Mar. Lord! you are never well till you have talk'd one out of Countenance.

Hear. Come, I won't be too particular, you shall answer nothing—Give me but your Hand only.

Mar. Pshah! I won't pull off my Glove, not I.

Hear. I'll take it as it is then.

Mar. Lord! there, there, eat it, eat it.

[*Putting it awkwardly to him.*

Hear. And so I could, by Heav'n.

[*Kisses it eagerly, and pulls off her Glove.*

Mar. O my Glove! my Glove! my Glove!—Pooh! you are in a perfect Storm! Lord! if you make such a Rout with ones Hand only, What would you do if you had ones Heart?

Hear. That's impossible to tell—But you were asking me of Charles, Madam.

Mar. O! ay, that's true! Well, now you are good again——Come tell me all that Affair, and then you shall see——how I will like you. [*Wantonly.*

Hear. O! that I could thus play with Inclination!

Mar. Pshah! but you don't tell me now.

Hear. There is not much to tell—Where two such tender Passions met, Words had but faintly spoke them. The Son conducted to the Door, with sudden Fear stop't short, and bursting into Sighs, o'er-charg'd with Shame, and Joy, had almost fainted in my Arms: The Father, touch'd with his Concern, mov'd forward with a kindly Smile to meet him. At this he took new Life, and springing from his Hold, fell prostrate at his Feet; where  
mute,

mute, and trembling, for a while he lay: At length with streaming Eyes, and faltering Tongue, he begg'd his Blessing, and his Pardon. The tender Father caught him in his Arms, and dropping his fond Head upon his Cheek, kiss'd him, and sigh'd out, *Heaven protect thee!* then gave into his Hand the Royal Pardon; and turning back his Face to dry his Manly Eyes, he cry'd, *Deserve this Royal Mercy, Charles, and I am still thy Father.* The grateful Youth, raising his Heart-swollen Voice, reply'd, *May Heaven preserve the Royal Life that gave it.* But here, their Passions grew too strong for farther Speech: Silent Embraces, alternate Sighs, and mingling Tears, were all their Language now. The moving Scene became too tender for my Eyes, and call'd methought, for Privacy; there unperceiv'd I left them, to recover into breathing Sense, and utterable Joy.

*Mar.* Well! of all the inmost Transports of the Soul, there's none that dance into the Heart, like friendly Reconcilements.

*Hear.* Those Transports might be ours, *Maria*, would you but try your Power to pardon.

*Mar.* Which of those Two now do you think was happiest at that Meeting?

*Hear.* O! the Father, doubtless: Great Souls feel a kind of honest Glory in forgiving, that far exceeds the Transport of receiving Pardon.

*Mar.* Now I think to bend the stubborn Mind to ask it, is an equal Conquest; and the Joy superior to receive, where the Heart wishes to be under Obligations.

*Hear.* Put me into the happy Boy's Condition, and I may then, perhaps, resolve you better.

*Mar.* You shall positively bring him into Acquaintance.

*Hear.* Upon my Word I will.

*Mar.* And shew him to all the Women of Taste; and I'll have you call him my pretty Fellow too.

*Hear.* I will indeed: But hear me—

*Mar.* I'm positive, if he had White Stockings he would cut down all the Dangers at Court in a Fortnight!

*Hear.* O! no doubt ont; but—

*Mar.*

*Mar.* You can't conceive how prettily he makes Love now.

*Hear.* Not so well, as you make your Defence, *Maria*.

*Mar.* O Lord! I had forgot——he's to teach me Greek too.

*Hear.* O, the trifling Tyrant! How long, *Maria*, do you think you can find out new Evasions for what I say unto you?

*Mar.* Lord, you are horrid silly! But since 'tis Love that makes you such a Dance——poor *Hearthy*,——I forgive you.

*Enter Colonel unseen.*

*Hear.* That's kind, however——But to compleat my Joy, be kinder yet——and——

*Mar.* O! I can't, I can't——Lord! did you never ride a Horse-Match?

*Hear.* Was ever so wild a Question?

*Mar.* Because if you have, it runs in my Head, you certainly gallop'd a Mile beyond the Winning-Post to make sure on't.

*Hear.* Now I understand you: But since you will have me touch every Thing so very tenderly, *Maria*, How shall I find proper Words to ask you the Lover's last necessary Question?

*Mar.* O! there's a Thousand Points to be adjusted, before that's answer'd.

*Col.* [*Coming unexpectedly between them.*] Name them this Moment then, for positively this is the last Time of asking.

*Mar.* Pishah! Who sent for you?

*Col.* I only came to teach you to speak plain English, my Dear.

*Mar.* Lord! mind your own Business, can't you?

*Col.* So I will; for I will make you do more of yours in Two Minutes, than you would have done without me in a Twelvemonth. Why, how now! What! do you think the Man's to dangle after your ridiculous Airs for ever?

*Mar.* This is mighty pretty.

*Col.*



Col. You'll say so on *Thursday* Sevensnight, (for let Affairs take what Turn they will in the Family ;) that's positively your Wedding-Day—Nay, you sha'n't stir.

Mar. Was ever such Assurance?

Hear. Upon my Life, Madam, I am out of Countenance: I don't know how to behave myself to him.

Mar. No, no, let him go on, only——This is beyond whatever was known, sure!

Hear. Admirable! I hope it will come to something.

[*Afide.*

Col. Ha! ha! If I were to leave you to your selves now, what a Couple of pretty out-of-Countenance Figures you would make; Humming and Hawing upon the vulgar Points of Jointure, and Pin-Money——Come, come! I know what's proper o'both Sides, you shall leave it to me.

Hear. I had rather *Maria* would name her own Terms to me.

Col. Have you a Mind to any Thing particular?

[*To Maria.*

Mar. Why sure! What! Do you think I'm only to be fill'd out here as you please, and sweetned, and supp'd up like a Dish of *Bobea*.

Col. Why, pray Madam, when your Tea's ready, what have you to do but to drink it? But you, I suppose, expect a Lover's Heart, like your Lamp, should be always flaming at your Elbow, and when it's ready to go out, you indolently supply it with the Spirit of Contradiction.

Mar. And so you suppose, that your Assurance has made an End of this Matter?

Col. Not till you have given him your Hand upon it.

Mar. That then would compleat it?

Col. Perfectly.

Mar. Why then take it, *Heartily.*

[*Giving her Hand to Heartly.*

Hear. O soft Surprise! Extatick Joy.

Mar. Now I presume you are in high Triumph, Sir.

[*To the Col.*

Col.

*Col.* No, Sister, now you are consistent with that good Sense I always thought you Mistress of.

*Mar.* I'm afraid Mr. *Heartly*, we are both oblig'd to him.

*Hear.* If you think so, *Maria*, my Heart—  
Is under double Obligations laid. [*Embracing him.*]

*Col.* —If it cements our Friendship, I am overpaid.  
[*Exeunt.*]



## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Heartly, and Maria,*

*Mar.* **W**ELL, now, *Heartly*, now you have nothing to do but to look forward, and, if possible, to forget what I have been to you: Though 'tis a horrid Restraint you lay upon our Sex: You first make it the Business of your Lives to blow up our Vanity, and then preposterously expect we should be prudent and humble: That is, you invite us to a Feast, where 'tis criminal to taste, or have an Appetite; You put a Sword into a Child's Hand, and then are angry if it does Mischief.

*Hear.* You give up too much, *Maria*; I never treated you so: What might have been Flattery to most Women, was but honest Truth to you.

*Mar.* Why look you there now! Is not that enough to turn any poor Woman into a Changeling?

*Hear.* No, because 'tis true; charge me with a Falshood and I submit.

*Mar.* Nay then, did you not once tell me, that all my Airs and Follies were merely put on in Compliance to the World, and that good Sense was only natural to me; that ev'n my Affectation (I have not forgot your Words) carried more Sincerity, than the serious Vows of other Women.

*Hear.*

*Hear.* By all my Happiness I think so still.

*Mar.* What, seriously?

*Hear.* Upon my Soul I do.

*Mar.* Lord! that's delightful! Do you really love me then, *Heartly*? Do, tell me, for now I begin to believe every Thing you say to me. But don't neither—I am vain still—'Twas my Vanity that made me ask you.

*Hear.* Now I don't take it so.

*Mar.* There was some in't I am sure, tho' it begins to dwindle, I can tell you.

*Hear.* No matter, I love you as you are, I would not have you lose your Pleasantry, *Maria*.

*Mar.* Well, do, let me be silly sometimes.

*Hear.* O! I can play with you, for that Matter.

*Mar.* Pshah! you'll laugh at me.

*Hear.* Not while you are good in Essentials.

*Mar.* Indeed I'll be very good.

*Hear.* O fy! that will be the way to make me so.

*Mar.* Lord! What signifies Sense, where there is so much Pleasure in Folly?

*Hear.* No perfect Passion ever was without it; the Pleasure would subside were we always to be wise in it.

*Mar.* For my Part I think so: But will you really stand to the Agreement tho', that I have made with the Doctor?

*Hear.* Why not? You shall not break your Word upon my Account, though he might be a Villain you gave it to.

*Mar.* Well, I take it as a Compliment; not but I have some Hopes of getting over it, and justly too; but don't let me tell you now. I love to surprize—Tho' you shall know all, if you desire it.

*Hear.* No, *Maria*, I don't want the Secret; I am satisfied in your Inclination to trust me.

*Mar.* Well then, I'll keep the Secret, only to shew you, that you upon Occasion may trust me with one.

*Hear.* After that, *Maria*, it would be wronging you to ask it: But pray, Madam, has the Doctor yet given you any Proof of his having declin'd his Interest to your Father?

*Mar.*



*Mar.* Yes, he told me just now, he had brought him to pause upon it, and does not question in Two Days to compleat it; but desires in the mean time you will be ready and punctual with the *Premium*.

*Hear.* Suppose I should talk with Sir *John* myself; 'tis true he has slighted me of late, but however, I ought at least to ask his Consent, though I have but little Hopes of it.

*Mar.* By all Means, do so——Here he comes——This may open another Scene of Action too, that we are preparing for.

*Enter Sir John, and Lady Woodvil, who walks apart with Maria.*

*Sir John.* Mr. *Heartly*, I am glad I have met with you here.

*Hear.* I have endeavour'd twice to Day, Sir, to pay my Respects to you.

*Sir John.* Sir, I'll be plain with you—I went out to avoid you; but where the Welfare of a Child is concern'd, you must not take it ill, if we don't stand upon Ceremony.——However, since I have Reason now to be more in Temper, than perhaps I was, at that Time, I should be glad to talk with you.

*Hear.* I take it as a Favour, Sir.

*Sr John.* Sir,—Doctor *Wolf* informs me, that he is well assured you were born the Year before the Revolution: Now, Sir, I should be glad to be well satisfied in that Point; a greater Consequence depending on it, perhaps, than you imagine.

*Hear.* Sir, I have been always told that was my Age; but for your farther Satisfaction I appeal to the Register.

*Sir John.* Sir, I dare believe you, and am glad to hear it.

*Hear.* But pray, Sir, may I beg leave to ask, why you are so concerned to know this.

*Sir John.* Because Sir, if this be true, I am satisfied you may be a *regular Christian*; the Doubt of which, may have, perhaps, done you some Disservice in my private Opinion.

*Hear.*

*Hear.* Sir, if that can reconcile me to it, I shall be thankful for the Benefit, without considering why I that way came to deserve it.

*Sir John.* That Argument might hold us now too long——But, Sir,——here's the Case——your Principles and mine have the Misfortune to differ: Yours being (as I take it) entirely on the Revolution Side.

*Hear.* If I am not misinform'd, Sir, you yourself commanded a Regiment in Defence of it.

*Sir John.* I did so, and thought it just.——'Twould be fruitless, perhaps, to offer you the Reasons, that since have alter'd my Opinion: But now, Sir, even supposing that I err in Principle, you must still allow, that Conscience is the Rule that every honest Man ought to walk by.

*Hear.* 'Tis granted, Sir.

*Sir John.* Then give me leave to tell you, Sir, that giving you my Daughter, would be to act against that Conscience I pretend to, and consequently the same Ties oblige me to bestow her, where the same Principles with mine, I think deserve her——Now, Sir, consult your own Honour, and tell me, how you can still pursue my Daughter, without doing Violence to mine?

*Hear.* But, Sir, to shorten this Dispute, suppose the Doctor (whom I presume you design her for) actually consents to give me up his Interest; might not that soften your Objections to me?

*Sir John.* But why do you suppose, Sir, he would give up his Interest?

*Hear.* I only judge from what your Daughter tells me, Sir.

*Sir John.* My Daughter!

*Hear.* I appeal to her.

*Mar.* And I appeal ev'n to yourself, Sir——Has not the Doctor just now in the Garden spoke in Favour of Mr. *Heartly* to you? Nay, pray, Sir, be plain, because more depends on that, than you can easily imagine or believe.

Sir

*Sir John.* What senseless Insinuation have you got in your Head now?

*Mar.* Be so kind, Sir, first to answer me, that I may be better able to inform you.

*Sir John.* Well, I own he has declin'd his Interest; in Favour of Mr. *Heartly*: But I must tell you, Madam, he did it in so modest, so friendly, so good-natur'd, so conscientious a Manner, that I now think myself more than ever bound in Honour to espouse him.

*Mar.* But now, Sir, (only for Argument's Sake) suppose I could prove, that all this seeming Virtue was utterly Artificial; that his Regard to Mr. *Heartly* was neither founded upon Modesty, Friendship, Good-Nature, nor Conscience; or in short, that he has basely betray'd and sold the Trust you made him; like a Villain barter'd, bargain'd to give me to Mr. *Heartly*, for half the Four Thousand Pound you have valued his Consent at. I say, suppose this were the Case, where would be his Virtue then, Sir?

*Sir John.* And I say 'tis impious to suppose it.

*Hear.* Under Favour, Sir, how is it possible your Daughter could know the Doctor had spoke to you upon this Head, if he himself had not told her so, in Consequence of his Agreement?

*Sir John.* Sir, I don't admit your Consequence: Her knowing it from him is no Proof, that he might not still resign her from a Principle of Modesty or Good-Nature.

*Mar.* Then, Sir, from what Principle must you suppose that I accuse him?

*Sir John.* From an obstinate Prejudice to all that's Good and Virtuous.

*Mar.* That's too hard, Sir. What Blot has stain'd my Life, that you can think so of me. But, Sir, the worst your Opinion can provoke me to, is to marry Mr. *Heartly*, without either his Consent or yours.

*Sir John.* What, do you brave me, Madam?

*Mar.* [In Tears.] No Sir, but I Scorn a Lye, and will so far vindicate my Integrity, as to insist on your believing me, if not, as a Child whom you abandon;



I have a right to throw myself into other Arms for Protection.

Hear. O Maria! how thy Spirit Charms me?

[*Apart to her.*

Sir John. I am confounded! those Tears cannot be Counterfeit, nor can this be True.

Lady Wood. Indeed my Dear, I fear it is, it would be Cruel to her Concern to think it wholly false, can you suppose she'd urge so gross an Accusation only to expose herself to the Justice of your Resentment?

Sir John. What are you against him too? then he has no Friend but me, and I cannot, at so short a warning, give him up to Infamy, and Baseness.

Lady Wood. Good Sir, be compos'd, and ask your Heart one farther Question.

Sir John. What would you say to me?

Lady Wood. In all our mutual Course of Happiness, have I ever yet deceiv'd you with a Falshood?

Sir John. Never, I grant it, nor has my honest Heart yet wrong'd thy Goodness with a jealous Thought of it.

Lady Wood. Would you then believe me, should I accuse him too? even of Crimes, that Virtue blushes but to mention.

Sir John. To what Extravagance would you drive me?

Lady Wood. I would before have undeceiv'd you, when his late Artifice turn'd the honest Duty of your Son, into his own Reproach, and Ruin: But knowing then your Temper was inaccessible, I durst not offer it. But now, in better Hope of being believ'd, I here avow the Truth of all he was accus'd of then.

Sir John. Will you distract me? my Senses could not be deceiv'd.

Lady Wood. Indeed they were, he saw you listning, and at the Instant turn'd his impious barefac'd Love to me, into equivocal Intercessions pretending to Maria.

Sir John. You startle me.

Lady Wood. Could you otherwise suppose, your Son would have brought you to be Witness of his own weak Malice in Accusing him?

Sir John. I'm all Astonishment!

Lady

*Lady Wood.* Come, Sir, suspend your Wonder, respit<sup>e</sup> your Belief ev'n of this, till grosser Evidence convinces you: Suppose I here, before your Face, should let you see his Villainy, make him repeat his odious Love to me, at once throw off his Mask, and shew the barefac'd Traytor.

*Sir John.* Is it possible? Make me but Witness of that Fact, and I shall soon accuse myself, and own my Folly equal to his Baseness: But pardon me, as I in such a Case would not believe, ev'n him accusing you, so am I bound in equal Charity to think, you yet may be deceiv'd, in what you charge on him.

*Lady Wood.* 'Tis just—let it be so—we'll yet suppose him Innocent, till you yourself pronounce him Guilty; and since I have stak'd my Faith upon the Truth of what I urge, 'tis fit we bring him to immediate Tryal. But then, Sir, I must beg you to descend ev'n to the poor Shifts we are reduc'd to.

*Sir John.* All, to any thing to ease me of my Doubts, propose them.

*Lady Wood.* They that would set Toils for Beasts of Prey, must lurk in humble Caves to watch their Haunts.

*Sir John.* Place me where you please.

*Lady Wood.* Under this Table is your only Stand, the Carpet will conceal you.

*Sir John.* Be it so, I'll take my Post, what more?

*Lady Wood.* Mr. *Hearshy*, shall we beg your Leave, and you *Maria*, take the least suspected way to send the *Doctor* to me immediately.

*Mar.* I have a Thought will do it, Madam,—come Sir.

[Exit *Mar.* and *Hear.*

*Lady Wood.* Here Sir, take this Cushion, you will be easier. [*Sir John goes under the Table.*] Now Sir, you must consider how desperate a Disease I have undertaken to cure, therefore you must not winch nor stir too soon, at any Freedom you observe me take with him; be sure lie close and still, and when the Proof is full, appear at your Discretion.

*Sir John.* Fear not, I'll be patient.

*Lady Wood.* Hush! he comes.

*Enter*

*Enter Doctor with a Book.*

*Doct.* Your Woman told me, Madam, you were here alone, and desir'd to speak with me.

*Lady Wood.* I did, Sir, but that we may be sure we are alone, pray shut the outward Door, and see that Passage too be clear, another Surprize might ruin us—— is all safe?

*Doct.* I have taken care, Madam.

*Lady Wood.* I am afraid I interrupt your Meditations.

*Doct.* Say rather you improve them: You, Madam, were the subject of my solitary Thoughts, I take in all the little aids I can to guard my Frailty, and truly I have receiv'd great Consolation from an unfortunate Example here before me.

*Lady Wood.* Pray of what kind, Sir?

*Doct.* I had just dipt into poor *Eloisa's* Passion for *Abelard*: It is indeed a piteous Conflict! How terrible! How penitent a Sense she shews of guilty Pleasures past, and fruitless Pains to shut them from her Memory.

*Lady Wood.* I have read her Story, Sir.

*Doct.* Is it not pitiful?

*Lady Wood.* A Heart of Stone might feel for her.

*Doct.* O! think then, what I endure for you, such are my Pains, but such is my Sincerity, tho' I fear my being reduc'd to feign a Passion for *Maria*, in my late Surprize, has done dishonour to the Vows I then prefer'd to you.

*Lady Wood.* 'Twas on that point, I wanted now to talk with you, not knowing then, how far you might mistake my Silence: Now had I clos'd with the Colonel in accusing you, it would have been plain I was your Enemy; as had I join'd in your Defence against him, it had been as grossly evident I was his; but since I have uses for his Friendship, and, as I saw your Credit with Sir *John* needed no support, I hope you'll think betwixt the two Extremes I have acted but a prudent Part.

*Doct.* Let me presume to hope then, what I did, you judge was Self-Defence, and pure Necessity.

*Lady Wood.* 'Twas wonderful! Surprising to Perfection!



tion! The Wit of it—but I won't tell you, what Effect it had upon me.

*Doct.* Why, Madam? let me beseech you.

*Lady Wood.* No, 'twas nothing—beside—what need you ask me?

*Doct.* Why do you thus decoy my foolish Heart, and feed it, with such *Hybla* Drops of Flattery? You cannot sure think kindly of me.

*Lady Wood.* O well feign'd Fear! You too, I find can flatter in your Turn: You know how well the subtle force of Modesty prevails. O Men! Men! Men!

*Doct.* 'Twere Arrogance to think I have deserv'd this Goodness: But treat me as you please, I'll be at least sincere to you, and frankly own, I still suspect, that all this softning Favour is but Artifice.

*Lady Wood.* Well! well! I'd have you think so.

*Doct.* What Transport would it give, to be assur'd I wrong you! but O! I fear this Shadow of Compliance is only meant to lure me from *Maria*, and then as fond *Ixion's* were of old, to fill my Arms with Air.

*Lady Wood.* Methinks this Doubt of me, seems rather founded on your second Thoughts of not resigning her; 'tis she, I find is your substantial Happiness.

*Doct.* O that you could but fear I thought so! how easy 'twere to prove my Coldness, or my Love.

*Lady Wood.* O, Sir, you have convinc'd me now of both.

*Doct.* Can all this pretty Anger then be real? take heed, fair Creature, it flatters more, than Kindness.

*Lady Wood.* I can assure you, Sir, I should have spar'd you this trouble, had I known how deeply you were engag'd to her.

*Doct.* Nay then I must believe you: but indeed you wrong me, to prove my Innocence, 'tis not an Hour since I press'd Sir *John* to give *Maria* to young *Heartly*.

*Lady Wood.* O! all Artifice! you knew that modest Resignation, would make Sir *John* but warmer in your Interest.

*Doct.* Since you will rip the Secret from my Heart  
—know then, I actually have sold her, like a  
Bawble,

Bawble, to her childish Lover, for two thousand times her Value.

Lady Wood. Are you serious?

Doct. As this is true, or false, may I in you be blest, or miserable.

Lady Wood. But how can you suppose Sir John will ever hear of it.

Doct. Alas! poor Man! he knows not his own Weakness, he's molded into any Shape, if you but gently stroke his Humour: I dare depend on his Consent—beside, I intend To-morrow to persuade him 'tis for the Interest of our Cause, it should be so, and then I have him sure.

Lady Wood. Fy! how is that possible? he can't be so implicitly Credulous. You don't take him sure for a Roman Catholick.

Doct. Um——not absolutely——But, poor Soul! he little thinks how near he is one. 'Tis true, name to him but Rome, or Popery, he startles, as at a Monster: But gild its grossest Doctrines with the Stile of English Catholick, he swallows down the Poison, like a Cordial.

Lady Wood. Nay, if he's so far within your Power, it cannot fail. He must consent: Well, Sir, now I give you leave to guess the Reason, why I too, at our last Meeting, so warmly prest you to resign Maria.

Doct. Is it possible? was I then so early your Concern?

Lady Wood. You cannot blame me sure, for having there oppos'd your Happiness.

Doct. I dye upon the Transport. [Taking her Hand.

Lady Wood. Be sure you are secret now: Your least Imprudence makes these, like Fairy Favours vanish in a Moment.

Doct. How can you form so vain a Fear?

Lady Wood. Call it not vain, for let our Converse end in what it may, you still shall find, my Fame is dear to me, as Life.

Doct. Where can it find so sure a Guard? the grave Austerity of my Life will strike Suspicion dumb, and yours may mock the Malice of Detraction: I am no Giddy

Giddy, Loose-Liv'd Courtier, whose false Professions end only in his Boast of Favours: No, fair spotless Miracle, the Mysteries of Love are only fit for Hearts re-cluse, and elevate as mine: My Happiness, like yours, depending on my Secrecy.

*Lady Wood.* 'Tis you must answer for this Folly.

*Doct.* I take it whole upon myself, the Guilt be only mine, but be our Transports mutual — come lovely Creature, let us withdraw to Privacy, where murmuring Love shall hush thy Fears, and lose them in the Burning Joy.

[*Sir John stepping softly behind him seizes him by the Throat.*

*Sir John.* Traytor!

*Doct.* Ah! [*Astonish'd.*]

*Sir John.* Is this thy Sanctity? this thy Doctrine! these thy Meditations! If stung with my Abuses I now should stab thee to the Heart, what Devil durst murmur 'twere not an Act of Justice? But since thy vile Hypocrioy unmask'd, must make Mankind abhor thee, be thy own Shame, thy living Punishment.

*Doct.* Do! Triumph Sir——your Artifice has well succeeded——I see your Ends! you needed not so deep a Plot to part with me. [*Trembling.*

*Sir John.* Suppress thy weak Evasions——Ungrateful Wretch! Have I for this redeem'd thee from the Jaws of gaping Poverty, Fed, Cloath'd, Lov'd, Preferr'd thee to my Bosom, to my Family, and Fortune? Wife, Children, Friends, Servants, all that were not Friends to thee, accounted as my Enemies; nay more to crown my Faith in thee, I have relied on thy Integrity ev'n for my future Happiness: And how hast thou, in one short Day requited me? Taking the Advantage of my blinded Passion, thou hast turn'd the Duty of my Son to his Undoing; Sordidly hast sold the Trust I made thee of my Daughter, attempted, like a felonious Traytor, to seduce my Wife, and hast, I fear, with poisonous Doctrines too ensnar'd my Soul.

*Lady Wood.* Now Heav'n be prais'd his Heart seems conscious of his Error. [*Aside.*

Sir



Sir John. But why do I reproach thee? had I nor been the weakest of Mankind, thou never couldst have prov'd so great a Villain——whether Heaven intends all this to punish, or to save me, yet I know not; my Senses stagger at the View, and my Reflexion's lost in wild Astonishment. [*He stands musing.*]

Doct. This Snare was worthy of you, Madam, 'tis you have made this Villain of me [*Apart to Lady Wood:*

Lady Wood. You would have made me worse, but I have only shewn him what you were before.

Doct. I thank you.

Lady Wood. Thank your own Ingratitude, and Wickedness; But I must now pursue my Victory. [*Exit Lady W.*]

Doct. [*Apart.*] No it ends not here. He was not brought to listen to this Proof alone! There's something deeper yet designed against me—I must be speedy—suppose I talk with Charles, alarm him with our common Danger, point out his Ruin as our only Means of Safety, and like the Panther in the Toil provok'd, turn short with Vengeance on my Hunters?

Sir John. What! still within my Sight! of all my Follies, which is it tells thee, that I now shall keep my Temper.

Doct. [*Turning boldly to him.*] Whom do you menace, me, Sir? Reflect upon your own Condition first, and where you are.

Sir John. What would the Villain drive at! I pr'ythee leave me, I cannot look on thee! thy over-bearing Insolence confounds me: But since thy Wickedness has turn'd my Eyes upon myself, and to thy Crimes detected, I hope to owe my future Innocence, as the sore Wound the Viper gives, the Viper best can cure: For that one Good may Heaven like me forgive thee: But seek thy Biding in some other Place——out of my House this Instant, Hence! begone! and see my shameful Face no more.

Doct. Nay then, 'tis Time to be myself, and let you know, that I am Master here, Turn you out, Sir, this House is mine! and now, Sir, at your Peril dare to insult me.

*Sir John.* O! Heaven! 'tis true, thou hast disarm'd my Justice, and turn'd its Sword into my own weak Bosom—I had forgot my Folly, 'tis fit it should be so, and Heaven is just, at once to let me see my Crime, and Punishment—O my poor injur'd Son!—Whither shall I fly to hide me from the World?

*Enter Lady Woodvil.*

*Lady Wood.* Whither are you going, Sir?

*Sir John.* I know not—but here it seems I am a Trespasser—the Master of this House has warn'd me hence, and since the Right is now in him, 'tis just I should resign it.

*Lady Wood.* You shall not stir: He dares not act with such abandon'd Insolence, No, Sir, Possession still is yours, if he pretends a Right, let him by open Course of Law maintain it.

*Doct.* Are these the Shifts you are reduc'd to? no, Madam, I shall not wait so slow a Vengeance, you'll find I have a shorter way to rout you.—Here! *Charles!*

*[Exit Doctor.]*

*Sir John.* Nay then there is an end of all—I have provok'd a Serpent—my Life, I see, must pay the Forfeit of my Folly!

*Lady Wood.* Come, Sir, take Heart! your Life, in spite of him, is free, and I hope your Actions too: However, tell me freely, have you rashly done any thing, for which the Law may Question you?

*Sir John.* I think, not strictly, 'tis true I have lately trusted him with Sums of Money, which he pretended, if accounted for, might endanger both of us.

*Lady Wood.* O! the subtle Villain! those Sums are innocent, I dare answer for them: But is there nothing more?

*Sir John.* Not, that I can call to mind, more criminal.

*Lady Wood.* Pray tell the worst, that we may arm against him.

*Sir John.* Sometimes with my own Hand, I have reliev'd the wants of wretched Prisoners to the State.

*Lady Wood.* We have no Laws that frown on Acts of  
Charity,

Charity, if that were Criminal, the Government itself is guilty.

Sir *John*. How far our private Converse may affect me——That I know not. If *Charles* betrays me not, I think his Malice cannot reach me.

Lady *Wood*. Then Sir, be easy, for he has lost his Influence there: *Charles* has long since perceiv'd his Villany, and grew from thence a secret Convert to the Cause of Truth, and Loyalty; of which he has given such meritorious Proof, that Mr. *Heartly*, and your Son, this very Day, Sir, have obtain'd his Pardon.

Sir *John*. You tell me Wonders! Pardon'd! and a Convert say you! how strongly are our Hearts persuaded by Example! what Darknels have I wander'd in! How amiable is such Royal Mercy! yet with what hardned Malice has that Slave traduced it?

*Enter Maria hastily.*

Mar. O Sir! I am frighted out of my Senses! for Heaven's sake be gone! Fly, this Moment, this wicked Fellow has designs upon your Life.

Lady *Wood*. How!

Sir *John*. What dost thou mean? explain.

Mar. As I was passing by the Hall, I heard him earnest in Discourse with *Charles*, and upon their naming you, I stopt awhile to listen, where, I heard the Doctor urge to him, that you were false at Heart, that from your late frivolous Pretence to break with him, he was convinc'd your Malice now would stop at nothing to undo him, that *Charles* himself was equally in Danger, and that to save your own Life, you certainly design'd to sacrifice theirs to the Government, which there was no possibility of preventing, but by their immediate joining in a Charge of Treason against you.

Lady *Wood*. O the Villain! 'tis well we are secure in *Charles*.

Sir *John*. If we are not, why be it as it may—I will not stir—I'll stand upon my Innocence, or if that's betray'd, will throw me on the Mercy of that Royal Breast, whose Virtues my Credulity has injur'd.



Lady Wood. and Mar. Ah!

[A Pistol is heard from within.]

Sir John. What means, that Pistol?

Lady Wood. Don't stir, I beg you, Sir.

Mar. What Terrors has this Monster brought into our Family?

Lady Wood. What will it end in?

Sir John. How wretched has my Folly made me?

Lady Wood. How now! what's the matter?

Enter Betty.

Bet. O, dear Madam! I shall faint away, there's Murder doing.

Sir John. Who! where, what is it!

Bet. The Doctor, Sir, and Mr. Charles, were at high Words just now in the Hall, and upon a sudden there was a Pistol fir'd between them: Oh! I am afraid poor Mr. Charles is kill'd.

Sir John. How!

Bet. Oh! here he comes himself, Sir, he will tell you more.

Enter Heartly, Charles, and the Doctor held by Servants.

Hear. Here bring in this Ruffian, this is Villany beyond Example.

Sir John. What means this Outrage?

Lady Wood. I tremble.

Charles. Don't be alarm'd, Madam, there's no Mischief done, what was intended, the Doctor here can best inform you.

Doct. [To Heartly.] You, Sir, shall answer for this Insult? What am I held for? who's here that dares assume a Right to Question me?

Hear. Keep your Temper, Sir, we'll release you presently, but Sir John must first know the bottom of his Obligations to you.

Sir John. Mr. Heartly, I am asham'd to look on you.

Doct. What, Sir! shall my own Servant abuse me, brave me, lift his Hand against me, and I not dare to punish him.

Hear. Your Servant, Sir! we know him better.

Doct.

*Doct.* Then, Sir, I demand my Liberty, that the Government too may know him.

*Charles.* Yes, and let it too be known, you first seduc'd me to Rebel, and now would have me expiate my Offence with Perjury.

*Doct.* How, Sir?

*Charles.* Yes, Perjury! for such it must have been, should I have charg'd, as you'd have had me, this Gentleman with Treason: What Facts have I been privy to, that reach that Name? The worst I know of him, is, that all the factious Falshoods you have rais'd against the best of Princes, he, blinded with your Hypocrisy, believ'd.

*Doct.* 'Tis well, Sir, you are protected now.

*Charles.* This, Sir, in short has been our Cause of Quarrel: The *Doctor* finding I receiv'd with Coldness his vile Designs against your Life, began to offer Menaces on mine, if I comply'd not; at which I smiling, told him, the Disappointments of his Love had made him desperate: This stung him into Rage, and fastning at my Throat, he answer'd, Villain! you'll be humbler, when you groan in Chains for this: Here indeed all Temper left me, when disengaging from his Hold, with one home Blow I fell'd him reeling to the Pavement; at this grown desperate, he ran with fury to some Pistols that hung above the Chimney, to revenge him, I in the Instant as he reach'd one, seiz'd upon his Wrist, and as we grappled, Sir, the Pistol firing to the Cieling, alarm'd the Family, when Mr. *Hearily*, and your Servants, rush'd in to part us.

*Sir John.* Infatiate Villain! O my Shame!

*Doct.* Well, Sir! now you have heard this mighty Charge! what have you more against me?

*Hear.* More, Sir, I hope is needless, but if *Sir John* is yet unsatisfied——

*Sir John.* O! I have seen too much! every new Instance of his Wickedness but adds afresh to my Confusion.

*Lady Wood.* Now, Sir, is your Time. }

*Hear.* I go this Minute, Madam. }

*Apart.*

*Doct.* I value not your whisper'd Menaces, for know, to your Confusion, my Vengeance is not yet defeated: You'll find, Sir, that to rebel, or to conceal a Rebel are in the Eye of Law both equal Acts of Treason: That Fact I'm sure is evident against you: There! there stands in Proof the stripling Traitor you have shelter'd! this, Sir, your whole Family can charge you with, and swear it home they shall, or load their Souls with Perjury; but then to dash your few remaining Days with Bitterness of Misery, Remember I, Sir, whom mortally you hate, succeed the Instant Heir to your Possessions: Now farewell, and let Disgrace and Beggary be your Childrens Portion.

*As he is going out, the Colonel stops him.*

*Col.* Hold, Sir, not so fast, you cannot pass.

*Doct.* Who, Sir, shall dare to stop me?

*Col.* Within there! March!

*Enter a Messenger with a File of Musqueteers.*

*Mess.* Is your Name *Wolf*, Sir?

*Doct.* What if it be, Sir!

*Mess.* Then, Sir, I have a Warrant against you for High Treason.

*Doct.* Me, Sir? [Startled.]

*Mess.* Do you know one *Colonel Perth*, Sir?

*Doct.* Ha! then I am betray'd indeed.

*Hear.* This *Perth*, it seems, Sir, has manag'd his Correspondence at *Avignon*, from whence he came last Night Express, but the Government having immediate Notice of his Arrival, he was this Morning seiz'd, and examin'd before the Council, where, among other Facts, he has confest he knew the *Doctor* actually in Arms at the first rebellious Rising in *Northumberland*, which has been since by other Witnesses confirm'd.

*Col.* And, Sir, to convince you, that ev'n the Doctrine he has broach'd could never flow from the pure Fountain of our Establish'd Faith: Here are Affidavits in my Hand that prove him under his Disguise a lurking emissary of *Rome*, that he is actually a Priest in *Papish* Orders,



Orders, and has several times been seen, as such, to officiate public Mass in the Church of *Nostre Dame* at *Antwerp*.

*Mar. Hear. and Lady Wood.* How!

*Sir John.* I start with Horror, ev'n at the Danger I am freed from.

*Ctl.* And now, Sir, had not your insatiate Villanies to this Family forc'd me to this close Inquiry into your private Life, Perhaps you might have pass'd unquestion'd, among the Rout of Enemies, whom our Government despises.

*Doct.* Well, Sir! now then you know your worst of me: But know, what you call Criminal, may yet before your Triumph is secure, not only find its Pardon, but Reward: I yet may Live, Sir, to retort your Insult, at least the Days that are allotted me, will want for no Supports of Life, while this Conveyance calls me Master.

*Sir John.* There! there indeed he flings me to the Heart! for that rash Act, Reproach and endless Shame will haunt me.

*Mar.* No Sir—be comforted! for ev'n there too his abandon'd Hope must leave him.

*Sir John.* Why dost thou torture me! did I not sign that Deed!

*Mar.* Yes, Sir, but in that Deed you'll find, my Brother, not that Traitor is your Heir: For know the fatal Deed, which you intended, Sir, to sign, is here ev'n yet unseal'd and Innocent.

*Omnes.* Ha! [*The Doctor hastily opens the Deed to examine it, and all the Company seem surpriz'd.*]

*Sir John.* What means she?

*Mar.* I mean, Sir, that this Deed, by Accident falling into this Gentleman's Hands, his generous Concern for our Family discover'd it to me; when I, reduc'd to this Extremity, instantly procur'd that other to be drawn exactly like it, which in your Impatience, Sir, to execute, pass'd unsuspected for the Original; their only Difference is, that, wherever here you read the *Doctor's* Name, there you'll find my Brother's only, throughout, and wholly, Sir, in every Article investing him in all that  
Right

Right and Title, which you intended for your mortal Enemy.

Doct. Distraction ! Outwitted by a brainless Girl.

[Throws down the Writing in Rage.

All the Servants having attended to the Discovery, break out into Huzzas of Joy, &c. while Sir John, the Colonel, Charles and Maria severally embrace : Heartly, and Lady Woodvil silently join in their Congratulations.

Doct. I cannot bear their irksome Joy—come, Sir, lead me where you please—a Dungeon would relieve me now.

Col. Secure your Prisoner.

Ser. Huzzah ! a Traitor ! a Traitor !

[Exeunt Mess. Soldiers, Doctor, and Servants.

Mar. Now Heartly, I hope I have made Attonement for your Jealousy.

Hear. You have banisht it for ever ; This was beyond yourself surprizing.

Col. Sister——

Mar. Come, no set Speeches, If I deserve your Thanks, return them in a Friendship here. [Pointing to Charles.

Col. The Business of my Life shall be to merit it.

Charles. And mine to speak my Sense of Obligations.

Sir John. O my Child ! for this Deliverance, I only can reward thee here. [Gives Maria to Heartly.

For thee, my Son, whose filial Virtues I have injur'd ; this honest Deed in every Article shall be ratified : I see your Eyes are all upon me, expecting from that vile Traitor's Practices, some voluntary Instance of my Heart's Conversion : I must be blind indeed, were I not now convinc'd he must in all Things have alike deceiv'd me, as the Dial that mis-tells one Hour, of Consequence is false through the whole Round of Day. Let it suffice, I see my Errors with a conscious Shame ; but hope, when I am justly Weigh'd, you'll find those Errors rose but from a Ductile Heart, not disinclin'd to Truth, but fatally misled by false Appearances.

Col. Whoever knows your private Life, must think you, Sir, in this sincere.

Hear.

*Hear.* And now, Sir, since I am sure, it will no more offend you, give me leave to observe, that of all the Arts our Enemies make use on to embroil us, none seem so audaciously preposterous, as their insisting, that a Nation's best Security is the Word of a Prince, whose Religion indulges him to give it, and at the same time obliges him to break it: and though perhaps in lesser Points our Politic Disputes won't suddenly be ended, methinks there's one Principle, that all Parties might easily come into, that no Change of Government can give us a Blessing equal to our Liberty.

*Grant us but this and then of course you'll own,  
To guard that Freedom, GEORGE must fill the Throne.*



EPILOGUE.



# EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

**H**OW wild, how frantic is the vain Essay,  
That builds on modern Politics a Play!  
Methinks to Write at all, is bold enough,  
But in a Play to stand a Faction Buff!  
Not Rome's old Stage presum'd, (or Fame's a Fibber,  
And Moderns to attempt it! well said CIBBER!  
Was't not enough the Critics might pursue him!  
But must he rouse a Party to undo him!  
These Blows I told him on his Play would fall,  
But he unmow'd, cry'd—Blood! we'll stand it all,  
When PRIESTS turn TRAITORS where's the mighty  
matter?

Since when has Treason been exempt from Satire?  
And should from Guilt a factious Clamour rise,  
Such Spite must speak them England's Enemies,  
But if Old England's Friends allow 'tis right,  
We are sure their Power can chace the Jacobite,  
And put their Malice, like their Troops, to Flight.  
As for the Critics, those, he owns may teize him,  
Because he never took such Pains to please them,  
In Time, Place, Action, Rules by which old Wits  
Made Plays, as—Dames do Puddings, by Receipts:  
But hopes again ev'n Rebels cannot say,  
Tho' vanquish'd, they're insulted in his Play:  
Nay more——To set their Cause in fairest light,  
H'has made a Man of Sense——A Jacobite!  
(Tho' by our Bards good leave, to take it right,  
His Sense was shewn, when turn'd from Jacobite)

Thus

## EPILOGUE.

Thus to the Fair that may be wrong inclin'd,  
He hopes to CHARLES's Passion will be kind,  
And own, at worst, on their reflecting Pillow,  
The Rebel, after all's, a pretty Fellow!  
But why, you'll say, was I made HEARTLY's Wife?  
Consider, Fair-ones, HEARTLY sav'd his Life:  
So that you see, the Boy han't quite miscarried,  
Beside——  
Are all those Dears so happy you have married?  
How often, in that State, has Love seen Elves  
So cramm'd with Comfort, they could hang themselves?  
The worst you can against his Satire plead,  
Is that my Lord of THETFORD's hang'd indeed.  
If that seems hard, why grant him your Reprieve,  
And by an Act of Grace, let this NON-JUROR Live.

End of the THIRD VOLUME.



U. S. O. I. I. I. I.

The first of these is the fact that the  
 British Government has been unable to  
 secure the necessary funds to carry out  
 its policy of maintaining the status quo  
 in the Middle East. This has led to a  
 series of military interventions, which  
 have only served to exacerbate the  
 situation. The second factor is the  
 increasing influence of the United States  
 in the region, which has led to a  
 more active role in the Middle East  
 than in previous years. This has been  
 particularly evident in the case of  
 Israel, where the United States has  
 provided significant financial and  
 military support. The third factor is  
 the growing power of the Arab states,  
 which have been able to assert their  
 independence and resist foreign  
 intervention. This has led to a more  
 balanced and stable situation in the  
 Middle East than in the past.



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